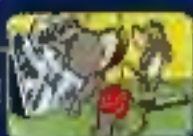




JULY - 1966

100%
JERRY



TOM
JERRY

Our Gang COMICS



Guy Gang COMICS



TOM AND Jerry

GEE!! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET HOME WITH THIS THING, IT'S HEAVY!

PUFF
PUFF

TUFFY MOUSE!- WHERE ARE YOU DRAGGING THAT BANANA PEEL TO?

WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?-- A BANANA PEEL?-- IT'S GOOD TO EAT, ISN'T IT?

SILLY!- THAT'S ONLY THE EMPTY SKIN! IT'S ONLY THE INSIDE THAT'S GOOD TO EAT. THE SKIN ISN'T GOOD FOR ANYTHING!

SHUCKS! AFTER ME DRAGGING IT AWAY OUT HERE!

HEH-HEH!!-- HERE COMES JERRY AND TUFFY- AND JUST IN TIME FOR MY SUPPER!

IT'S TOM CAT!!

AND HE'S CUT US OFF!

WE'RE DOOMED THIS TIME!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO RUN TO!

DID YOU SAY THAT BANANA PEEL WASN'T GOOD FOR ANYTHING?

MY MISTAKE!- IT'S THE SKIN THAT SAVED OUR SKIN!

ZOOM!

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MGM PRESENTS

OUR GANG

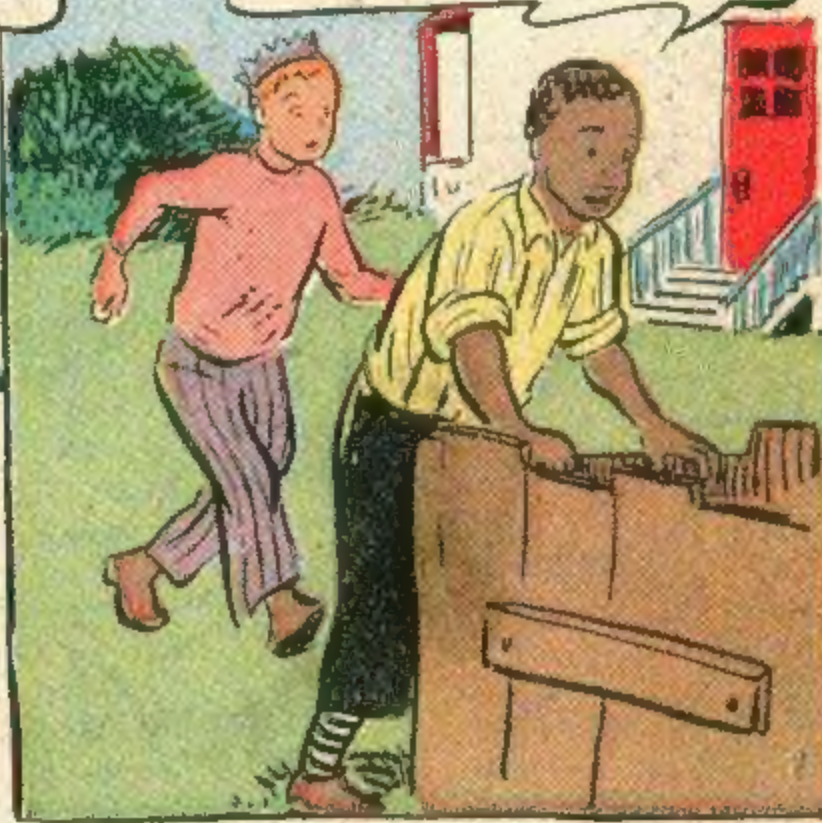
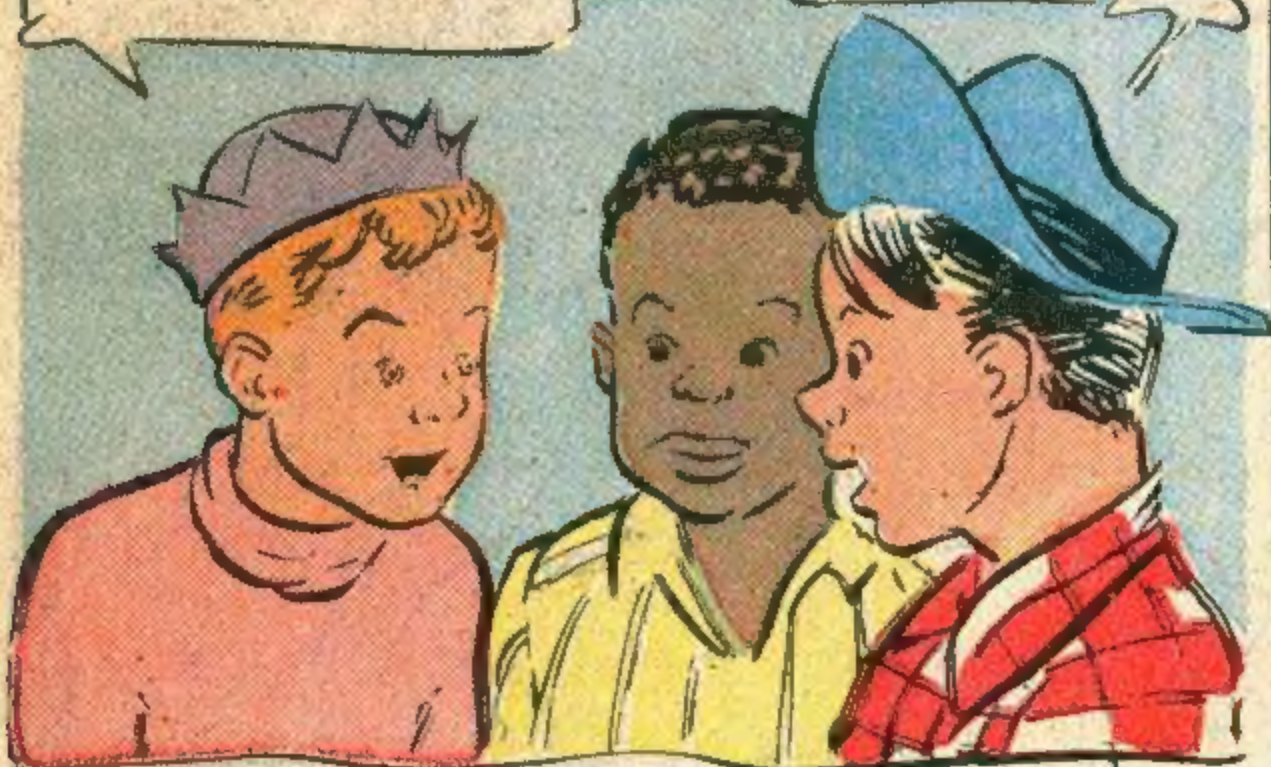
HEY, RED, BUCKY AND I JUST SAW A CARNIVAL MOVING INTO HOGAN'S LOT.



GOLLY! MAYBE THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO EXHIBIT JULIP, THE ONLY PERFORMING GOAT IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE!

YOU TALK LIKE A BARKER! LET'S GET JULIP AND GO OVER THERE

HEY—WHERE IS JULIP? NOT IN HIS PEN.



LOOK! HE CHEWED THROUGH THE ROPE ON THE GATE AND WANDERED OFF.

SEE HIS TRACKS ANYWHERE?

YEAH, HERE. HE'S GONE OUT TO THE ROAD

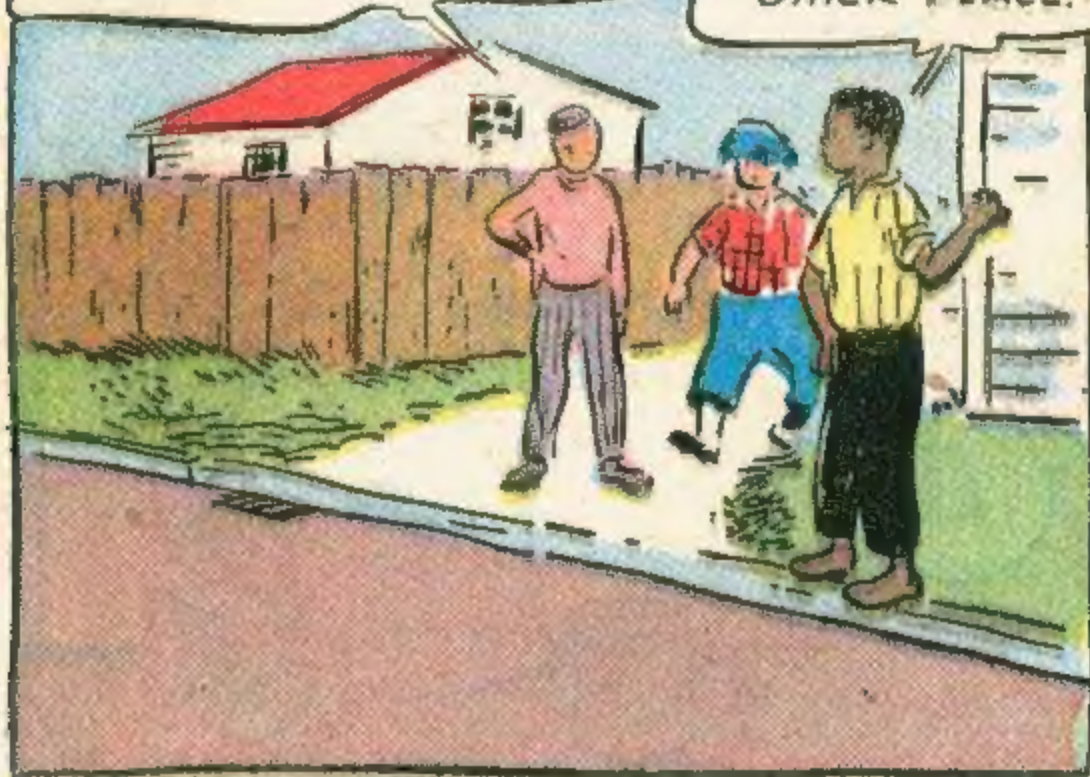


OG 36-477

WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THE TRAIL—OLD DEERSLAYER CAN'T TRACK-UM GOAT ON 'UM PAVEMENT.

I'LL LOOK THIS WAY—YOU AND EGGY PICK OUT SOME OTHER PLACE.

NO SENSE LOOKIN' ACROSS THE STREET. HE'D NEVER GET THROUGH THAT FENCE.



THIS IS WHERE THE CARNIVAL HAS SET UP.

MAYBE HE'S RIDING THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.



SAY, ISN'T THAT A GOAT'S FOOTPRINTS?

SURE—AND GOIN' INTO THE GROUNDS.



THE PRINTS ARE PRETTY CLEAR.

LOOK! THEY GO UP TO THAT BIG TENT.



HOBART'S TRAINED ANIMALS

JULIP MUST HAVE GONE IN TO VISIT A COUSIN.





MIGHT AS WELL GO RIGHT IN.

HEY-THE SHOW'S NOT OPEN YET, KIDS-BEAT IT

WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR A GOAT, MISTER



A GOAT! BY GOLLY, WHAT WOULD A HANDSOME, INTELLIGENT BOY BE WANTING WITH A GOAT?

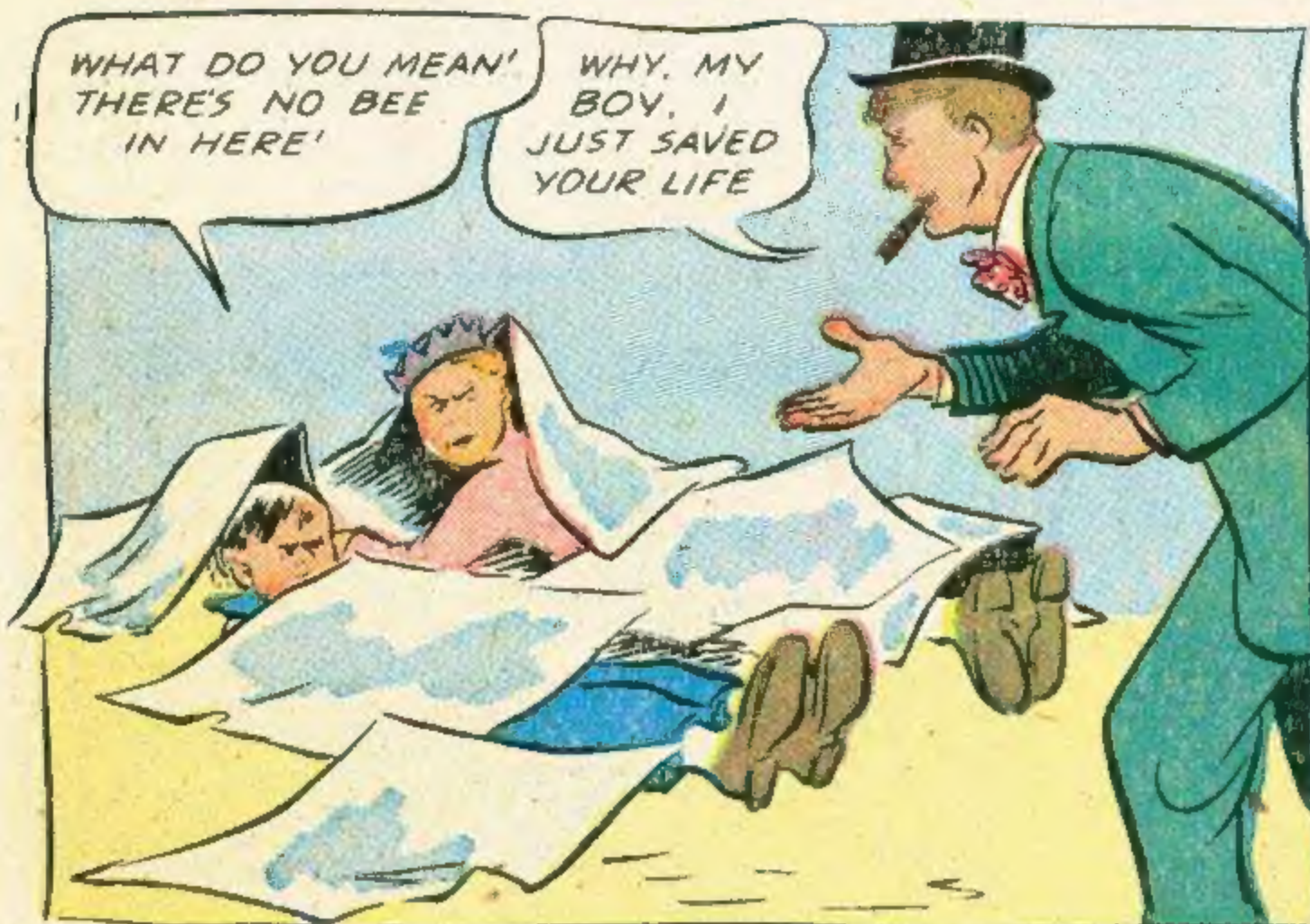


WELL, I DON'T KNOW THAT, BUT WE LOST OUR GOAT AND-HEY, THERE HE IS!

THERE'S NO GOAT THERE!

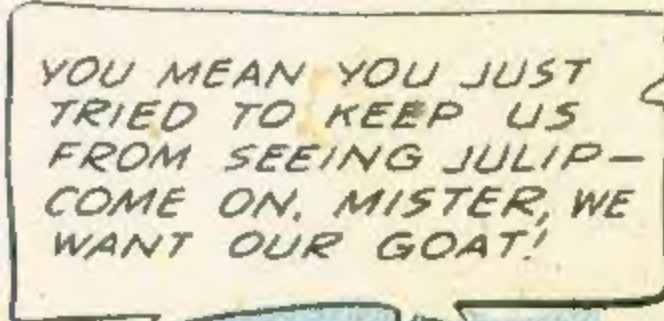


LOOK OUT FOR THAT BEE-WOW! LOOK OUT-YEOW-WATCH OUT!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN! THERE'S NO BEE IN HERE!

WHY, MY BOY, I JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE



YOU MEAN YOU JUST TRIED TO KEEP US FROM SEEING JULIP-COME ON, MISTER, WE WANT OUR GOAT!

YEAH, HOW ABOUT THAT?!
YOU THREW PAPERS AND
KNOCKED US DOWN,
BUT I SAW A GOAT
THROUGH THAT
OPENING!

SH-SH! PROFESSOR
HOBART IS
SENSITIVE..

AND I ASSURE YOU PROFESSOR
HOBART IS THE ONLY LIVING BEING
BACK THERE.

WE'LL SEE.

OKAY, PROFESSOR,
WHERE'S OUR
GOAT?

SOMEBODY GOT YOUR
GOAT, SON? HEH, HEH!

YOU CAN SEE THERE'S
NO GOAT HERE.

BLAAT—
BLAAT!

MAAAA

SHUCKS, RED, THAT
GOAT WAS IN
THERE, SOME
PLACE.

YEH, MY NOSE
DOESN'T DECEIVE
ME—UNLESS THAT
PROFESSOR'S TRUMPET
WORK WAS REALLY
RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE ODOR.

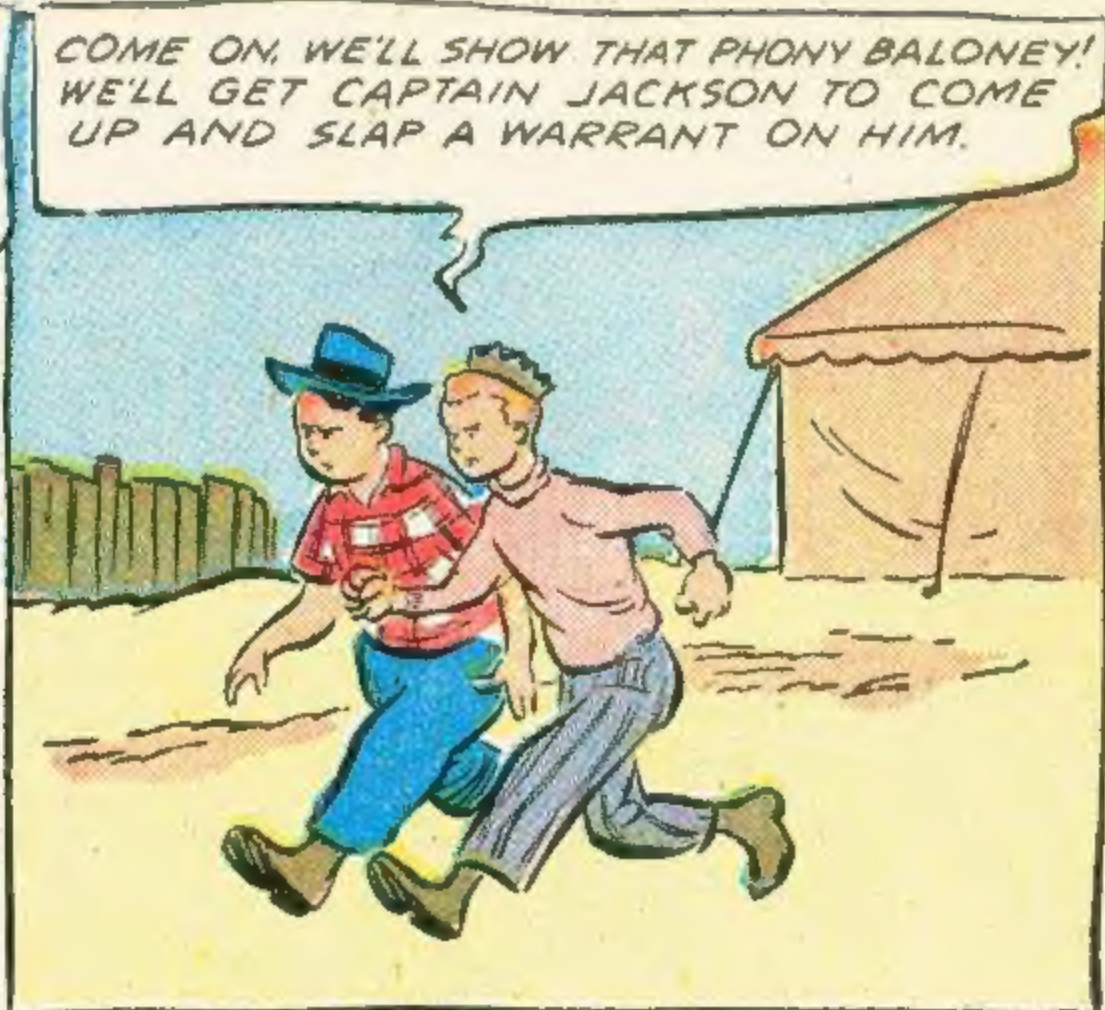
WHERE HAVE
I SEEN THAT
PROFESSOR
BEFORE?

WITHOUT THAT
MUSTACHE AND MONO-
CLE HE'D BE A DEAD
RINGER FOR THAT
CON MAN, THE
DEACON.



THAT'S WHO HE IS!
SAY, WE CAN GET
HIM RUN OUT
OF TOWN!

SURE WE COULD!
THE COPS HAVE
THREATENED TO
ARREST HIM THE
NEXT TIME HE
SHOWS UP.

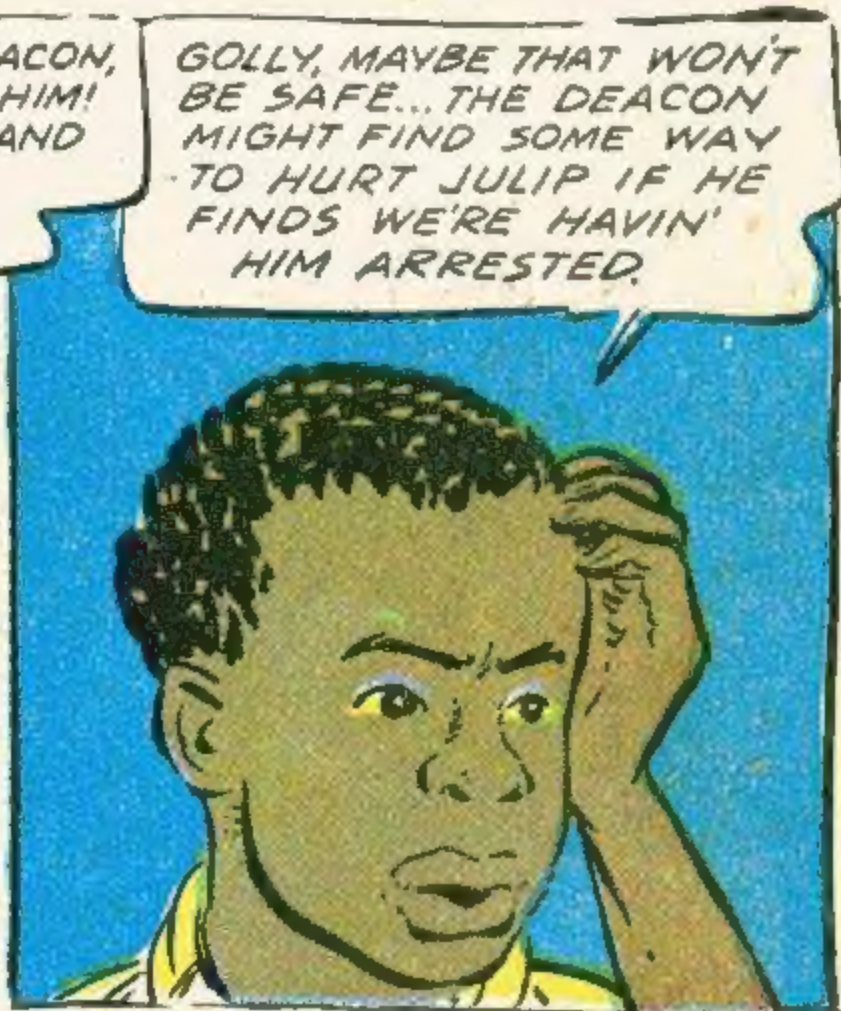


COME ON, WE'LL SHOW THAT PHONY BALONEY!
WE'LL GET CAPTAIN JACKSON TO COME
UP AND SLAP A WARRANT ON HIM.



I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING OF
JULIP—DID YOU HAVE
ANY LUCK?

THAT CROOK, THE DEACON,
IS TRYING TO STEAL HIM!
WE'RE GOIN' DOWN AND
SWEAR OUT A
WARRANT FOR HIM.



GOLLY, MAYBE THAT WON'T
BE SAFE... THE DEACON
MIGHT FIND SOME WAY
TO HURT JULIP IF HE
FINDS WE'RE HAVIN'
HIM ARRESTED.



YEAH, THAT GUY CAN
BE PRETTY MEAN.

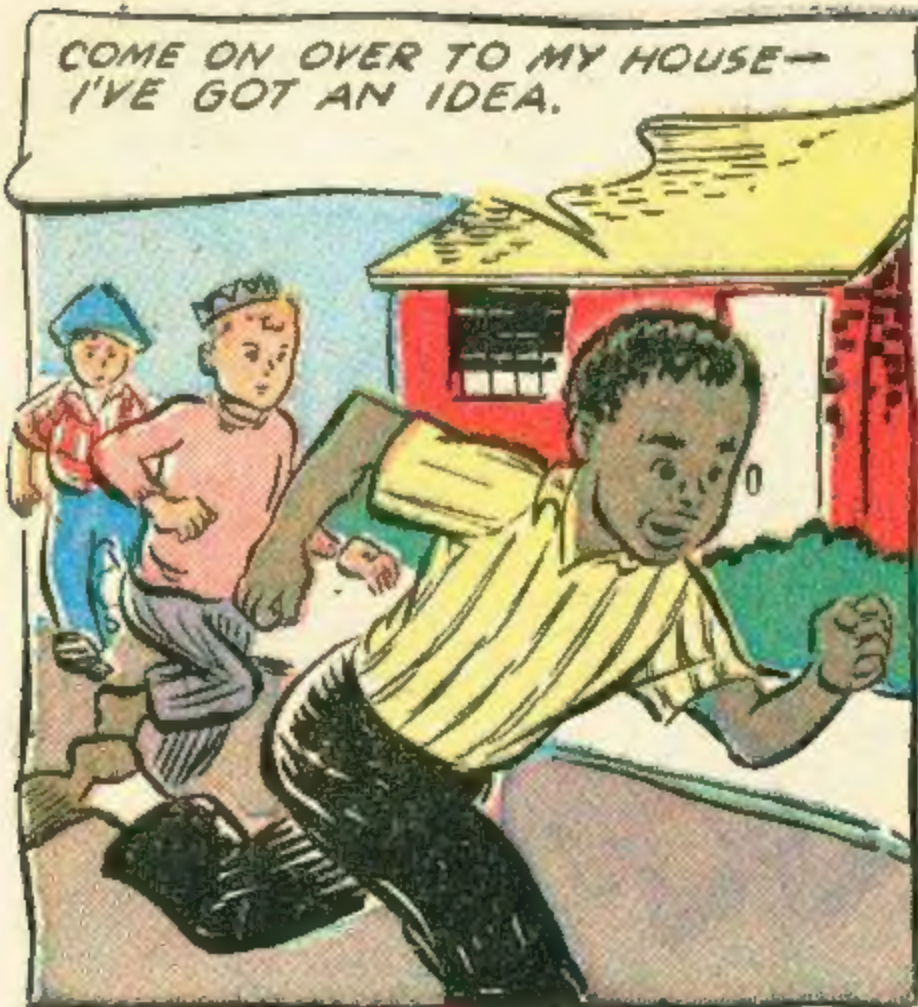
BUT WHAT'LL WE DO?
HOW ABOUT
TRICKIN' HIM?



LIKE
HOW?

WELL, I DUNNO... BUT IF
HE'S GOT AN ANIMAL SHOW
HE'LL BE INTERESTED IN
NEW TRICK ANIMALS—
MAYBE WE COULD WORK
OUT A DEAL WITH HIM.

COME ON OVER TO MY HOUSE—
I'VE GOT AN IDEA.

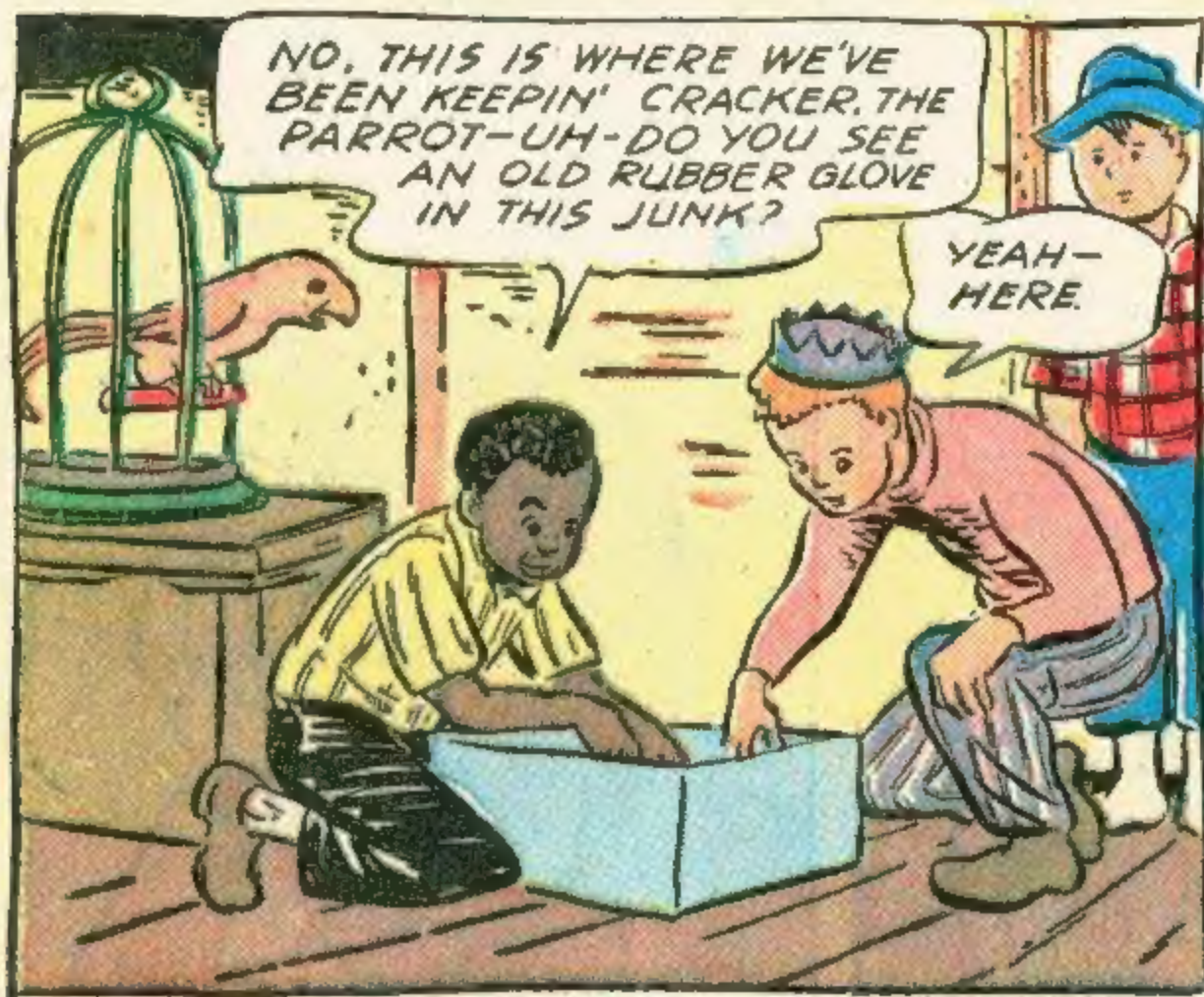


LET'S GO INTO
THE TOOL HOUSE.

WHAT'RE YOU GOIN'
TO DO, PAW—GIVE
US A SPANKIN'?



NO, THIS IS WHERE WE'VE
BEEN KEEPIN' CRACKER. THE
PARROT—UH—DO YOU SEE
AN OLD RUBBER GLOVE
IN THIS JUNK?



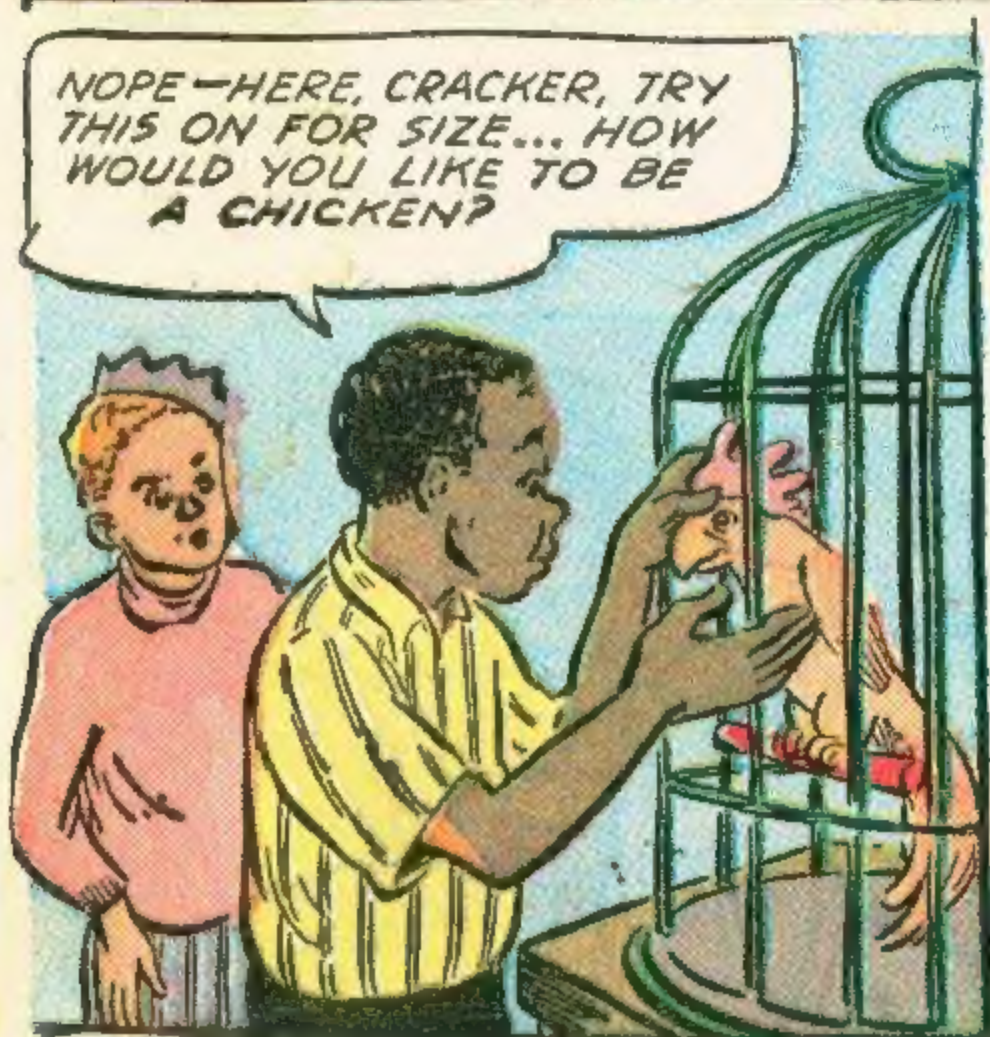
YEAH—
HERE.

WHAT YOU GONNA DO, MAKE HORNS
AND PUT 'EM ON EGGHEAD? WE
COULD SELL HIM TO THE DEACON
AS A TRICK REINDEER.

YAAAH—
YOU WOULDN'T
NEED HORNS!



NOPE—HERE, CRACKER, TRY
THIS ON FOR SIZE... HOW
WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE
A CHICKEN?



HOT DOG! HE LOOKS
LIKE AN INDIAN
ROOSTER!

HE NEEDS WATTLES.

WHAT WATTLES?



ALL RIGHT - WATTLES
YOU WANT, WATTLES
YOU GET.

GLORK?

HE LOOKS LIKE A
COMIC BOOK MAGNATE.
NOW WHAT?

YEAH,
WHAT?

EVER HEAR
OF A TALKING
CHICKEN?

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE
LIGHT! YOU MEAN THIS
CHARACTER HERE IS A RHODE
ISLAND RED AND -

AND WE GET
THE DEACON
INTERESTED?

RIGHT!

ONLY WE'LL HAVE TO BE
CAREFUL...THE DEACON
BETTER NOT GET TOO
CLOSE - JUST CLOSE
ENOUGH TO BE
CURIOUS.

CRACKER KNOWS
HOW TO CROW,
DOESN'T HE?

COCK-A-
DOODLE-
DOO!

AND
TALK,
TOO.

RED, YOU GO HOME AND GET YOUR
TIN WHISTLE AND A TOWEL AND
AN OLD SHEET...EGGY, YOU GET
SOME STUFF TO PRINT UP A
SIGN.

HOW'D YOU HAPPEN TO FIND THIS GOAT, DEACON?

I KNEW ABOUT HIM—
SAW HIM ONCE
BEFORE... LET'S GET
READY HERE...

SAW HIM DO SOME CUTE
TRICKS ONCE—SO I SWIPED
HIM WHEN THE KIDS WERE
GONE.

ALL RIGHT, JULIP, DO YOUR STUFF.
JUMP THROUGH—COME ON!

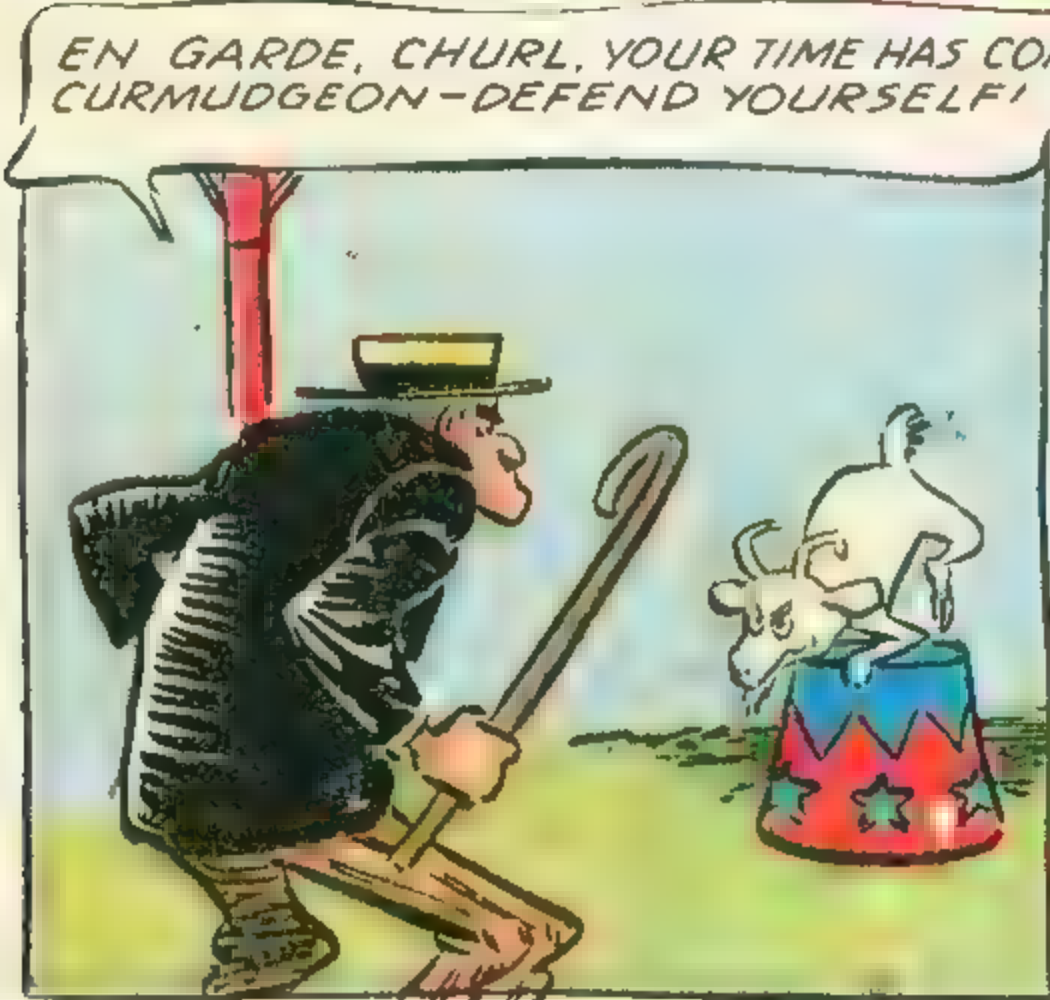
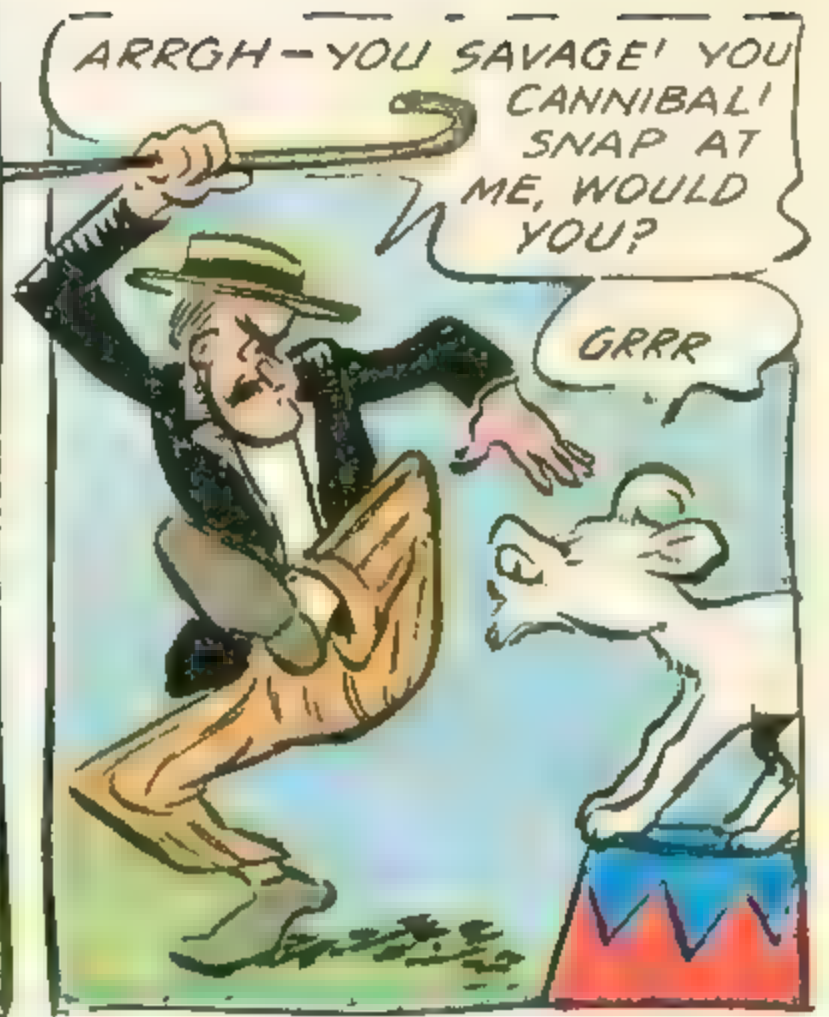
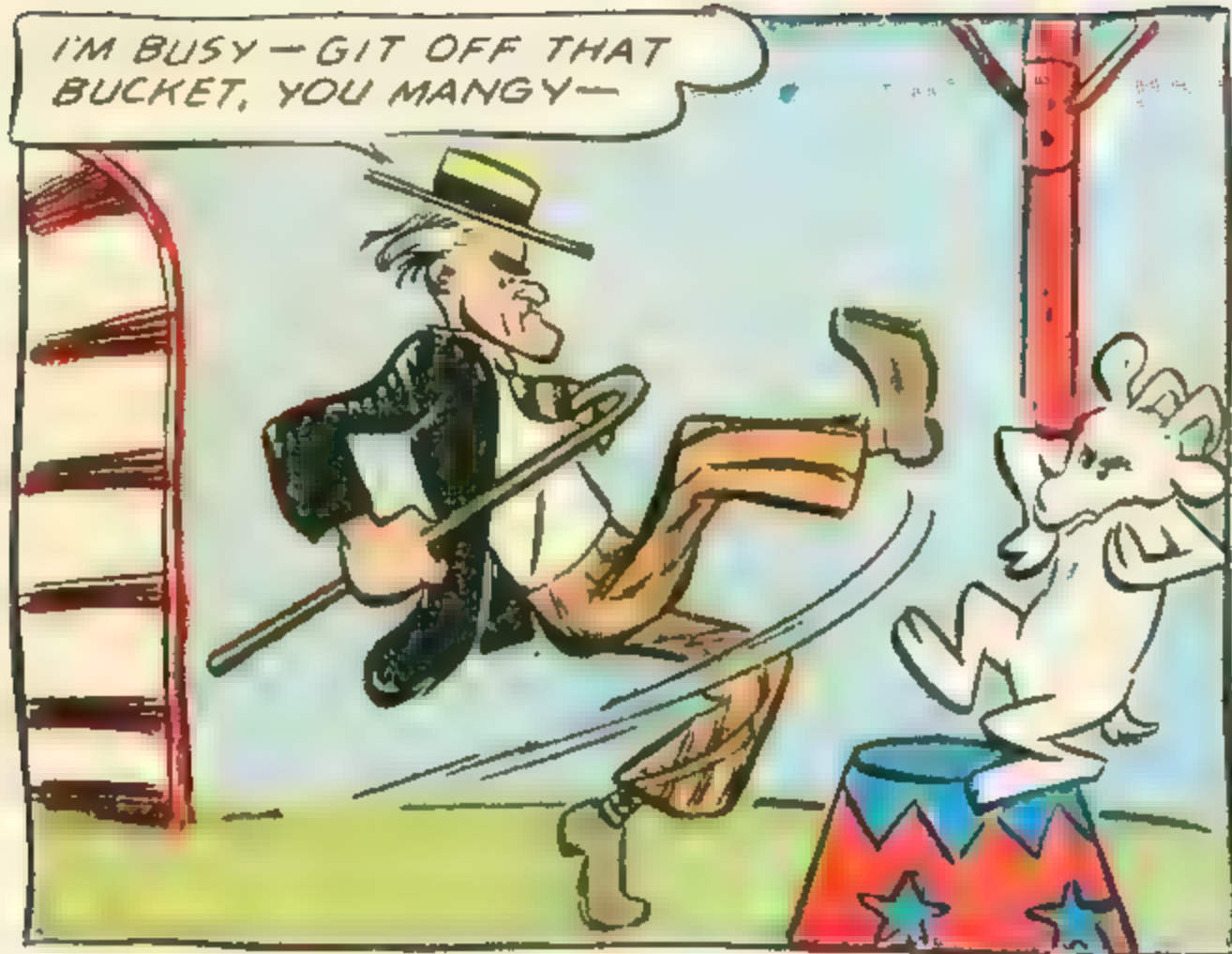
HE DOESN'T
SEEM TO LIKE
YOUR TECHNIQUE

WHEN I
SAY JUMP—
JUMP!

SOMETHIN'S GOIN'
ON OUTSIDE.

G'WAN, JUMP!

WELL, I'LL BE—
HEY, COME OUT
HERE, DEACON!



LOOK, DEACON, I THINK THOSE KIDS ARE IN ON IT—SEE, THEY'VE GOT A TALKING CHICKEN

GADFRY!

OH, I'M JUST A BOY FROM CAROLINE, DOWN WHERE THE BOLL WEEVIL BLOOMS UNDERNEATH THE MASON AND DIXON LINE WHERE THE OLD MAGNOLIA BROOMS

WORLD ONLY TALKIN' RO

BROOMS? WHAT KIND OF AN ENDING IS THAT?

IT RHYMES, DOESN'T IT? WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT FROM A CHICKEN?

IF WE CAN GET THAT BIRD WE'D BE ON EASY STREET.

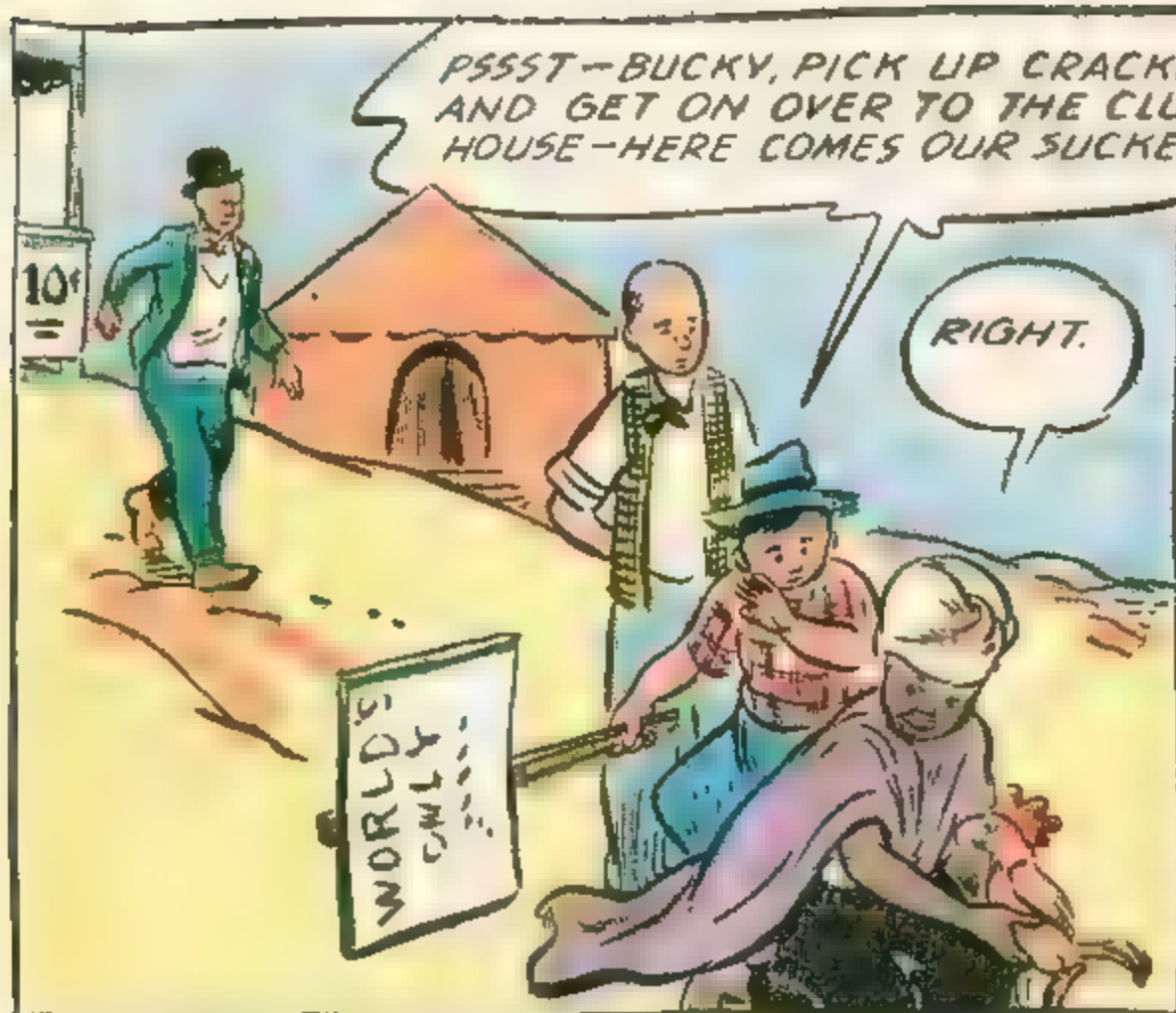
YOU'RE TELLING ME!

WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM! LISTEN, YOU GO DOWN AN' FIND OUT IF HE'S FOR SALE

FOR SALE? ARE YOU LOSIN' YOUR GRIP? WE'VE GOT NOTHIN' BUT CALLIN' CARDS IN OUR WALLETS

GET GOIN'—BORROW SOME DOUGH! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM FAIR AND SQUARE.

IT'D BE MORE FUN TO SWIPE HIM



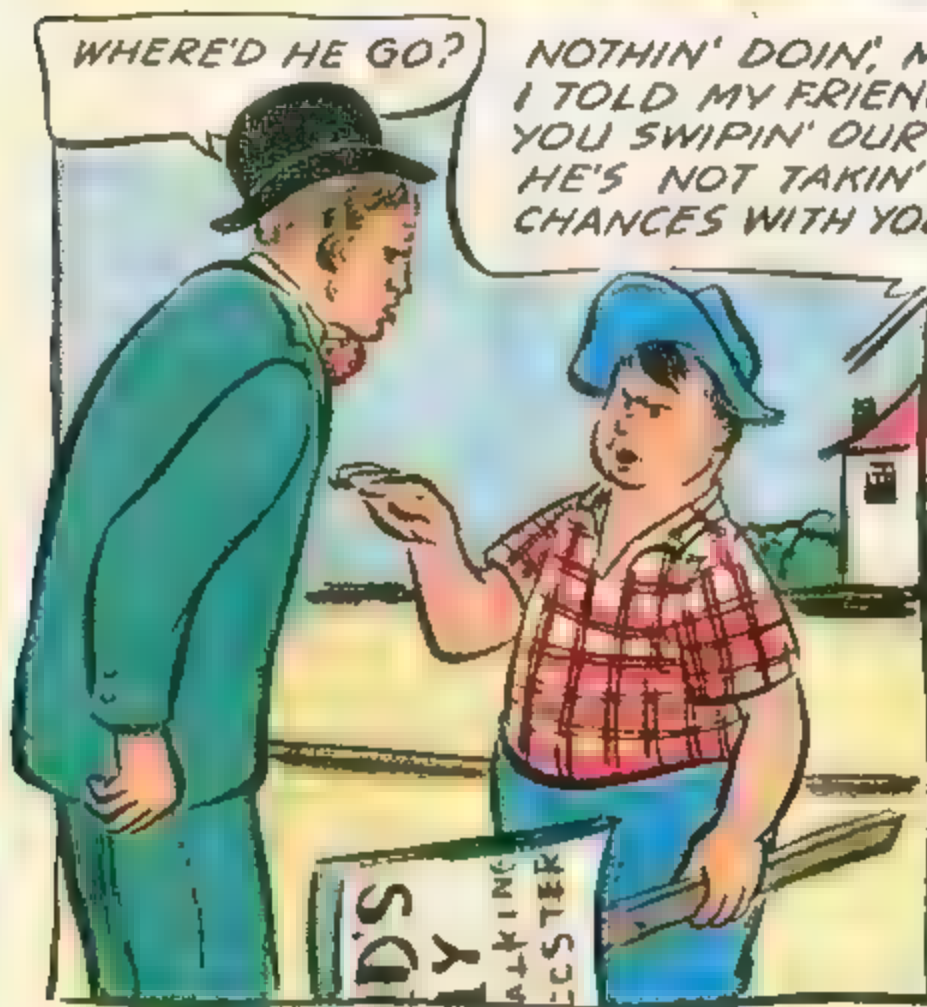
PSSST-BUCKY, PICK UP CRACKER AND GET ON OVER TO THE CLUB HOUSE-HERE COMES OUR SUCKER

RIGHT.



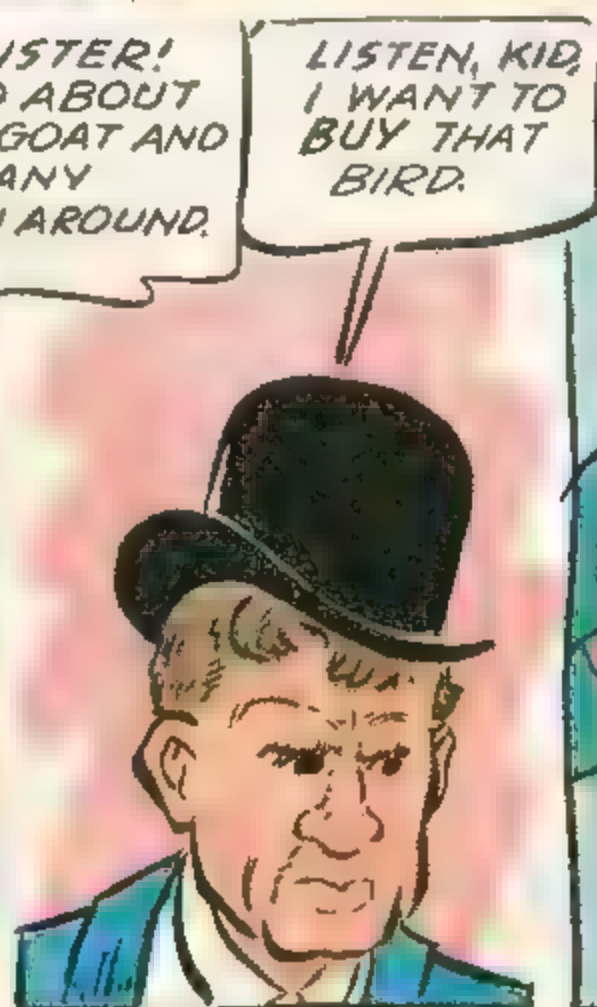
HEY-COME BACK! SAY-KID-HEY!

OH, BOY! HE'S AFTER THE BIRD ALL RIGHT!



WHERE'D HE GO?

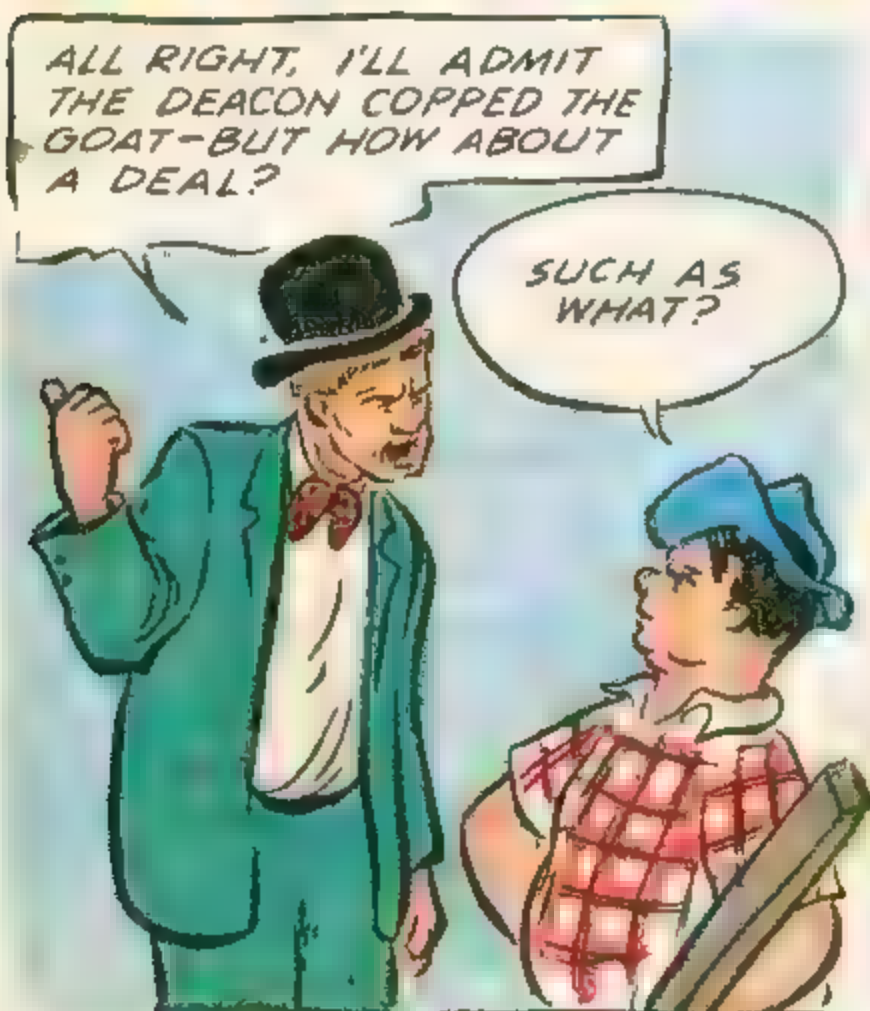
NOTHIN' DOIN', MISTER! I TOLD MY FRIEND ABOUT YOU SWIPIN' OUR GOAT AND HE'S NOT TAKIN' ANY CHANCES WITH YOU AROUND.



LISTEN, KID, I WANT TO BUY THAT BIRD.

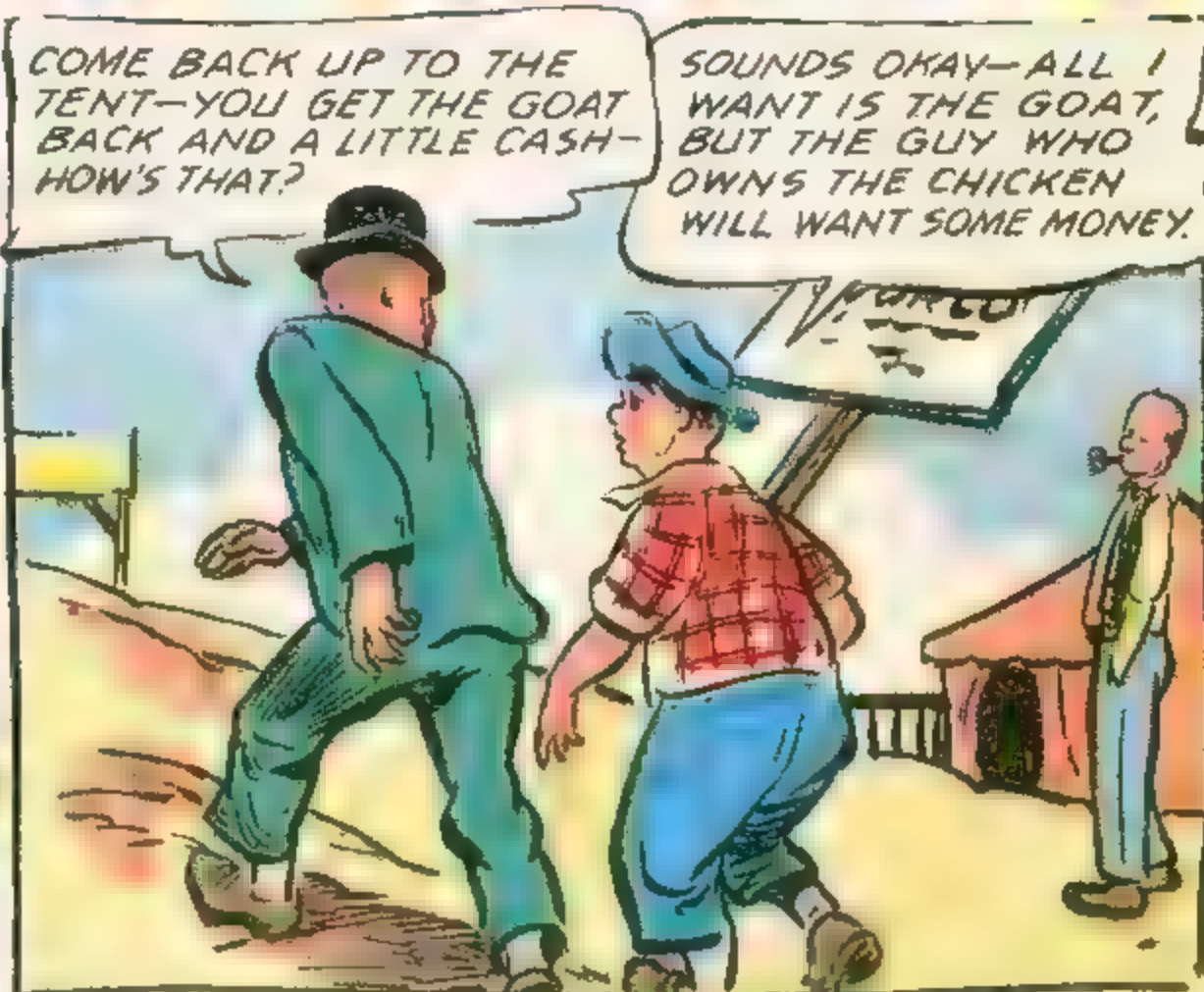


BUY IT! HAW! EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT WHEN YOU'VE STOLEN JULIP?



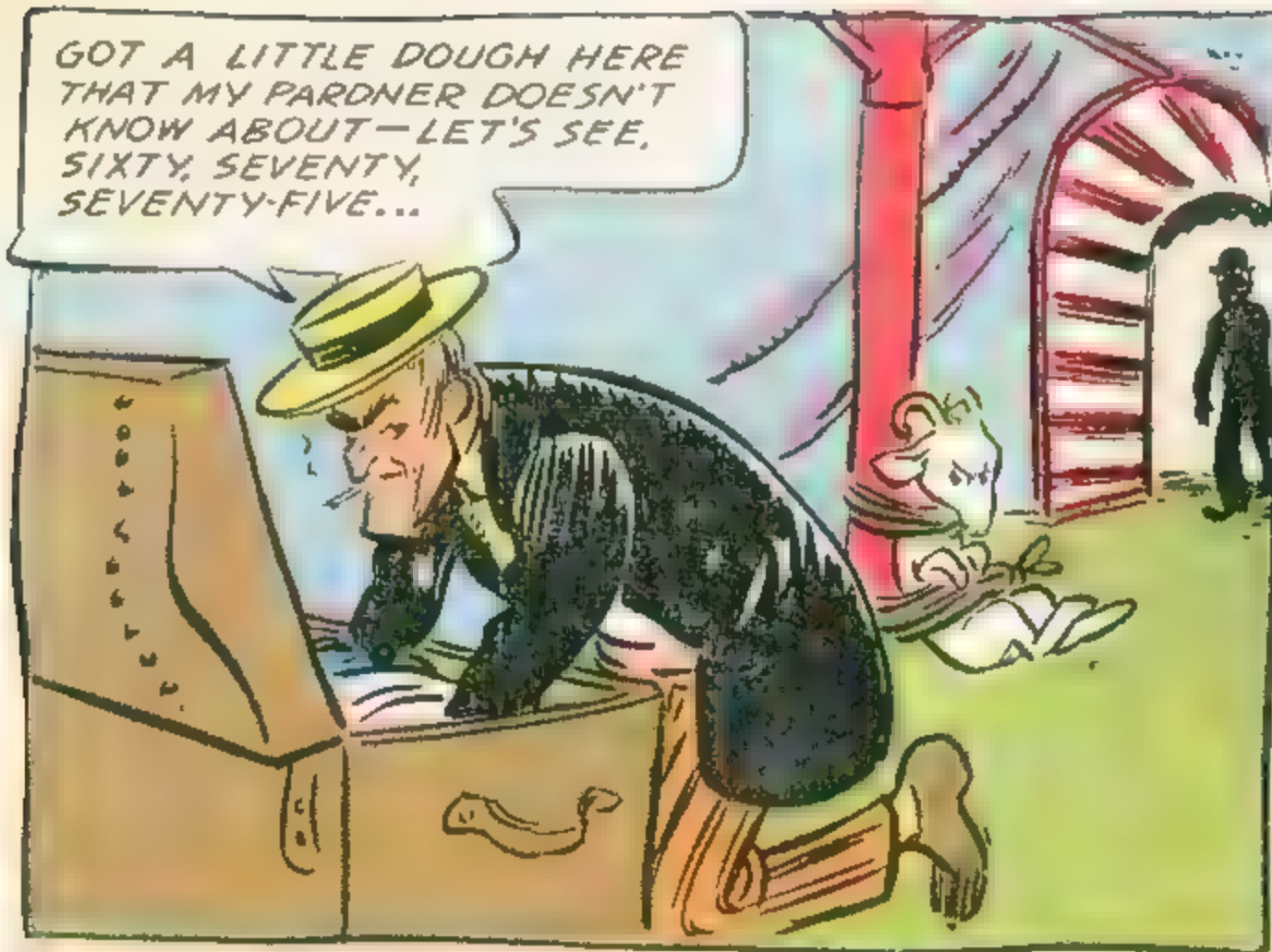
ALL RIGHT, I'LL ADMIT THE DEACON COPPED THE GOAT-BUT HOW ABOUT A DEAL?

SUCH AS WHAT?



COME BACK UP TO THE TENT-YOU GET THE GOAT BACK AND A LITTLE CASH-HOW'S THAT?

SOUNDS OKAY-ALL I WANT IS THE GOAT, BUT THE GUY WHO OWNS THE CHICKEN WILL WANT SOME MONEY.

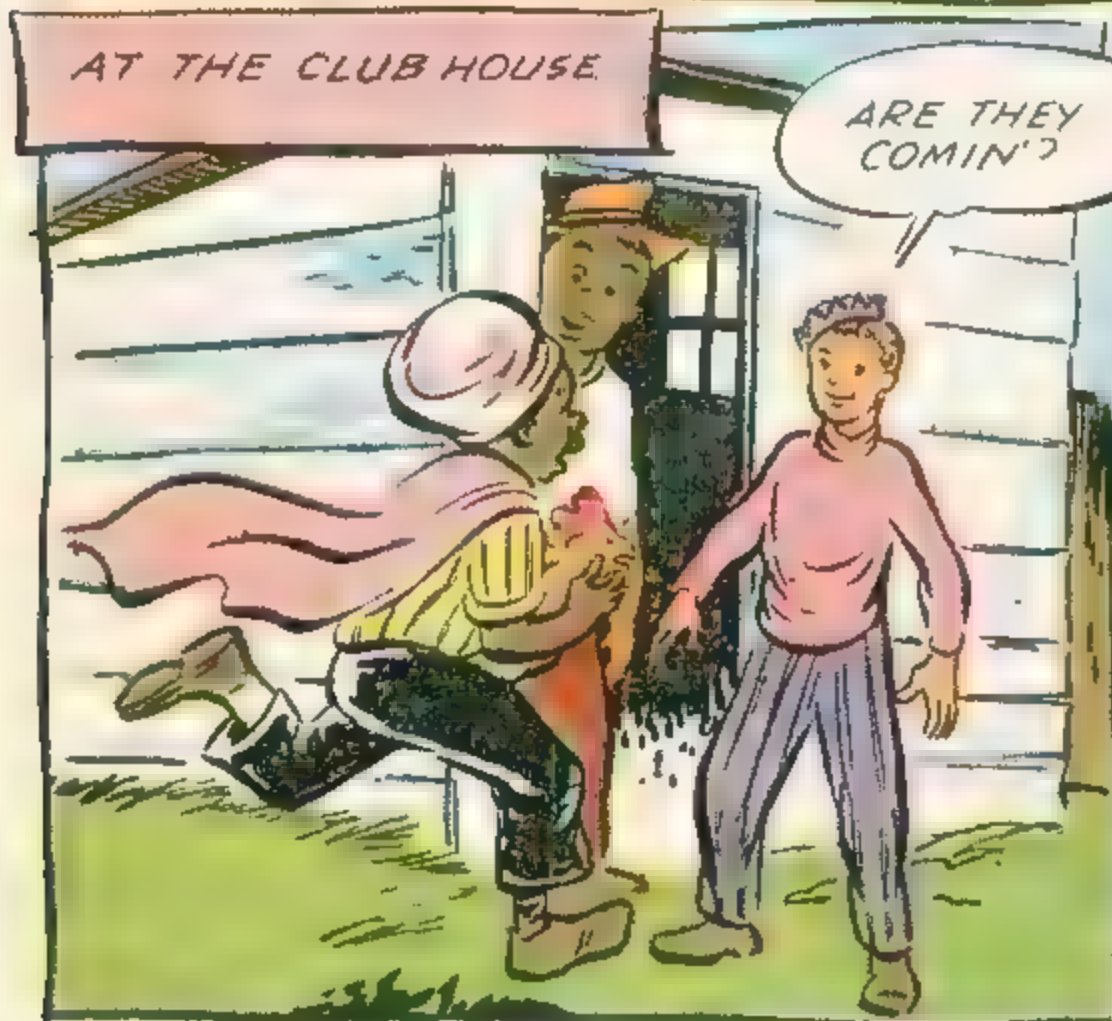


GOT A LITTLE DOUGH HERE
THAT MY PARDNER DOESN'T
KNOW ABOUT—LET'S SEE,
SIXTY, SEVENTY,
SEVENTY-FIVE...



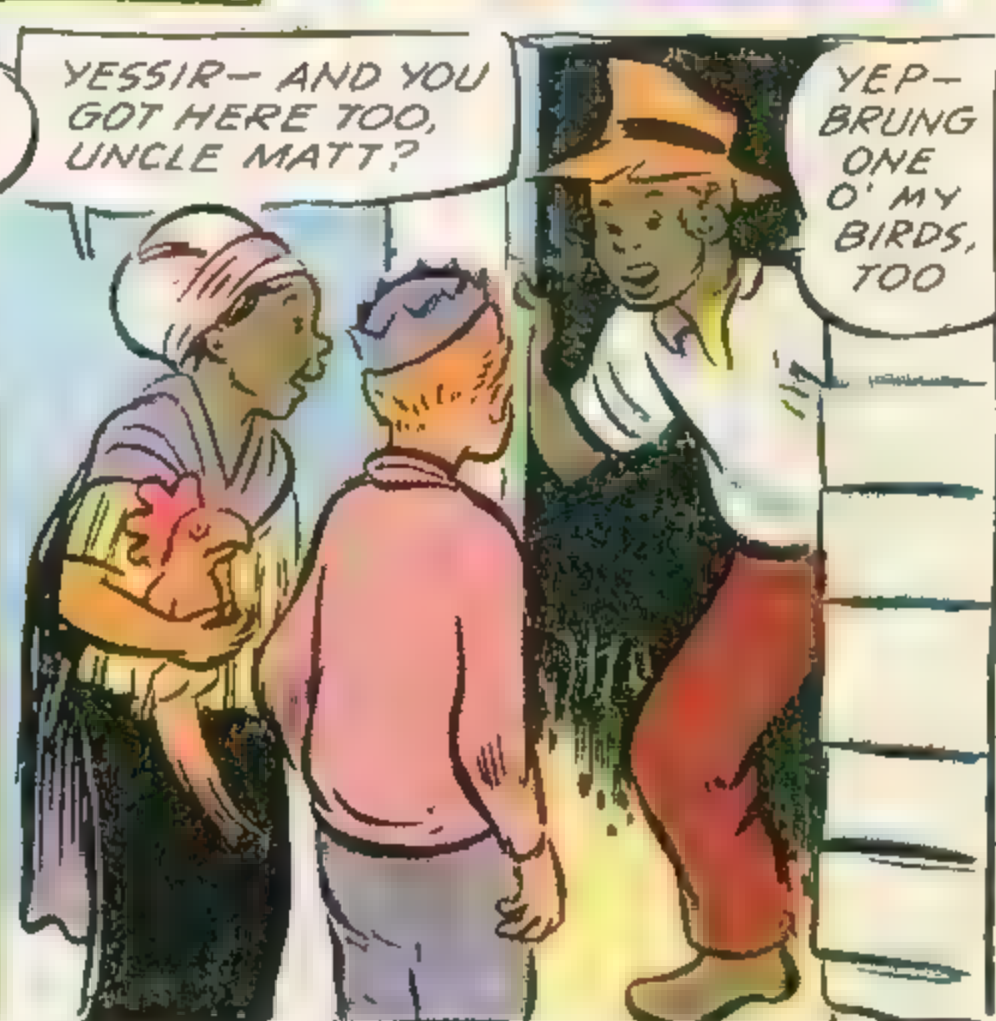
SO YOU'LL TAKE US TO THE BOY
WHO OWNS THE CHICKEN IF
WE RETURN
THE GOAT?

YEP,
RIGHT THAT
WAY



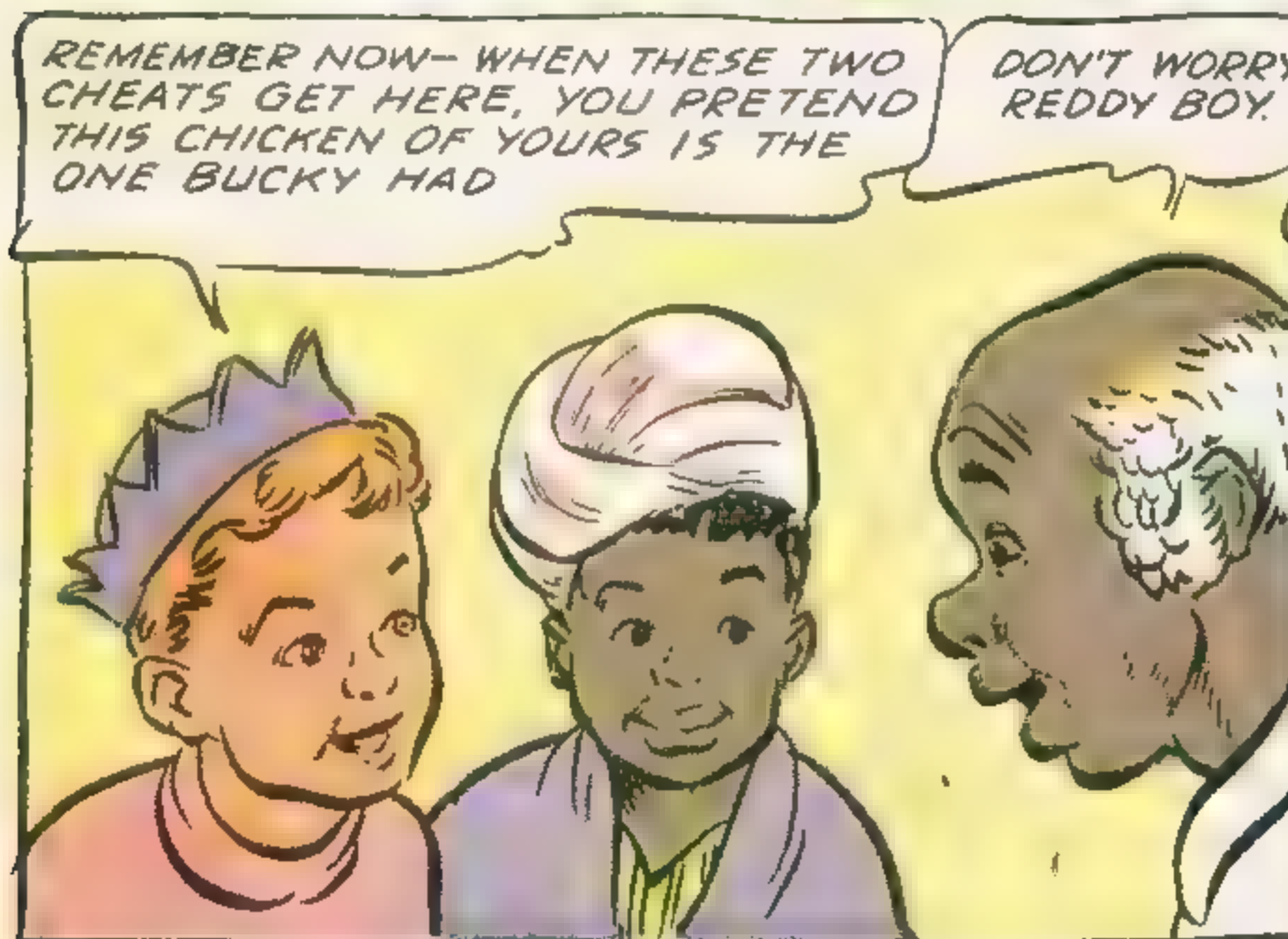
AT THE CLUB HOUSE

ARE THEY
COMIN'?



YESSIR— AND YOU
GOT HERE TOO,
UNCLE MATT?

YEP—
BRUNG
ONE
O' MY
BIRDS,
TOO

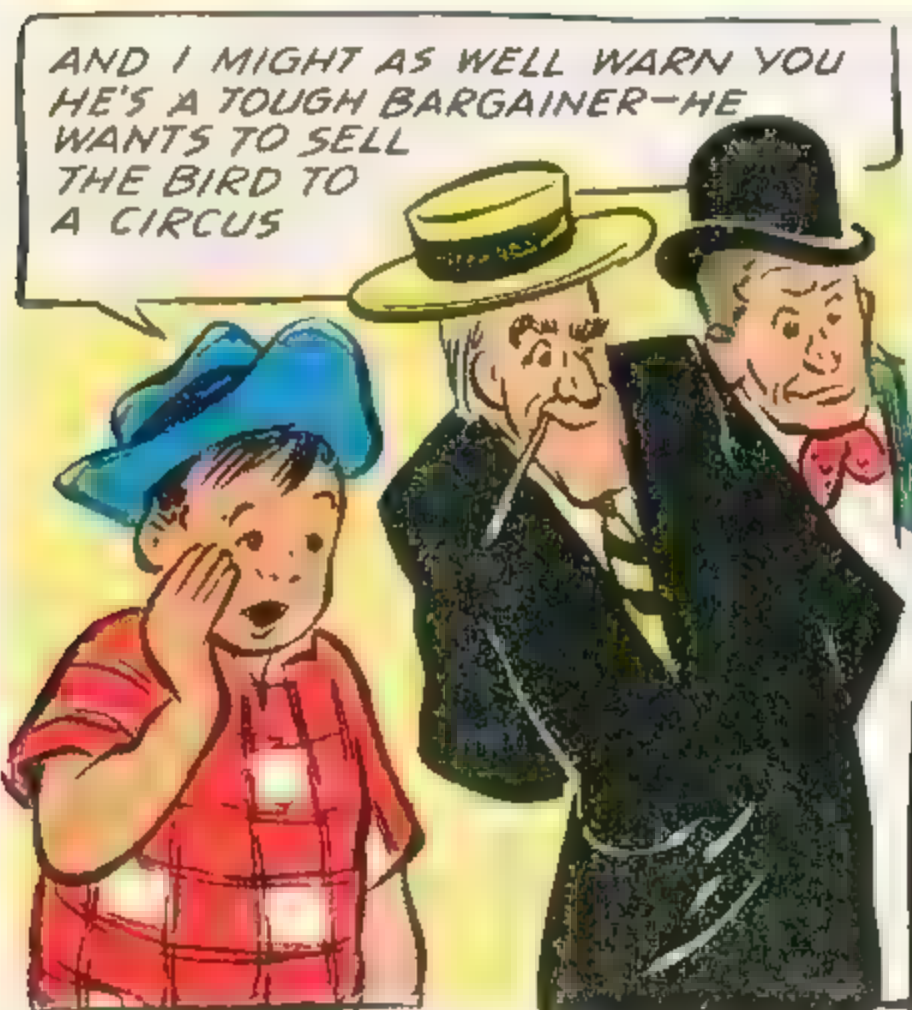
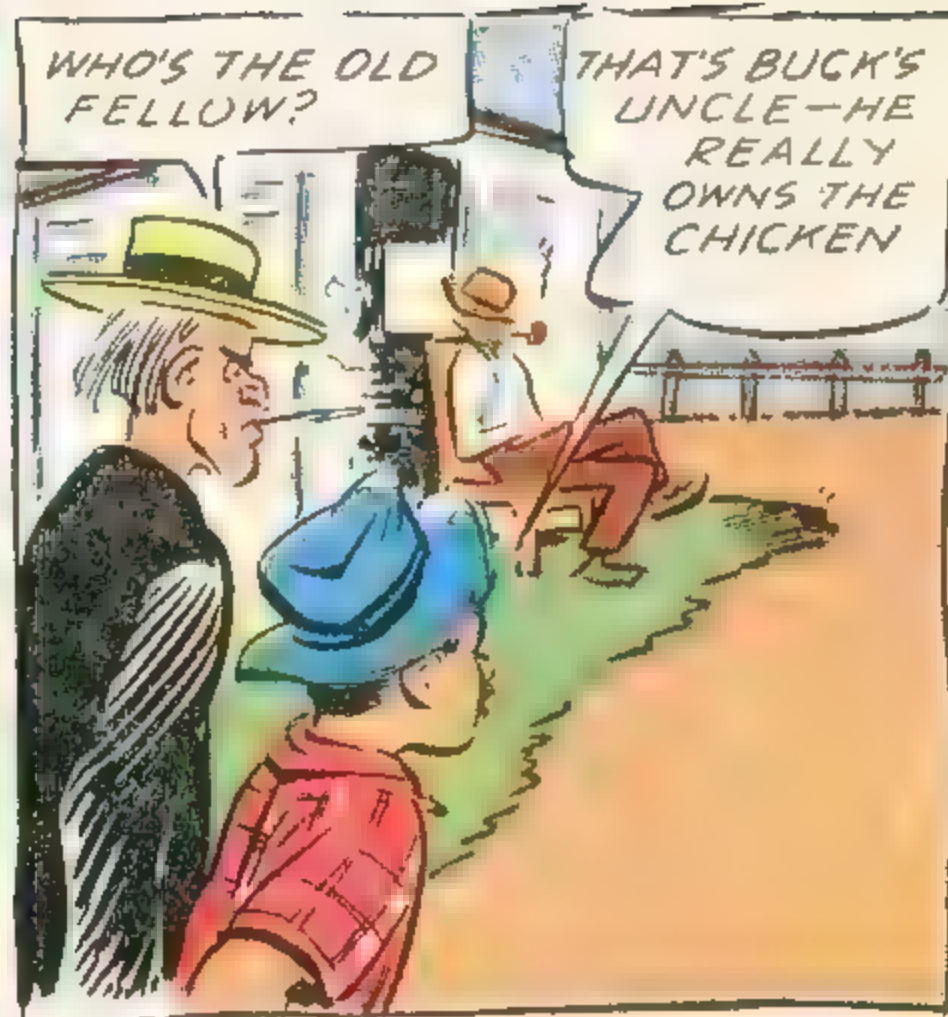
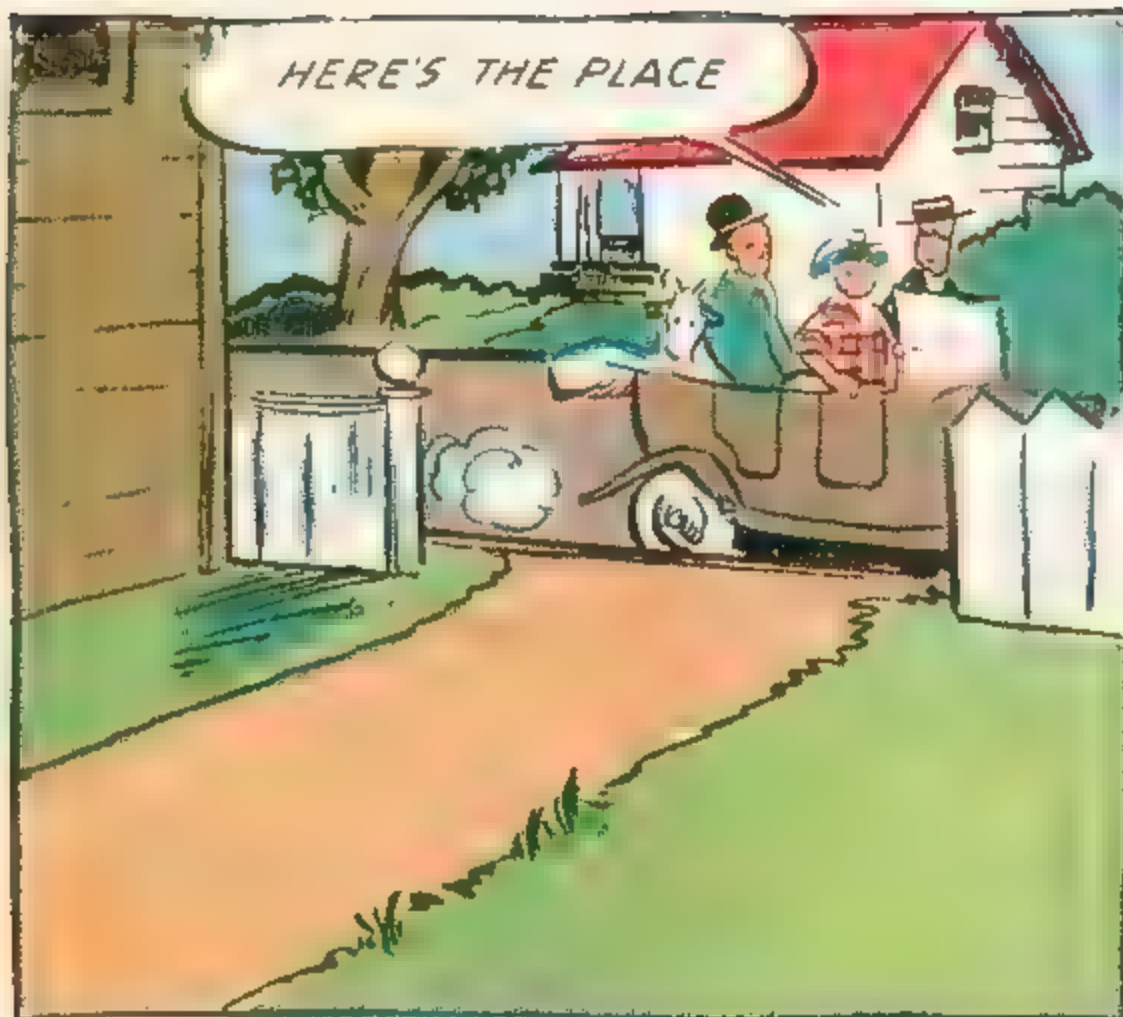


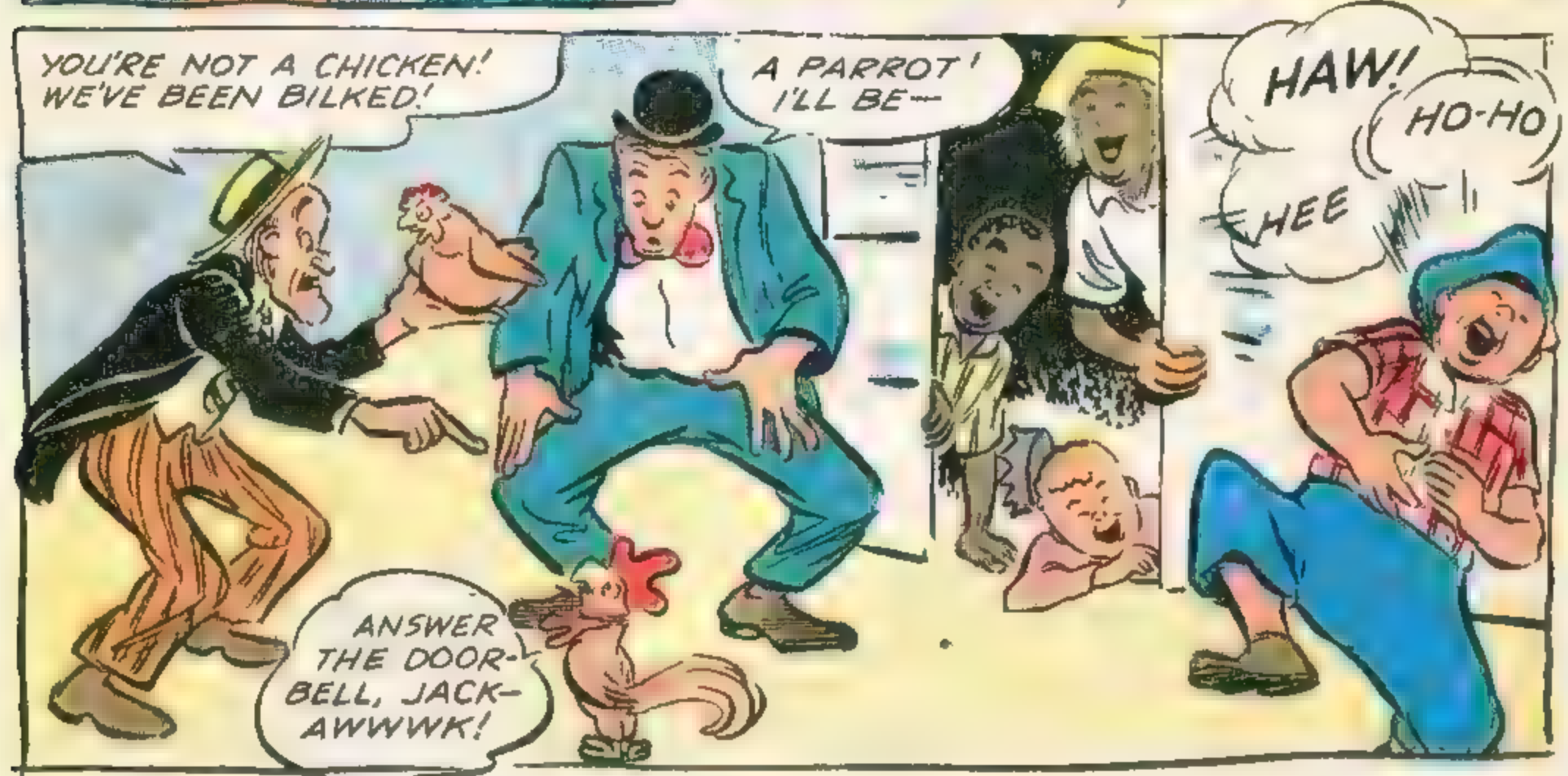
REMEMBER NOW— WHEN THESE TWO
CHEATS GET HERE, YOU PRETEND
THIS CHICKEN OF YOURS IS THE
ONE BUCKY HAD

DON'T WORRY,
REDDY BOY.



UH—OH— BETTER
HIDE THAT PARROT,
BUCK—HERE COME
YO' FRIENDS





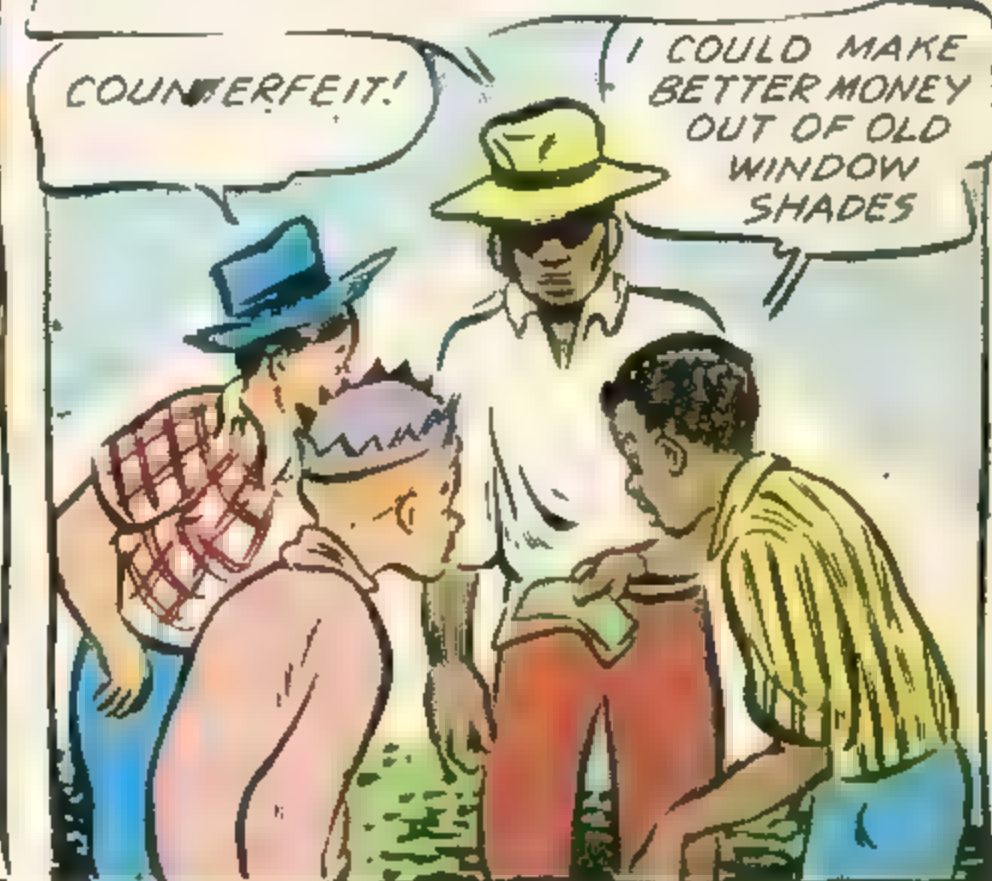
FOOEY! WHAT A DISGUSTING EXPERIENCE!

OOH—MY FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE IS SHATTERED

HERE, TAKE BACK YO' MONEY WE DONT WANT TO CHEAT, WE JES' WANT TO TEACH YOU A LESSON.



HMMPH, US BETTER LOOK THIS MONEY IN THE EYE—LOOKY!



WELL, SON, MEN LIKE THAT'LL GET IT IN THE END

YOU'RE NOT FOOLIN'—LOOK!

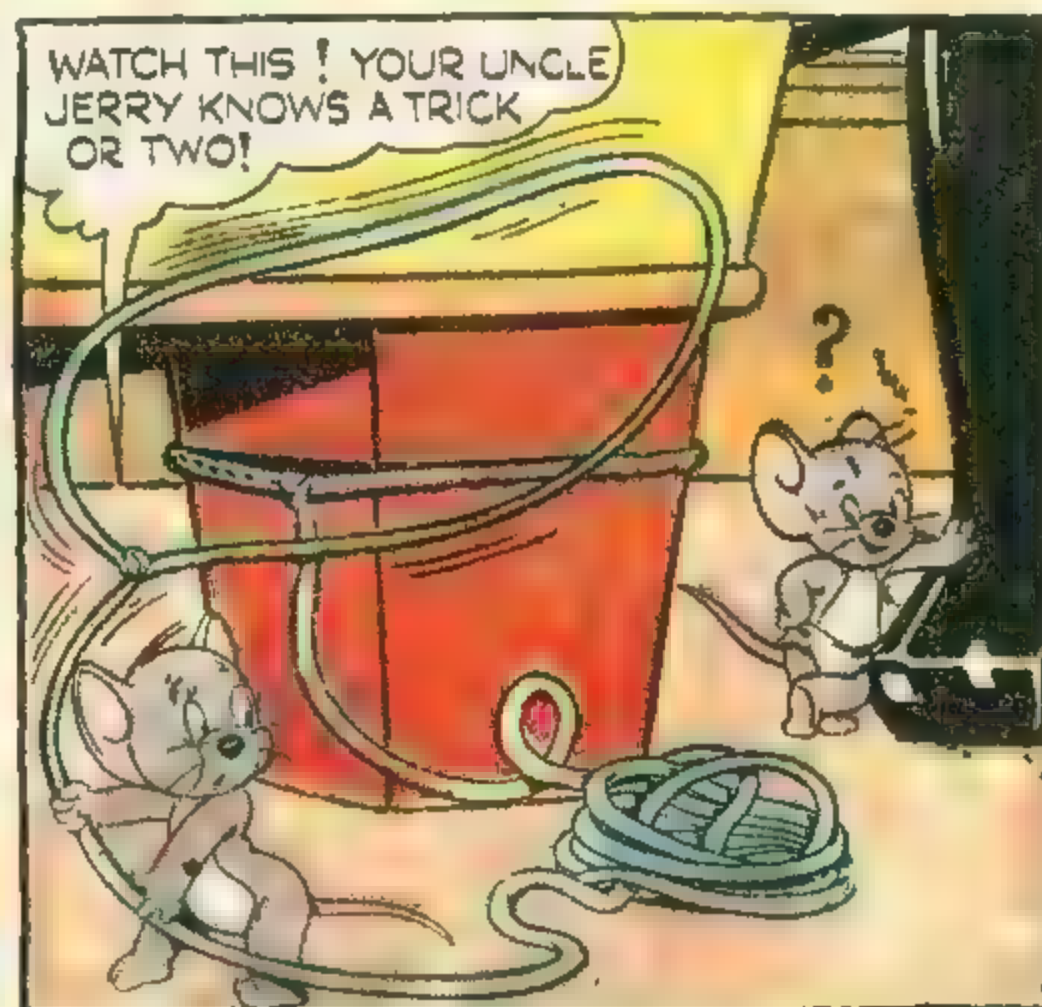
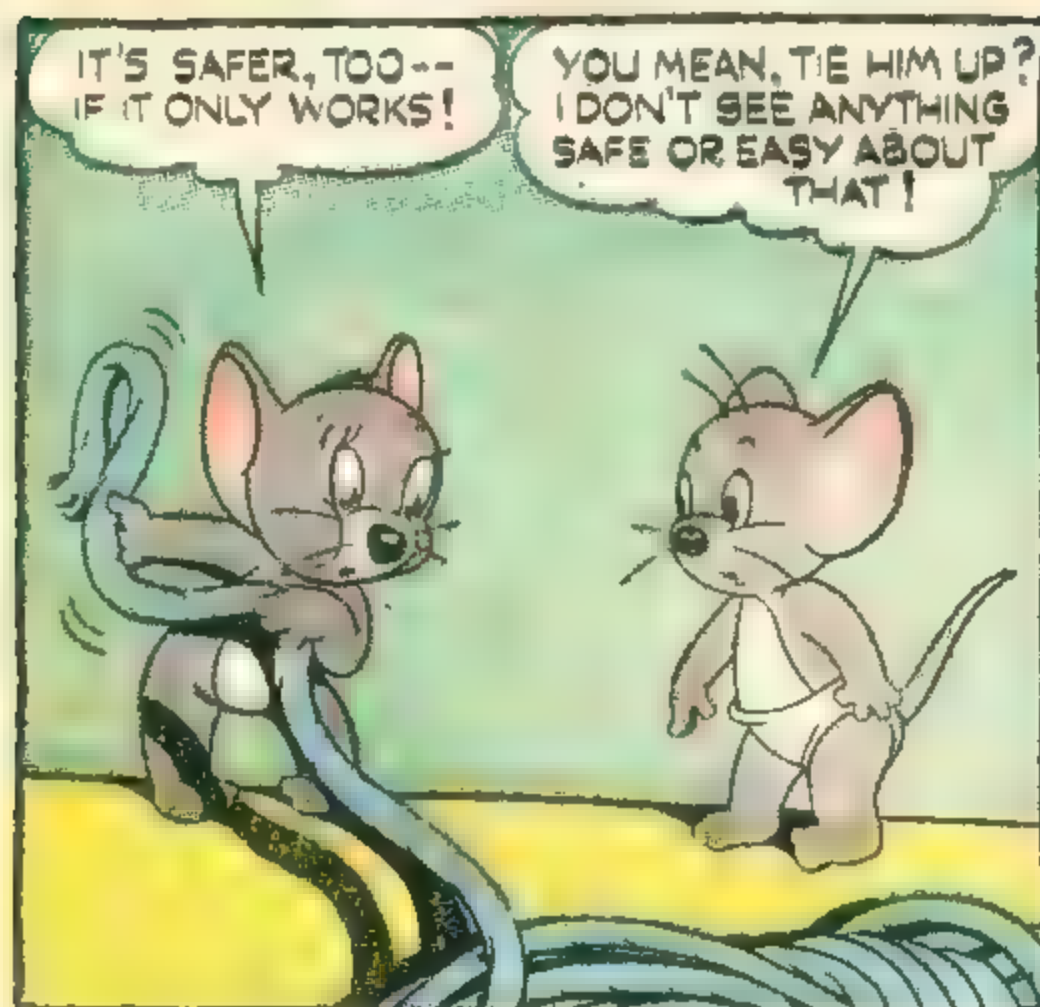
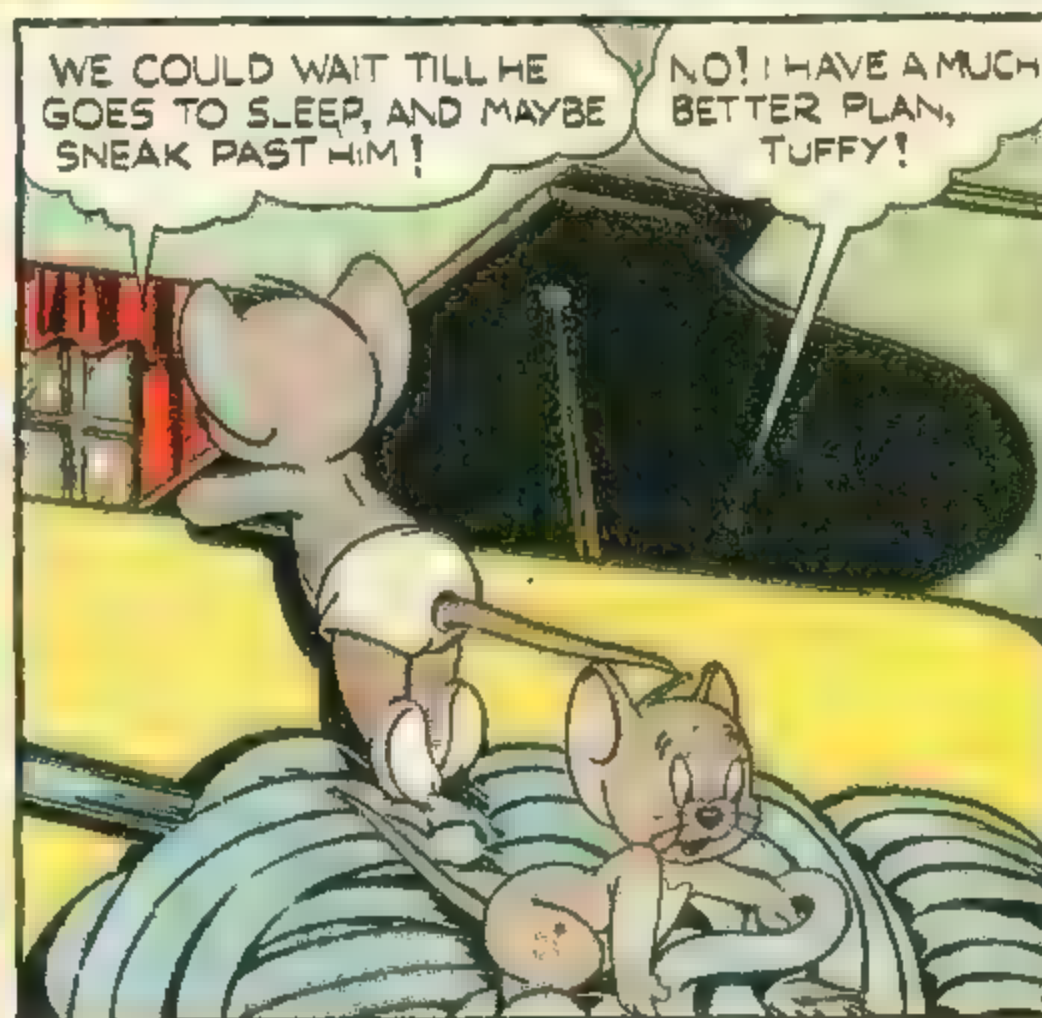
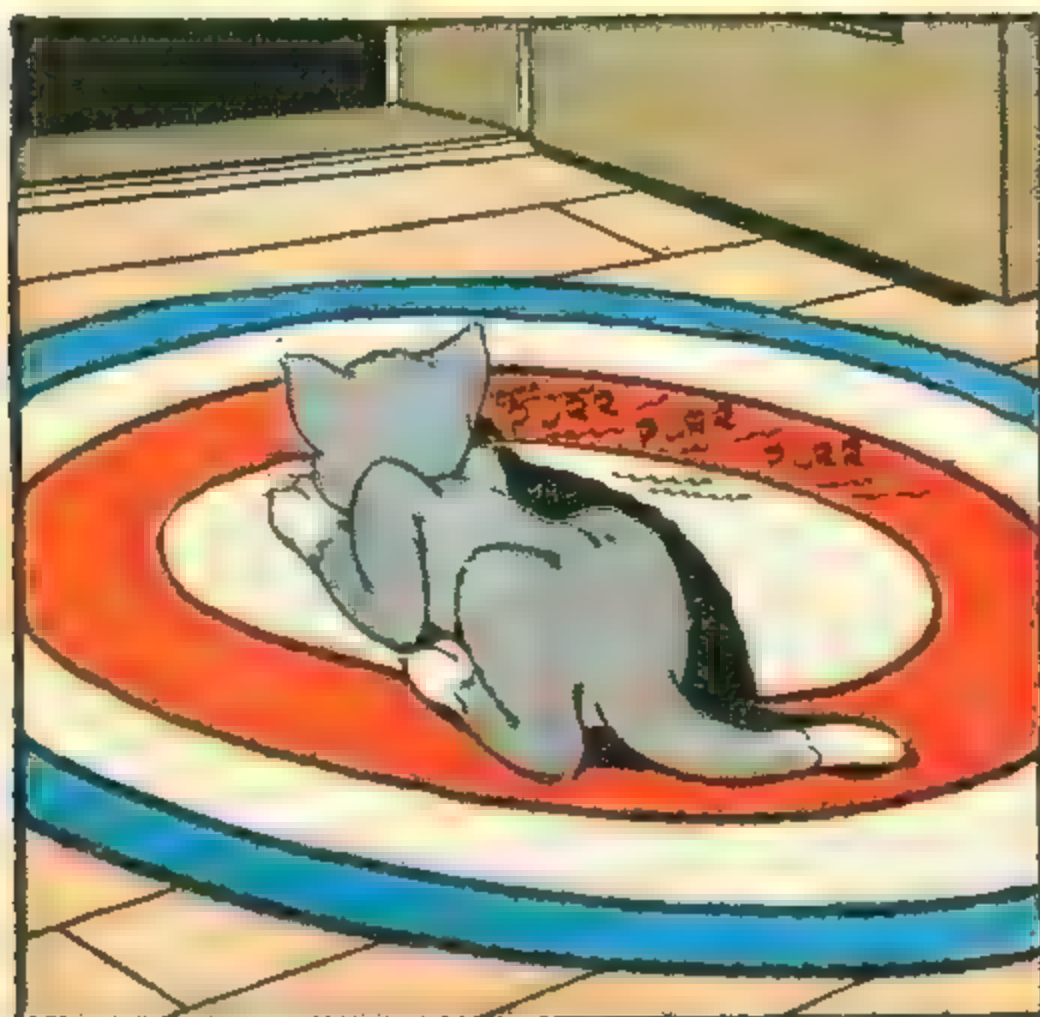
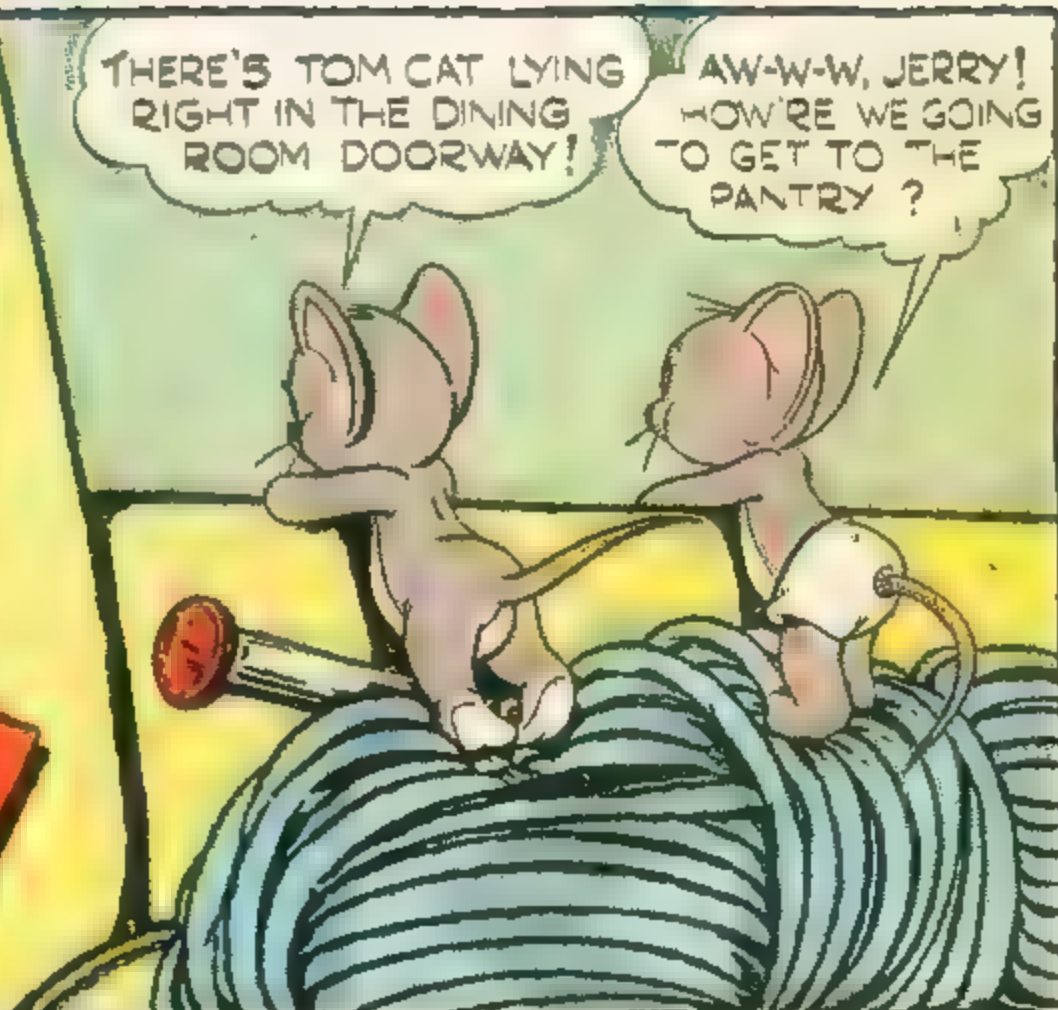


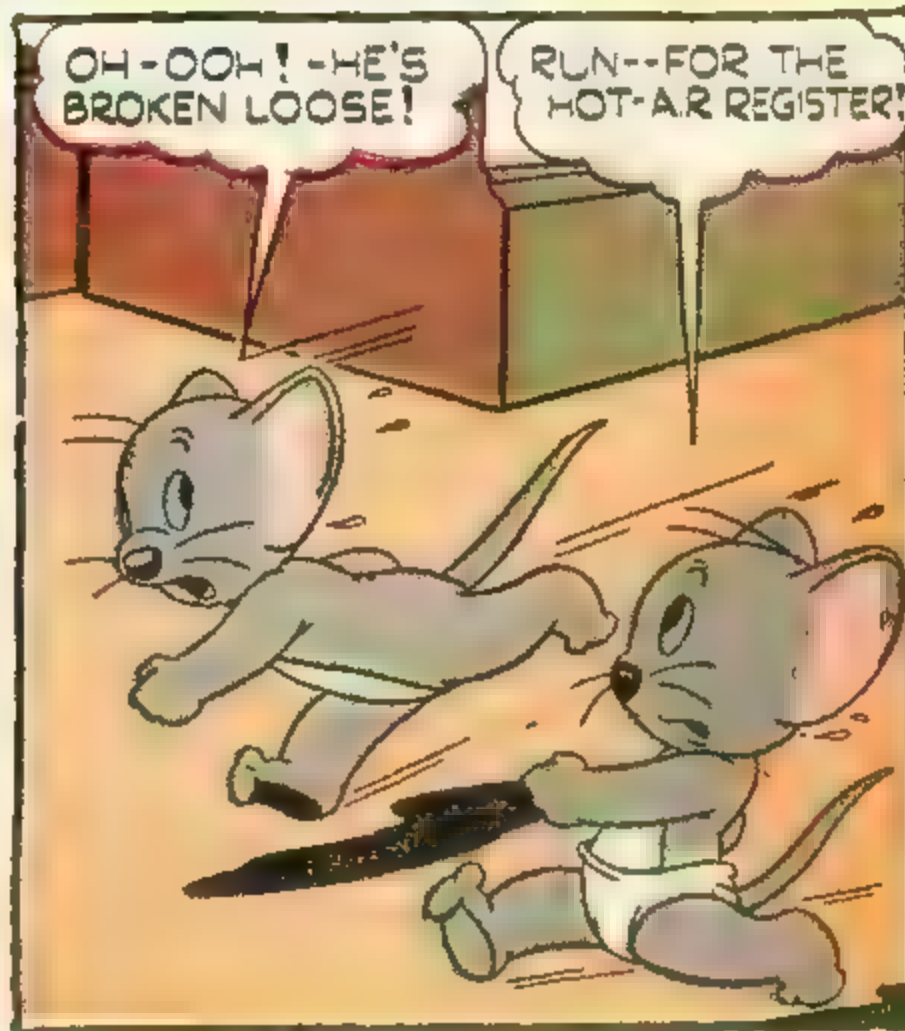
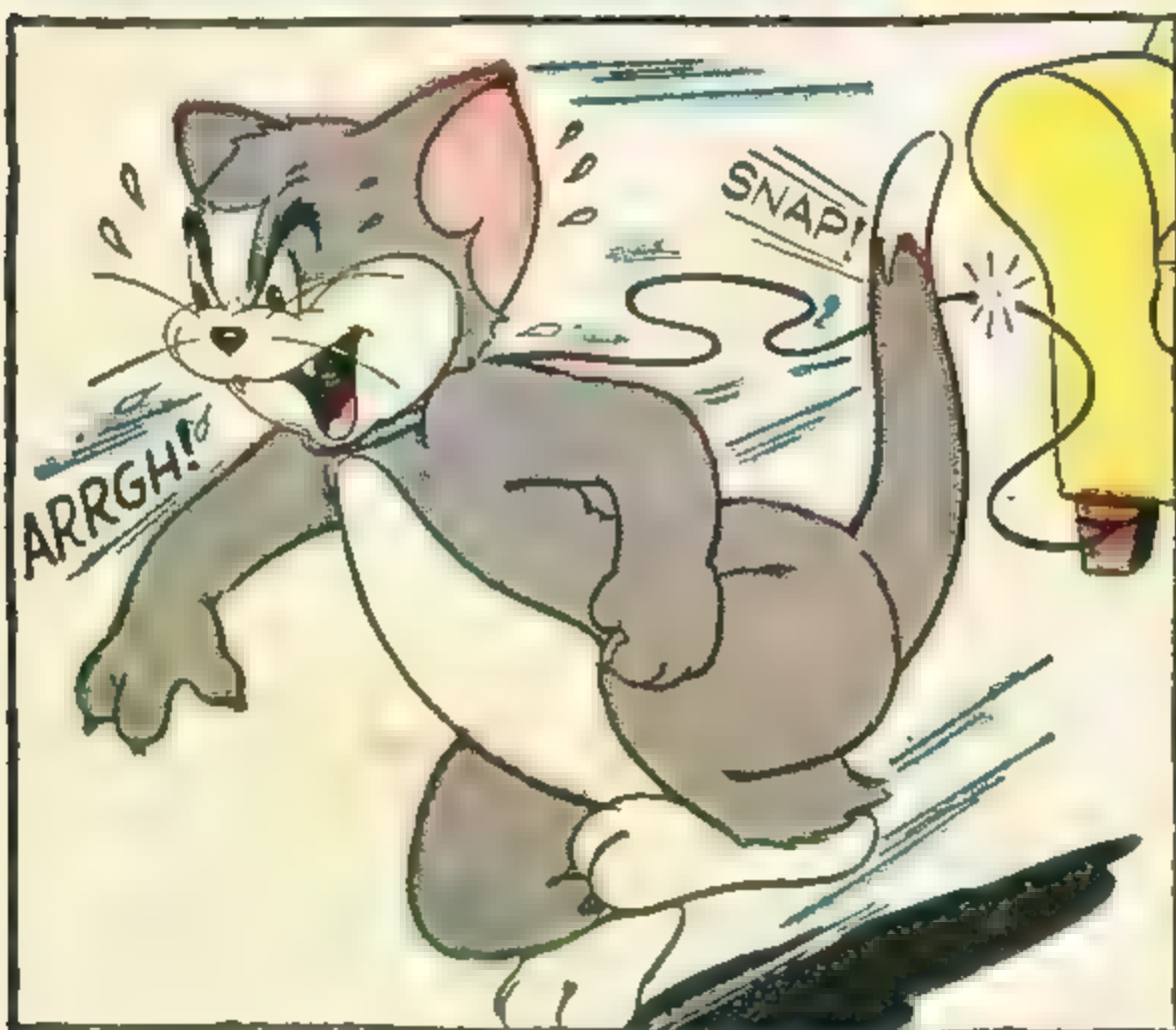
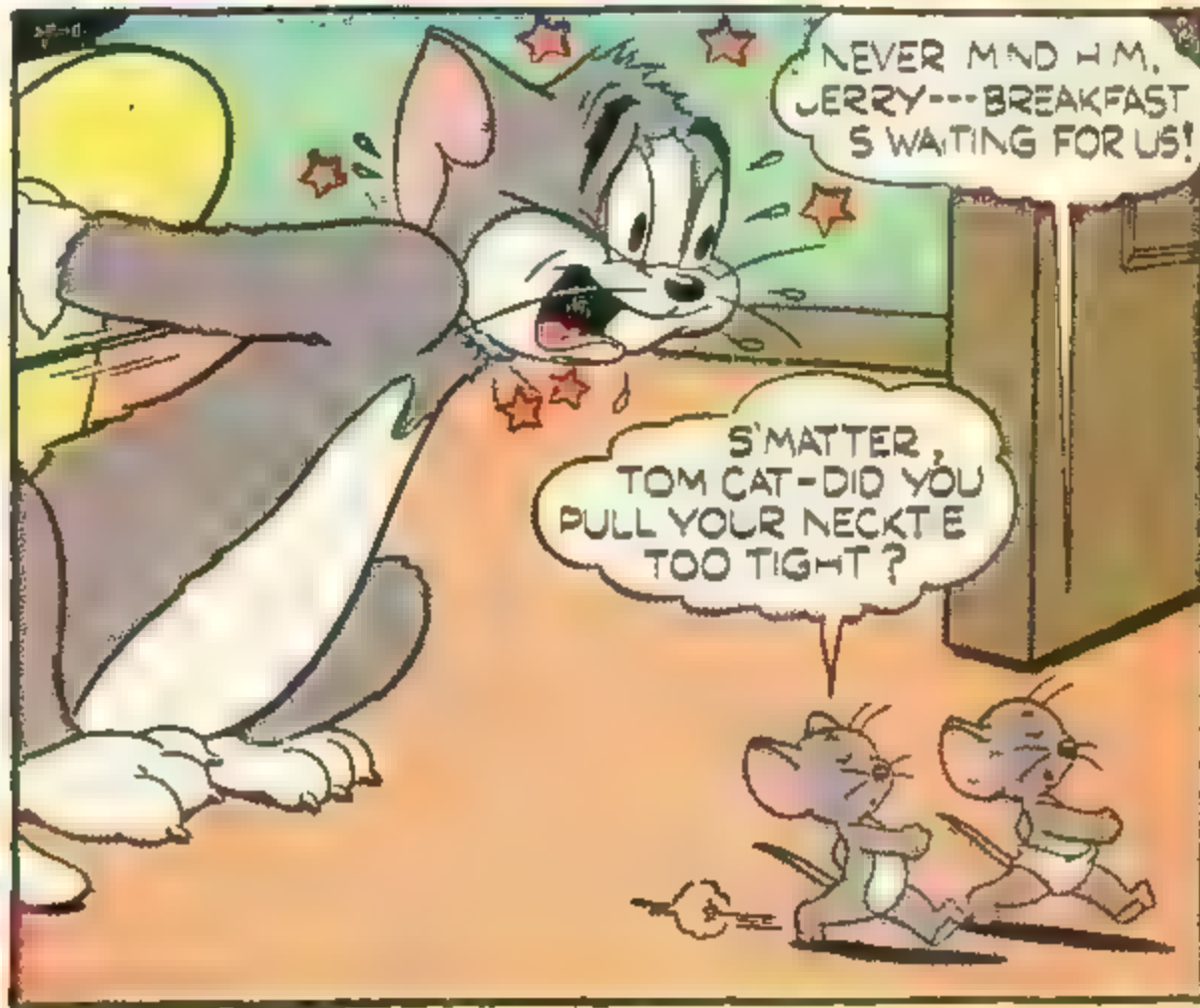
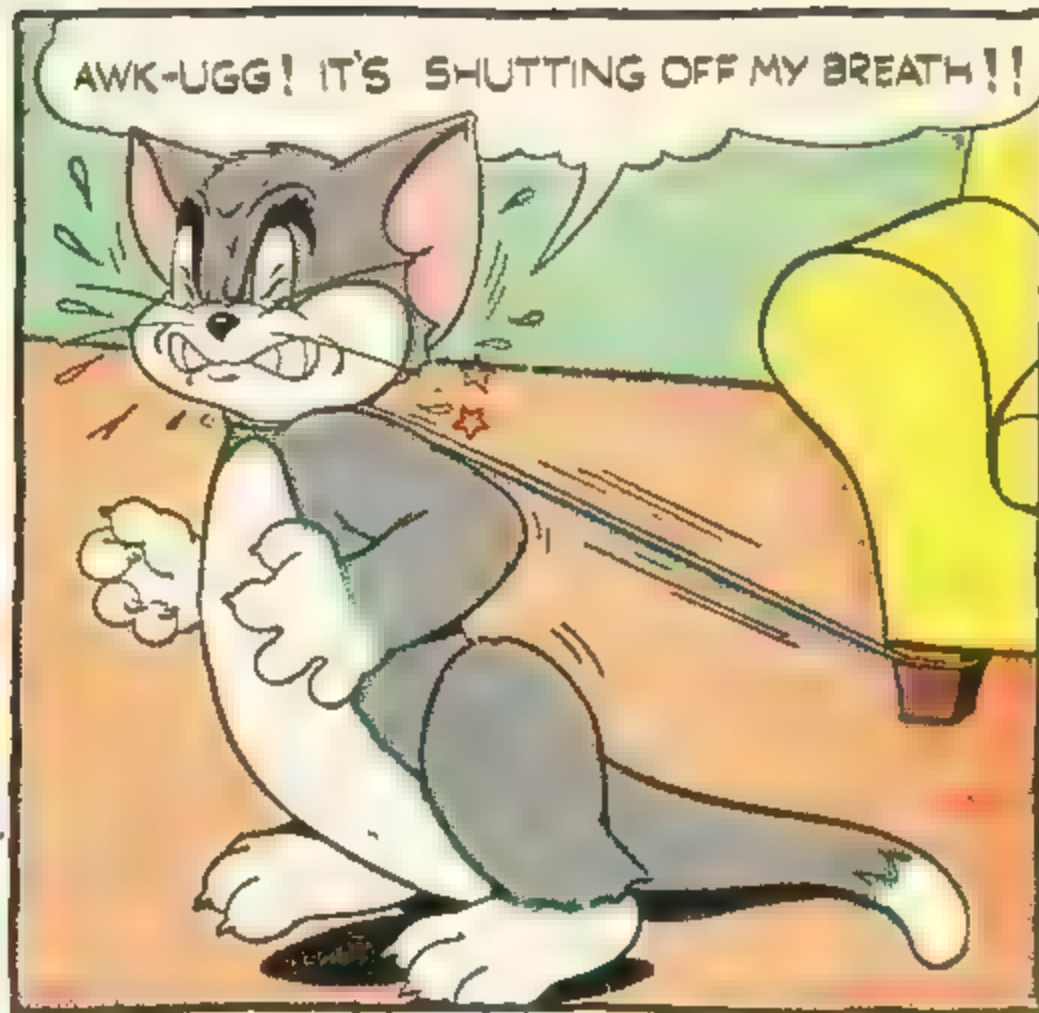
YAY—JULIP'S DOIN' HIS PART!

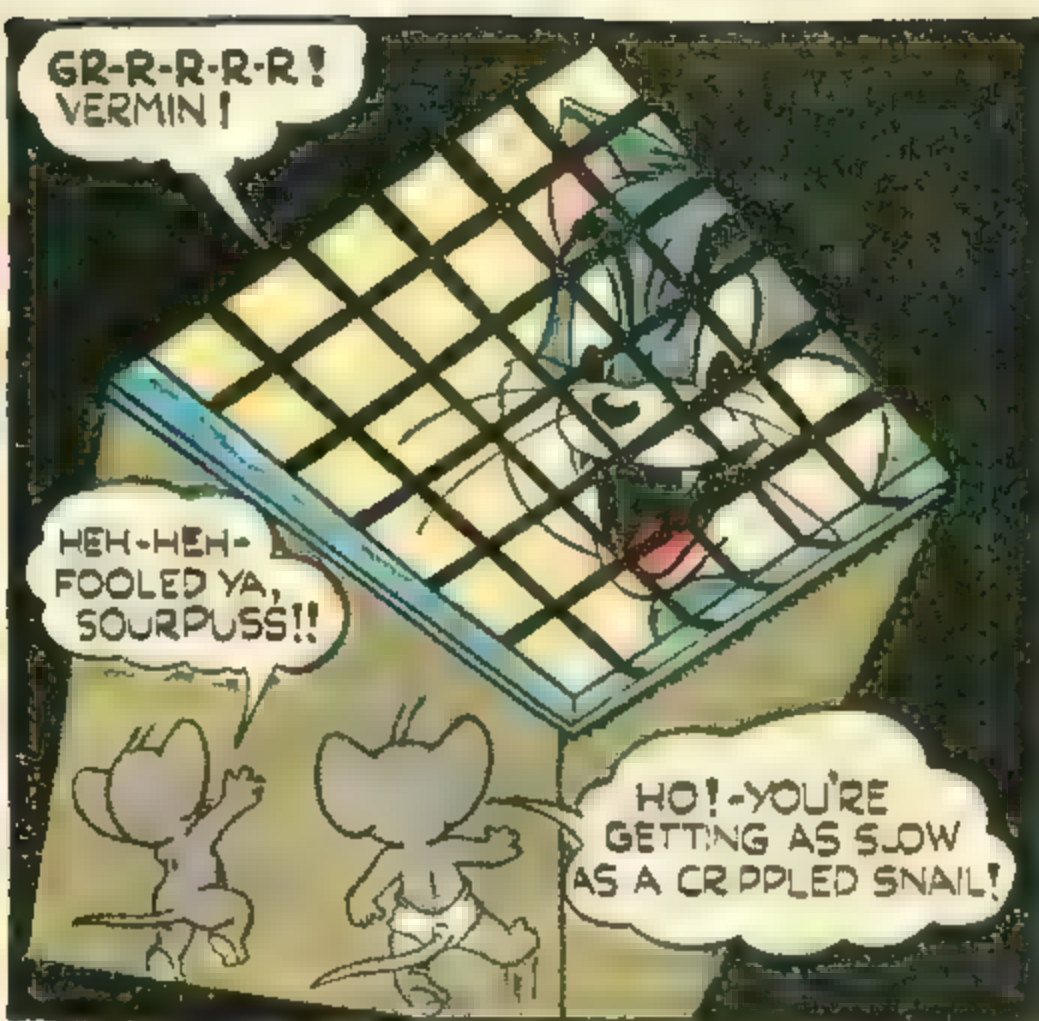
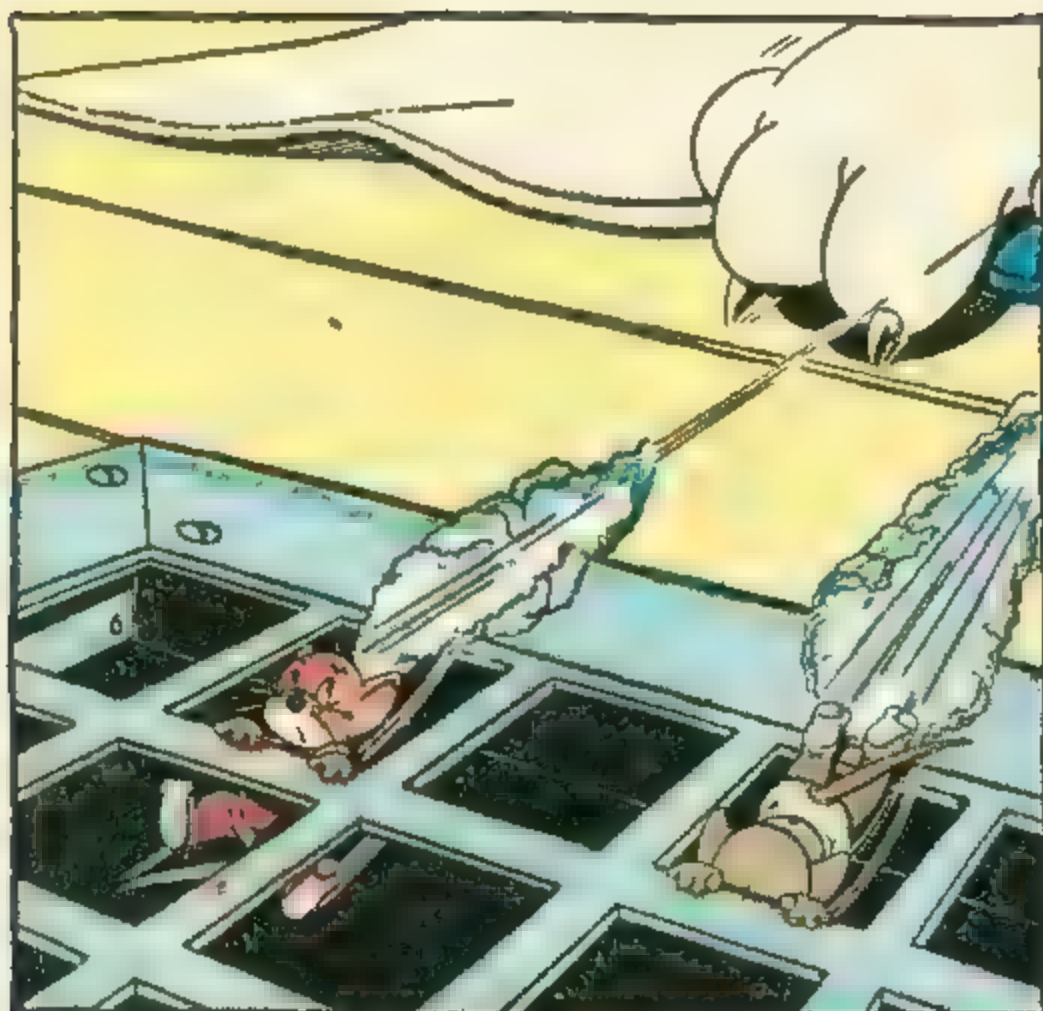
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

MGM presents

TOM AND JERRY







GR-R-R-R-R!
VERMIN!

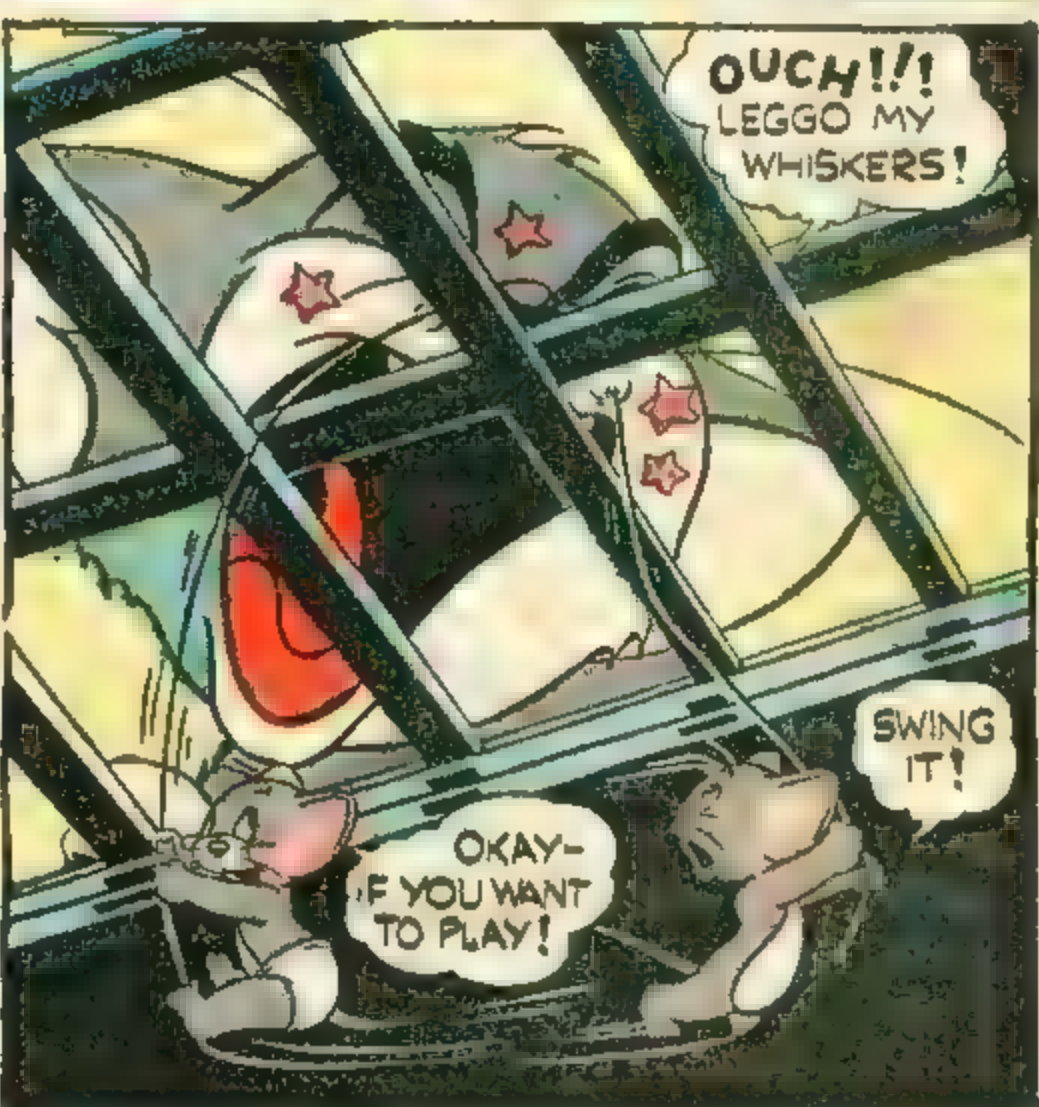
HEH-HEH-
FOOLED YA,
SOURPUSS!!

HO!-YOU'RE
GETTING AS SLOW
AS A CRIPPLED SNAIL!



G'WAN BACK IN YOUR
CORNER AND GO TO
SLEEP!-THAT'S ALL
YOU'RE GOOD FOR!

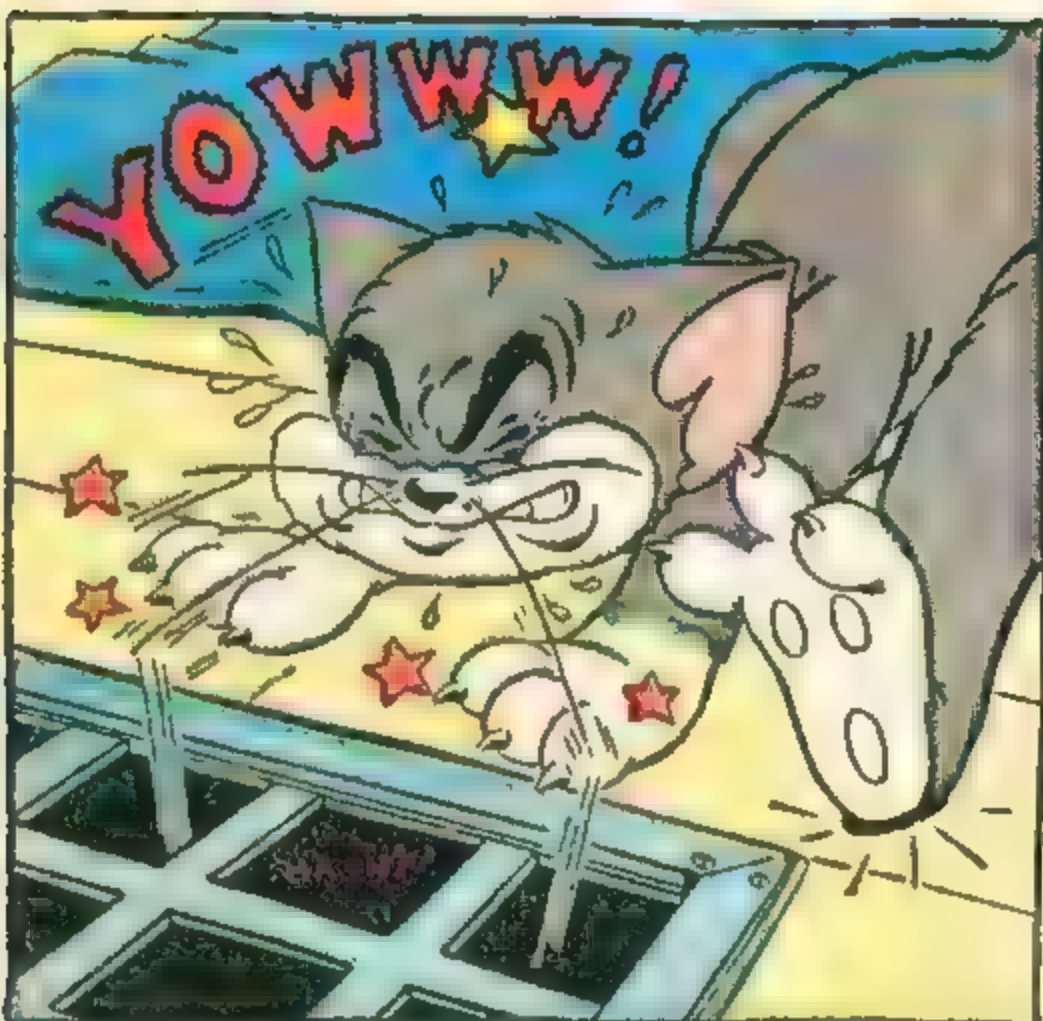
JUST COME DOWN
HERE IF YOU WANT
YOUR TAIL TWISTED!!



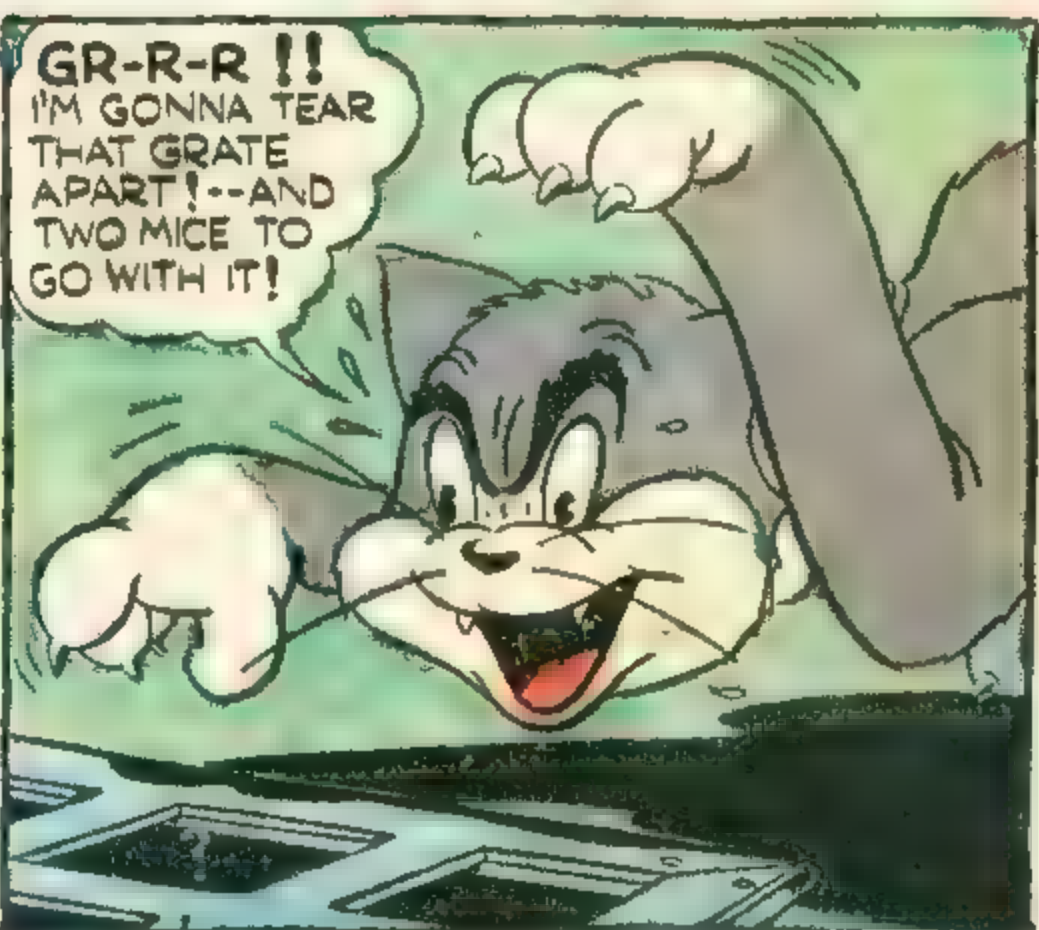
OUCH!!!
LEGGO MY
WHISKERS!

SWING
IT!

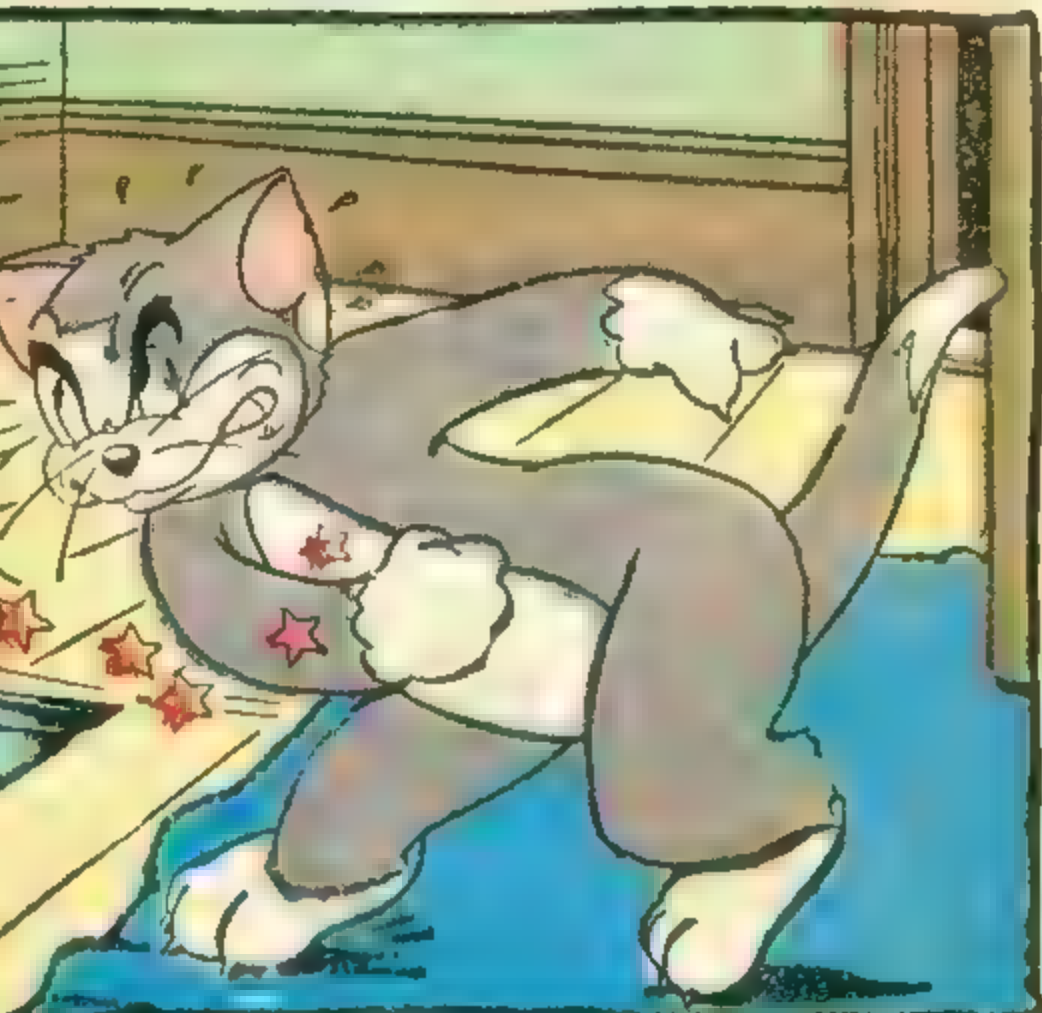
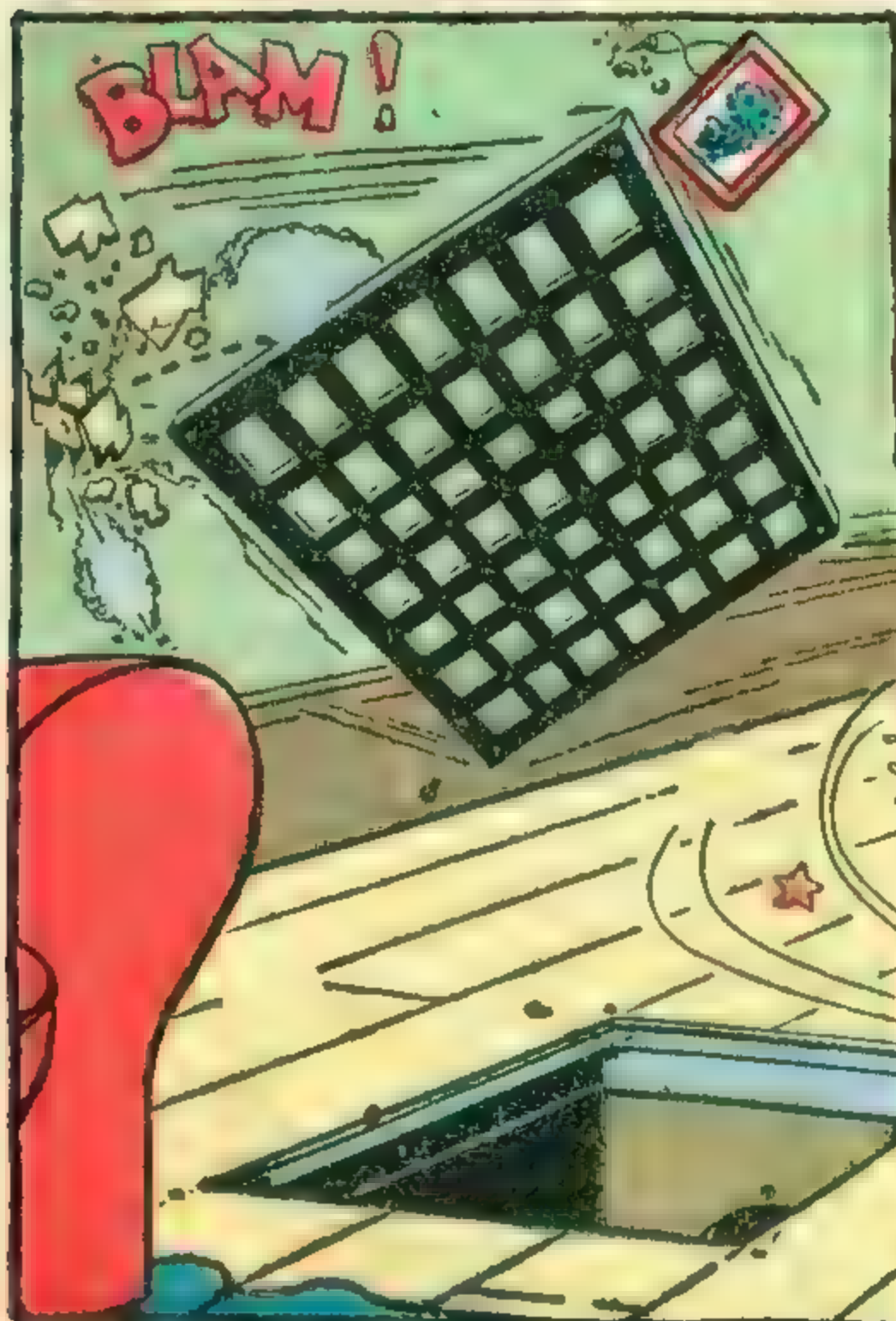
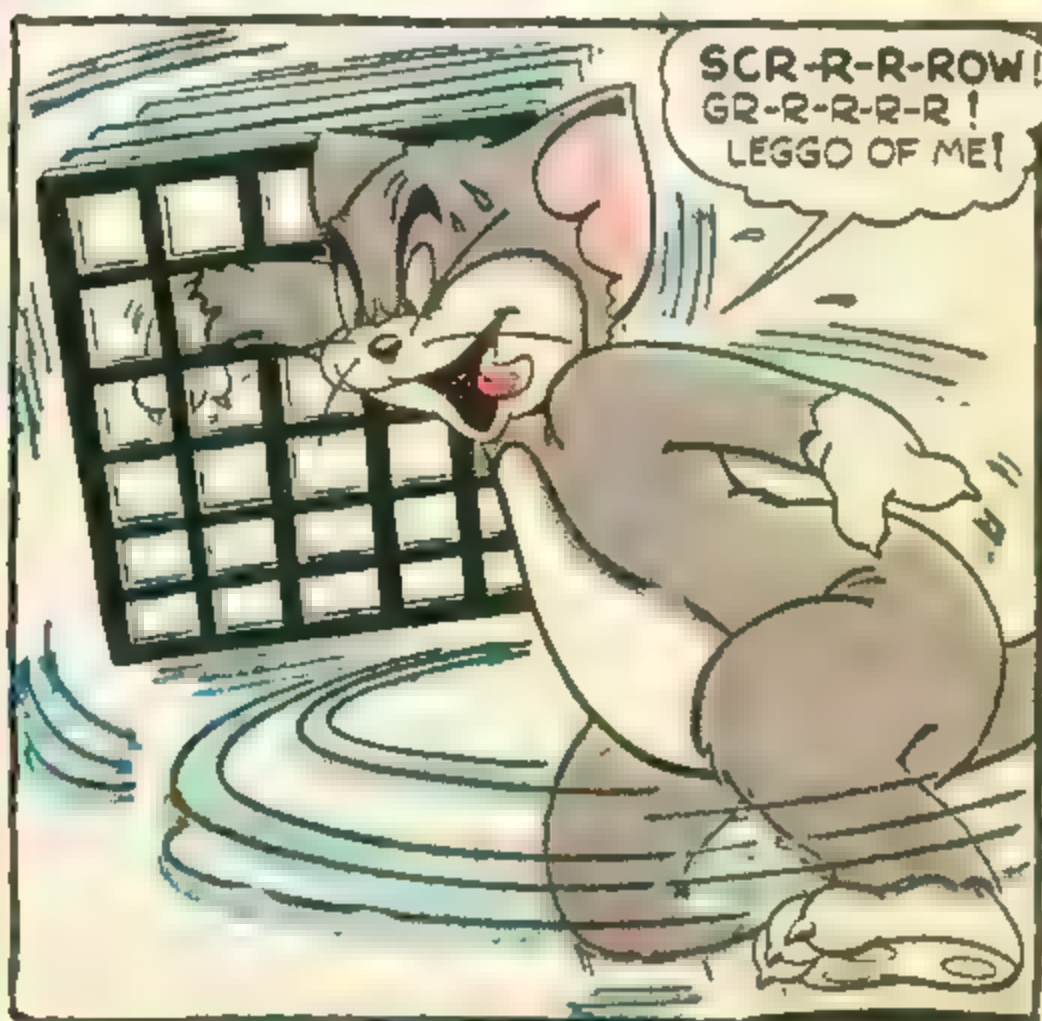
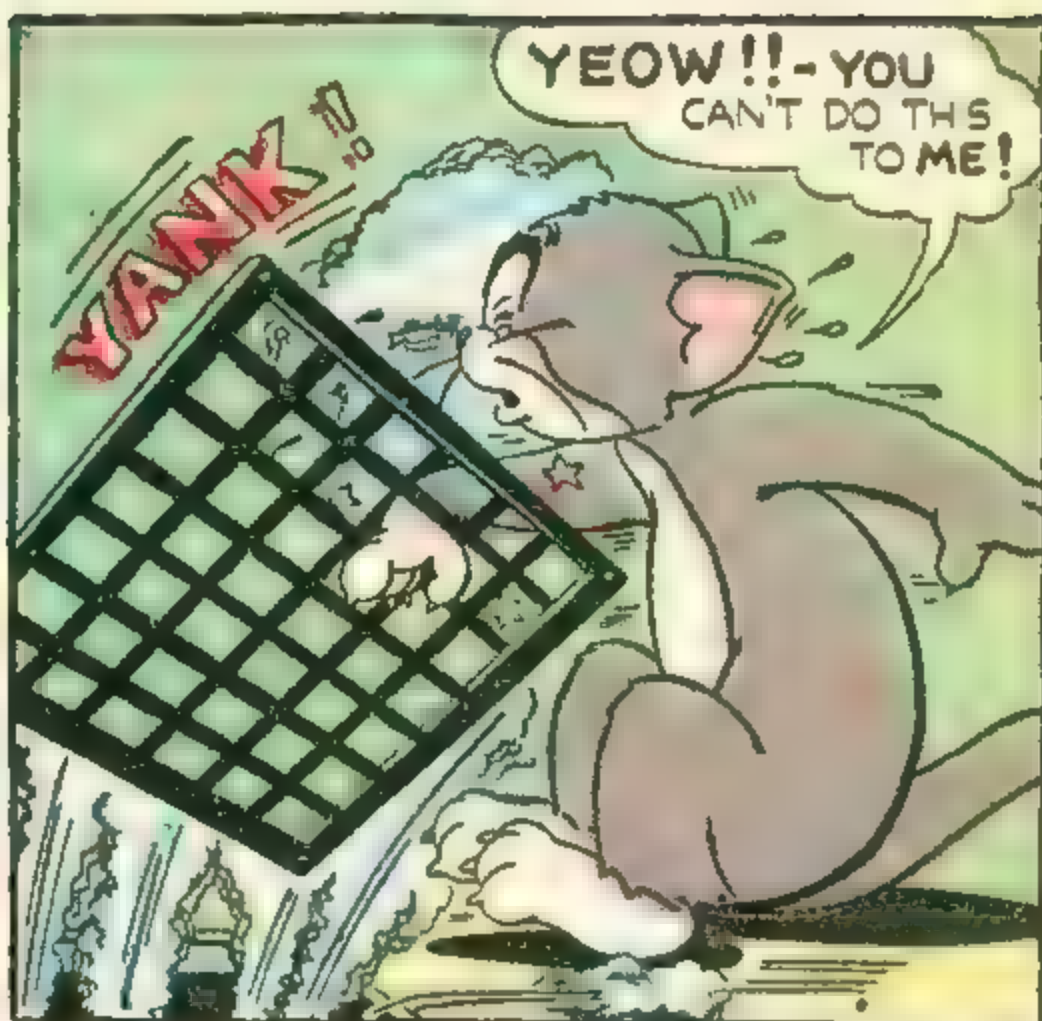
OKAY-
IF YOU WANT
TO PLAY!

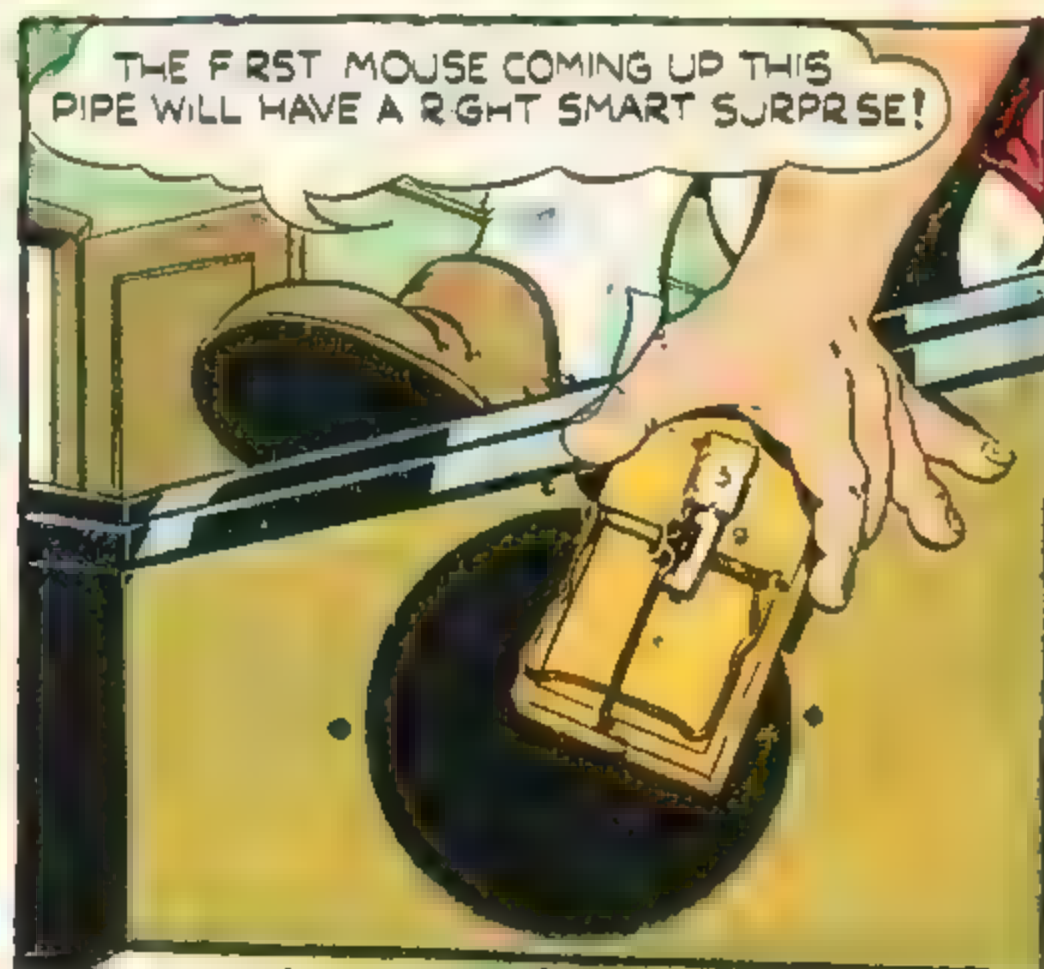
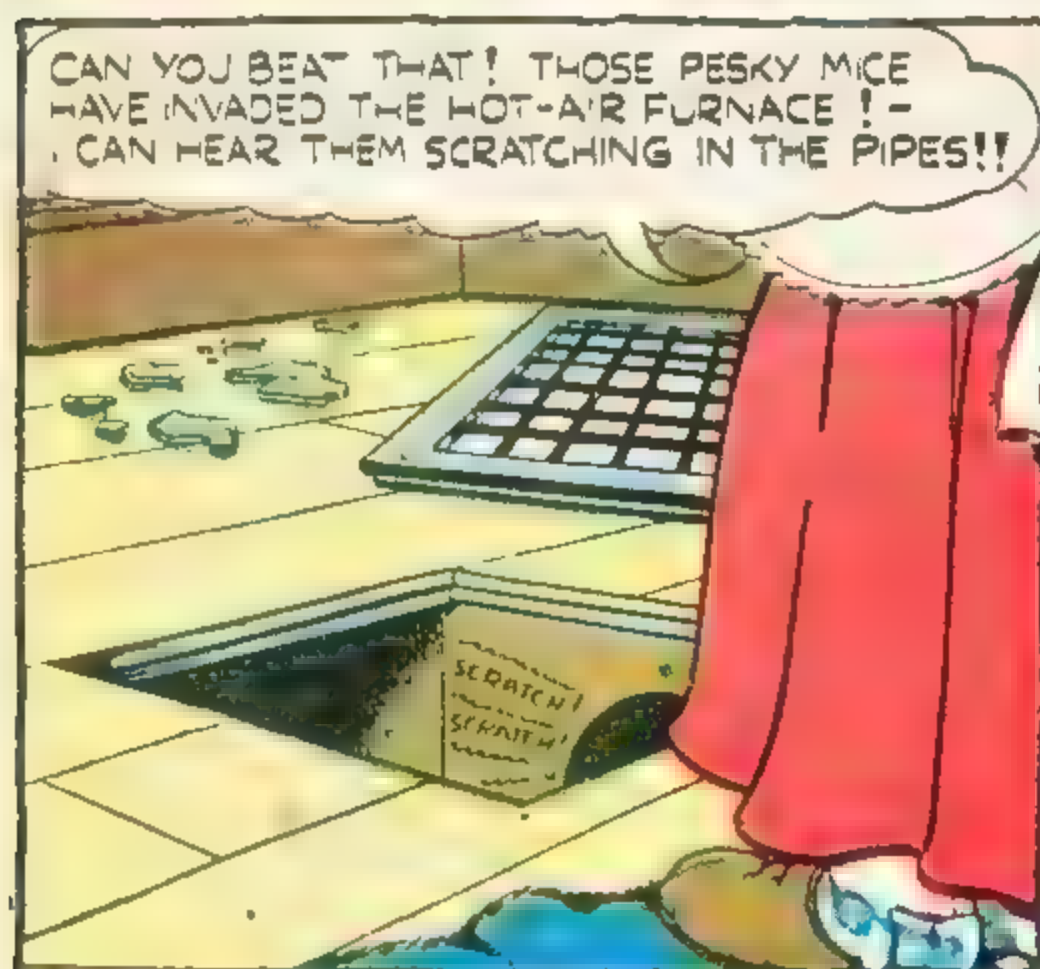
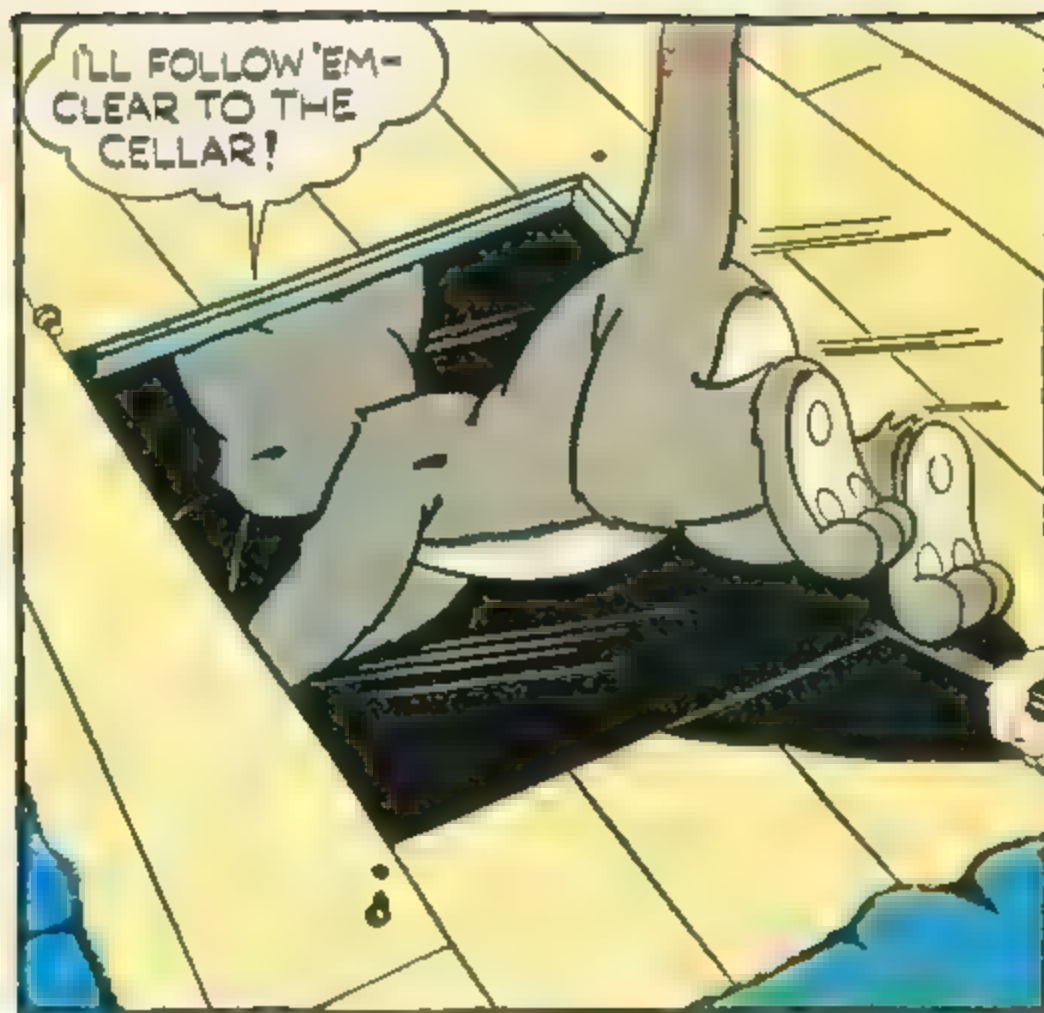
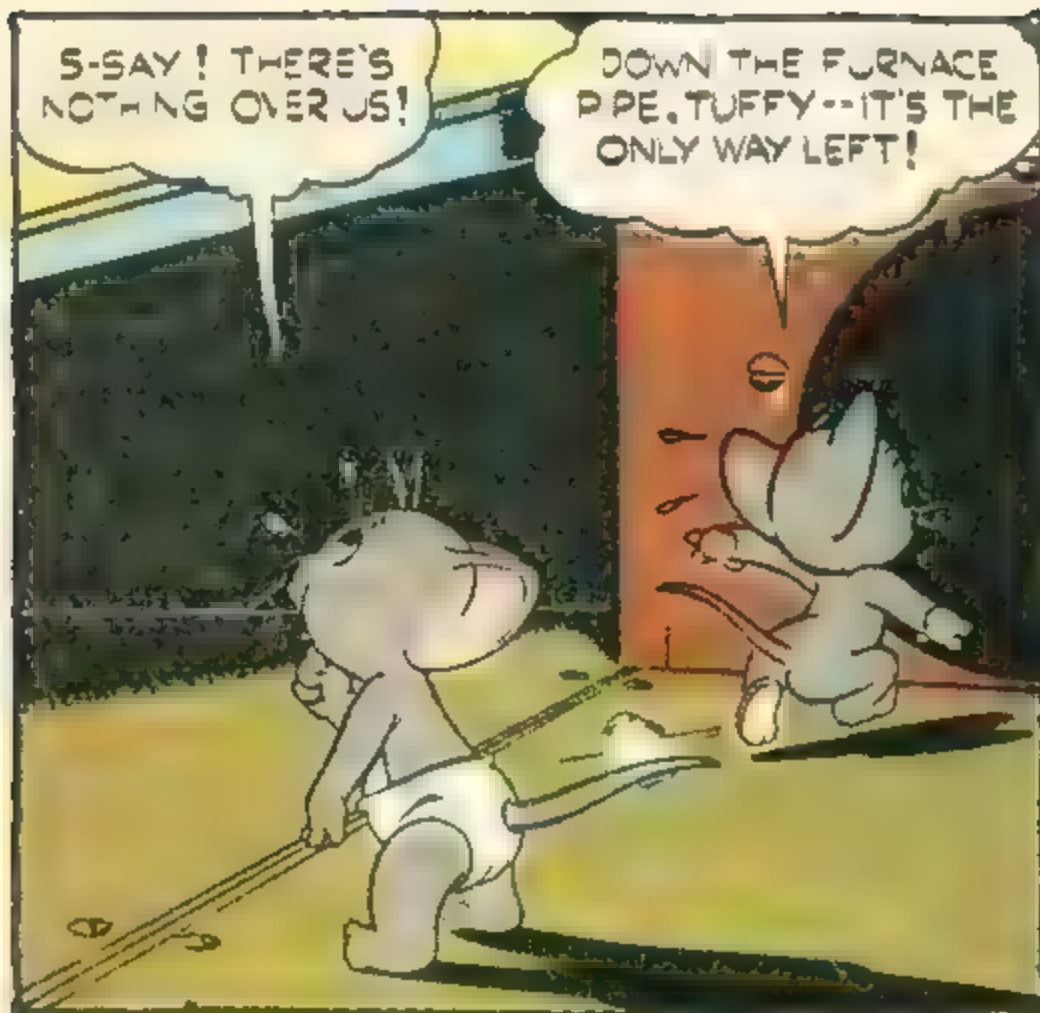


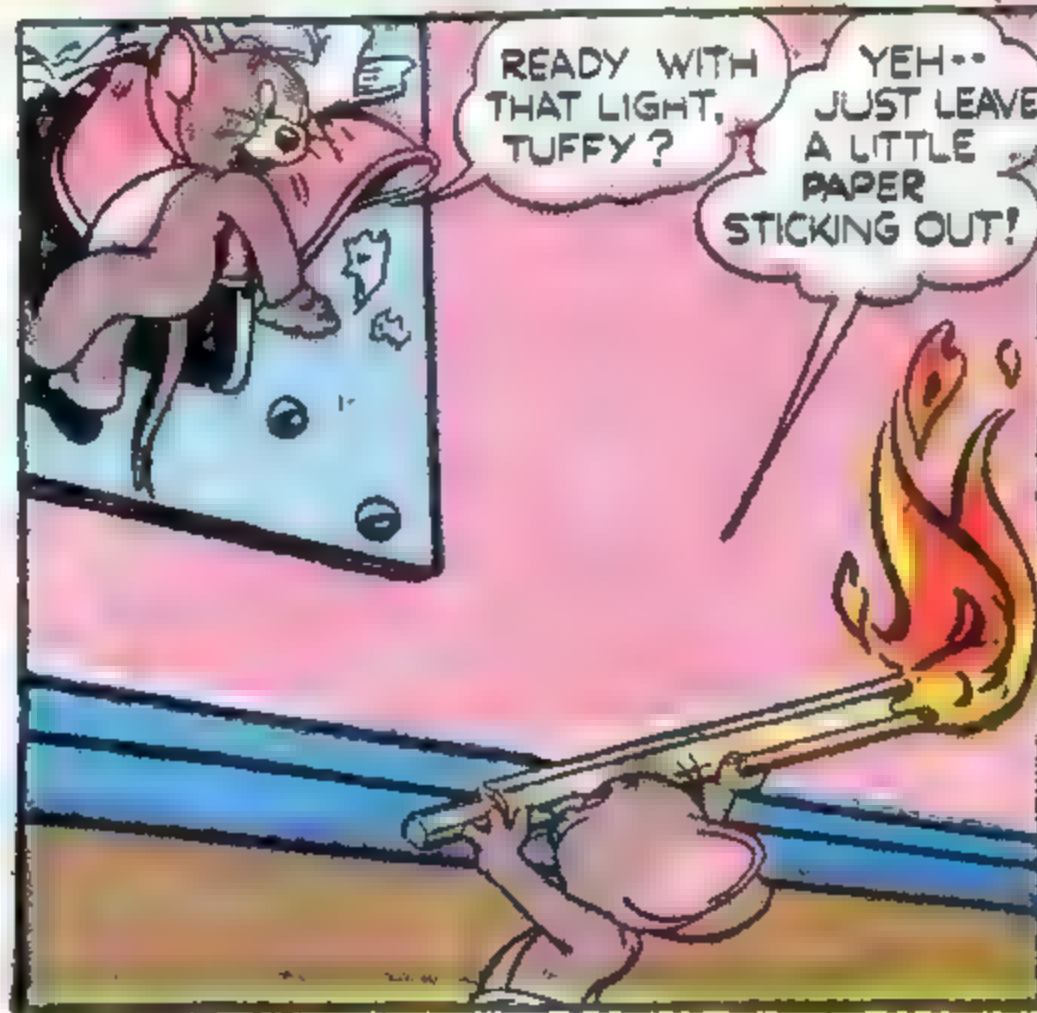
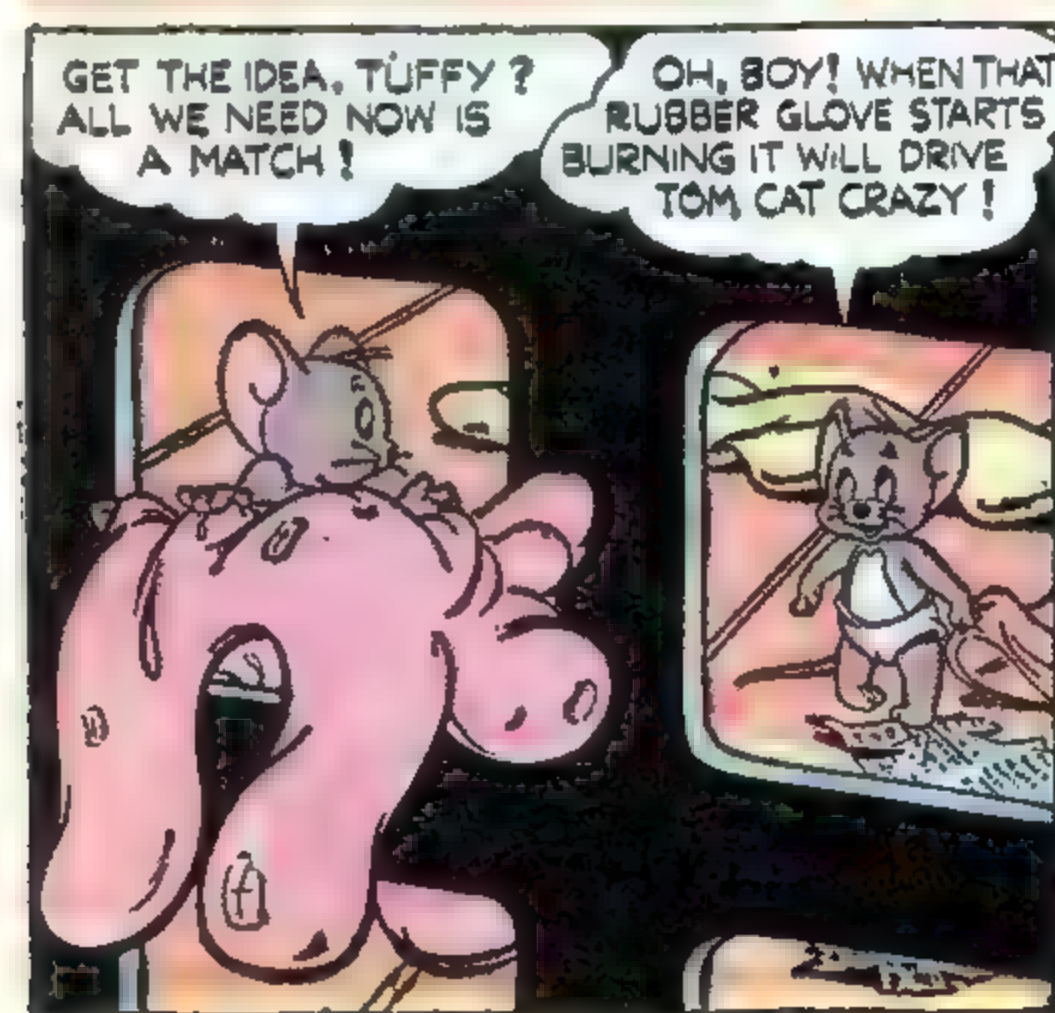
YOWWWW!

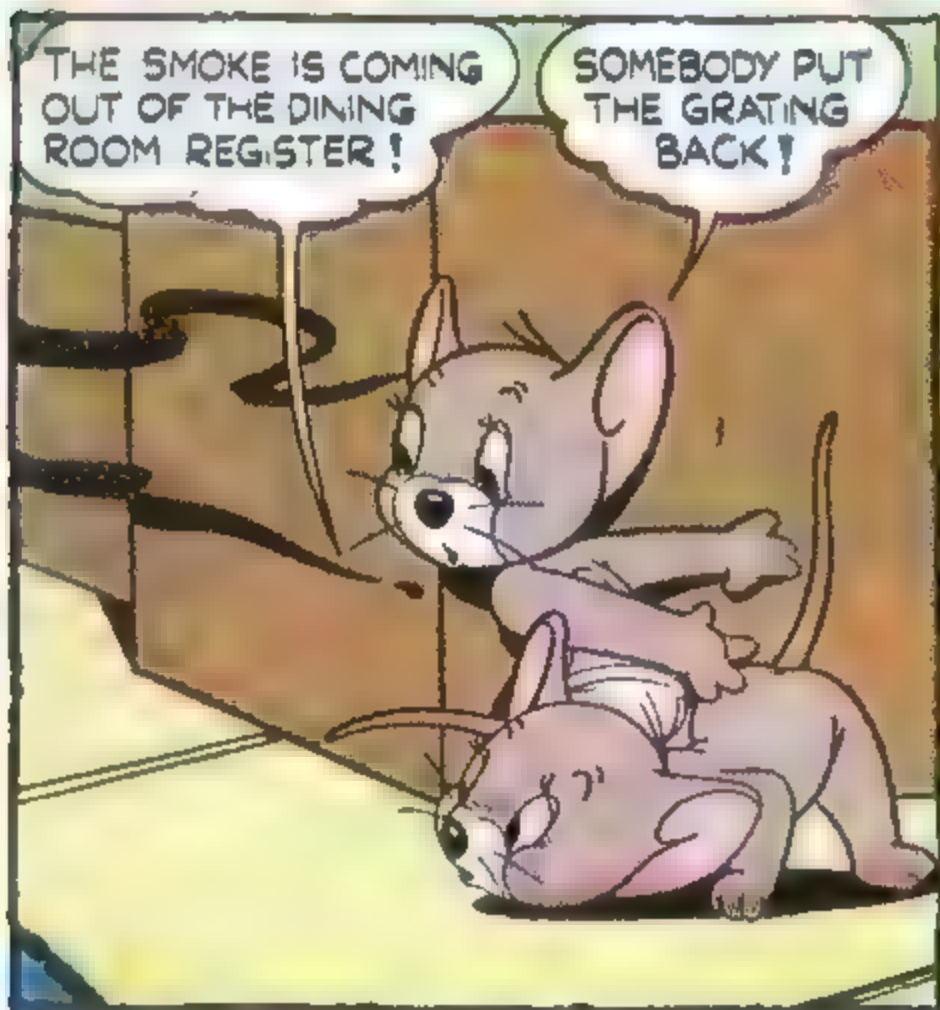
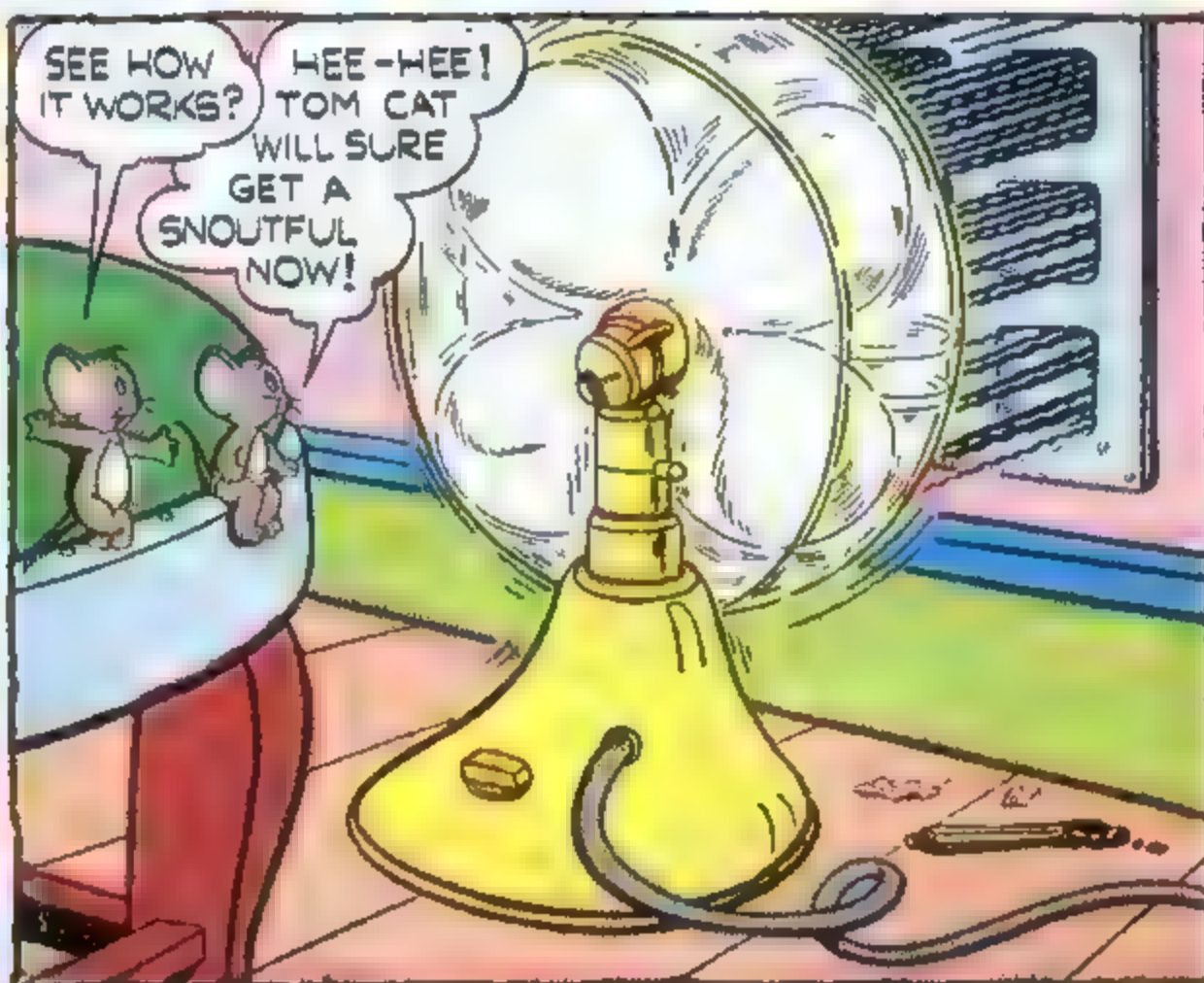
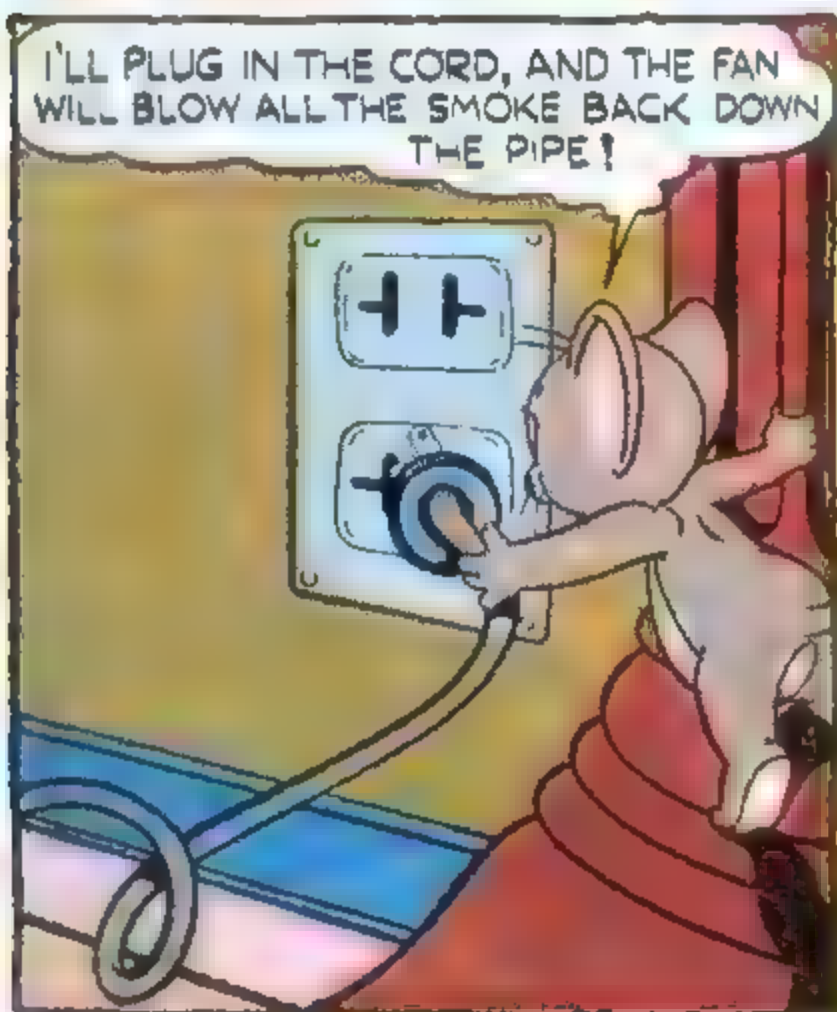
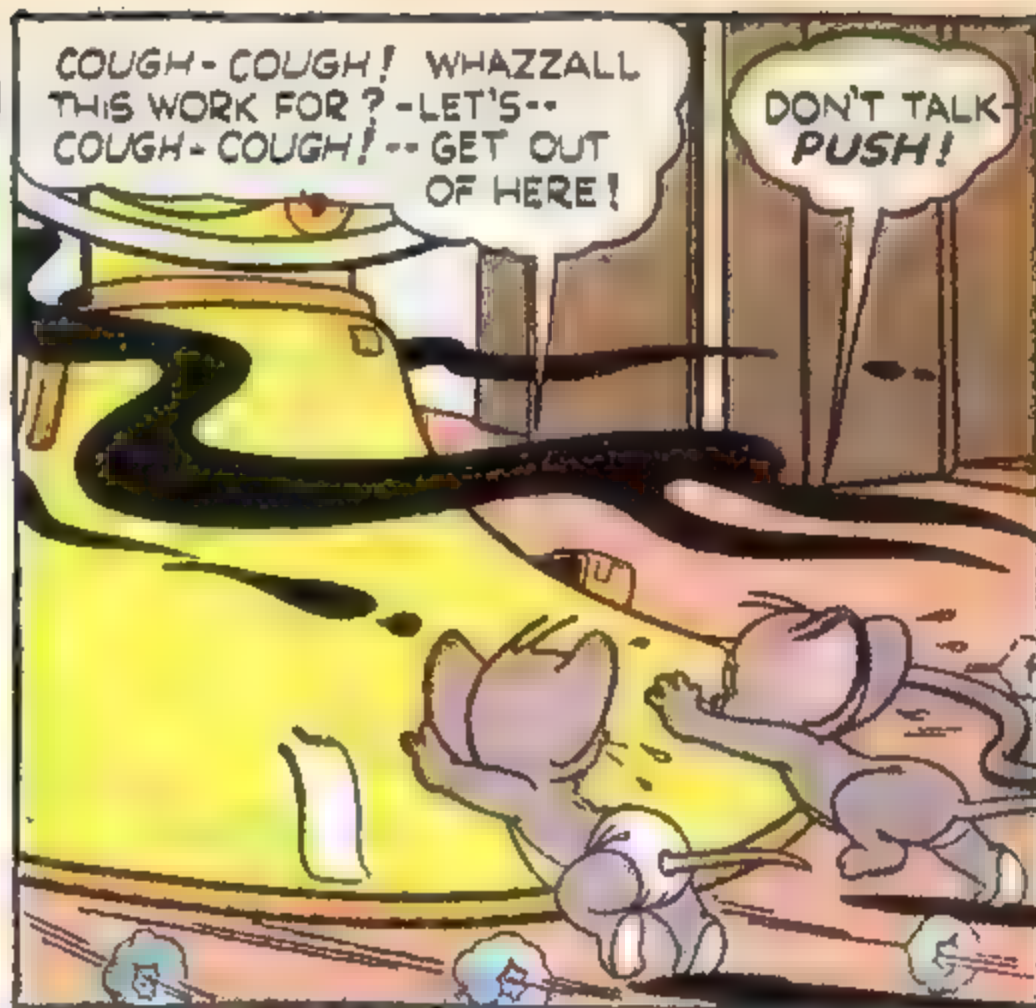
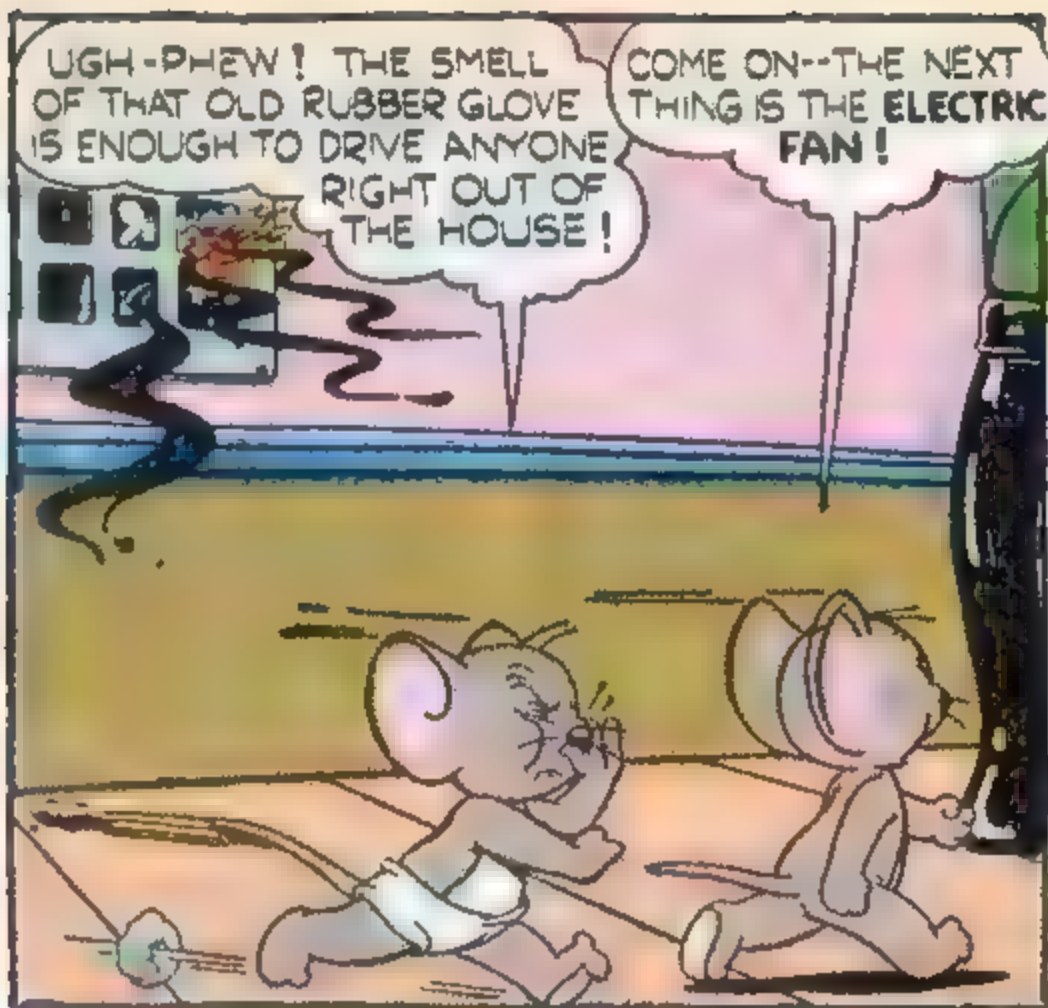


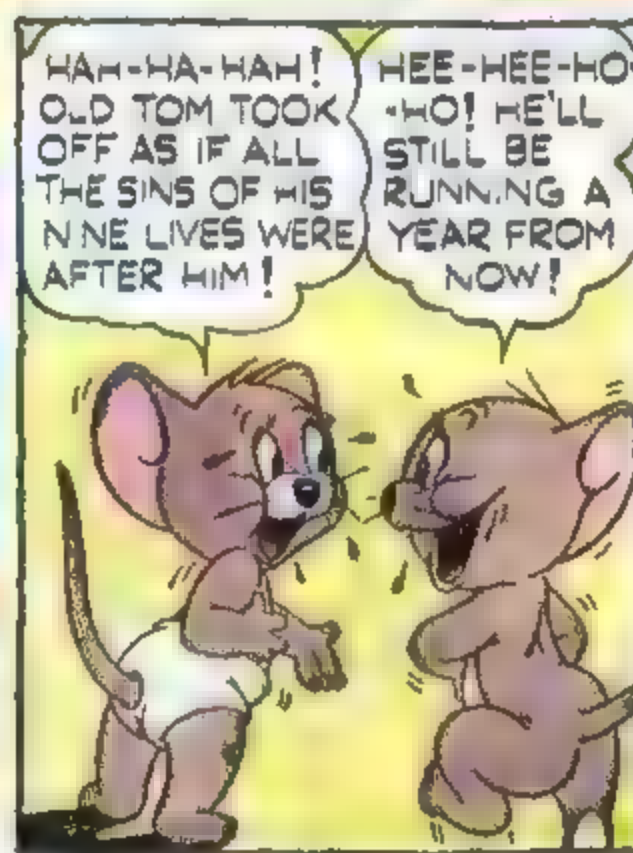
GR-R-R !!
I'M GONNA TEAR
THAT GRATE
APART!---AND
TWO MICE TO
GO WITH IT!

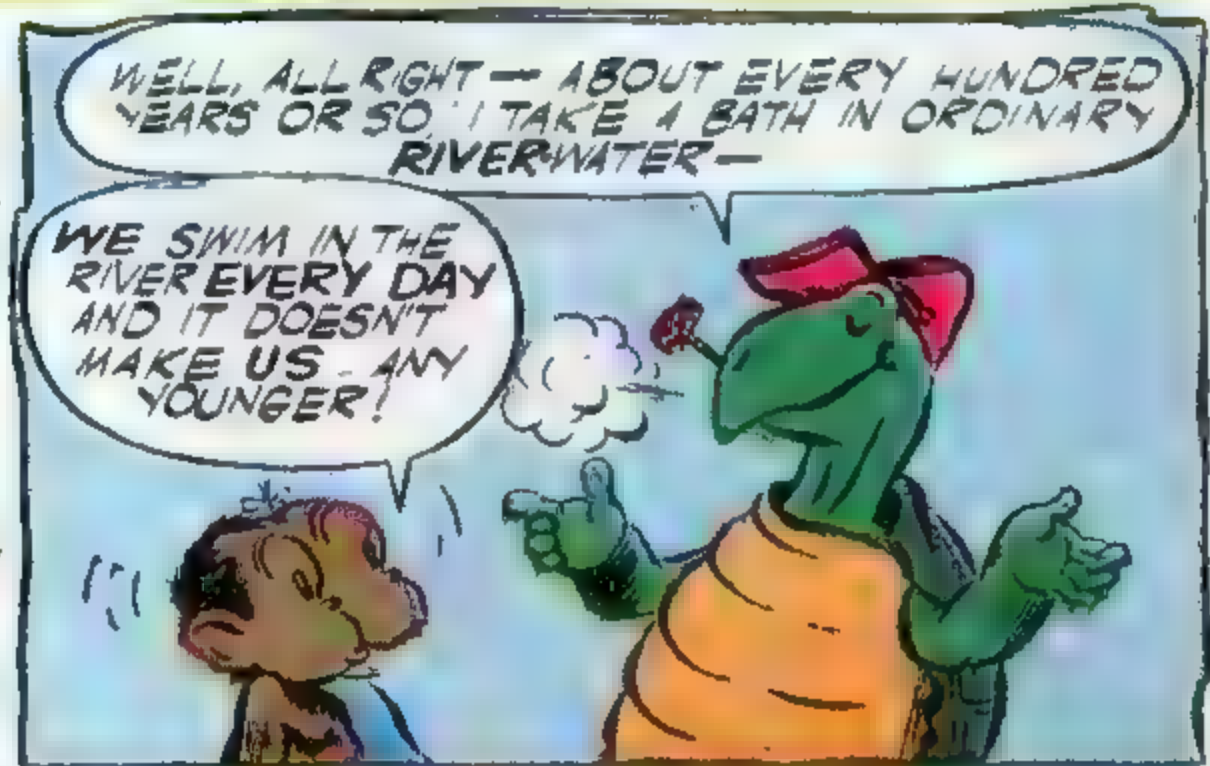
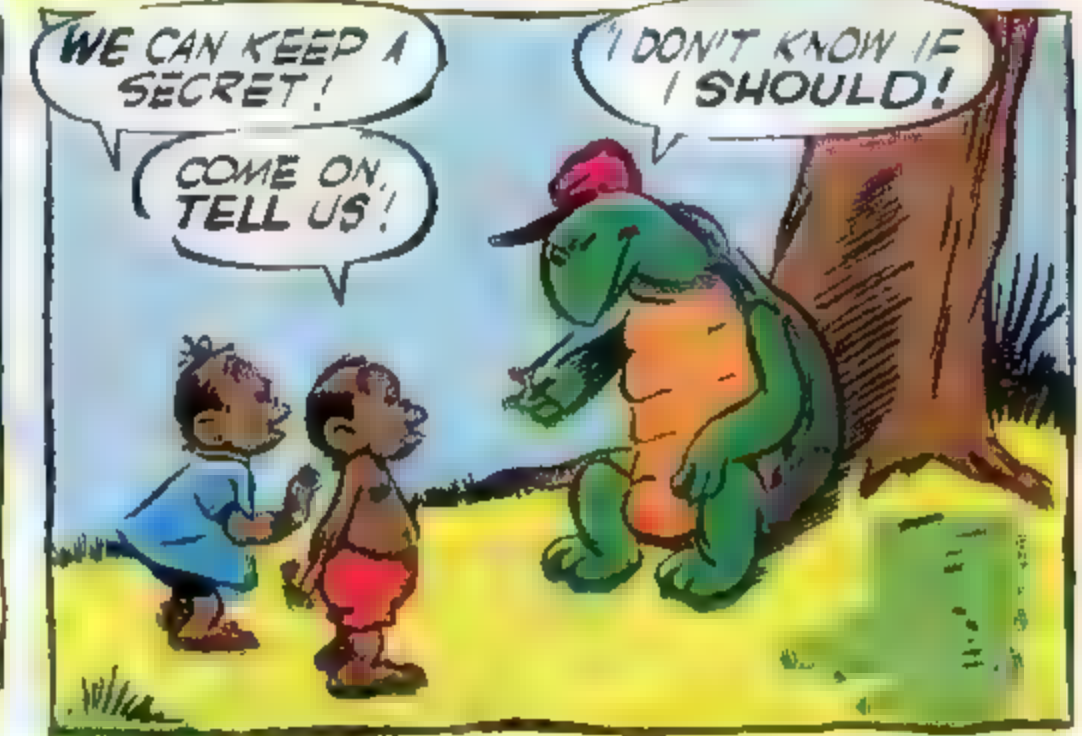
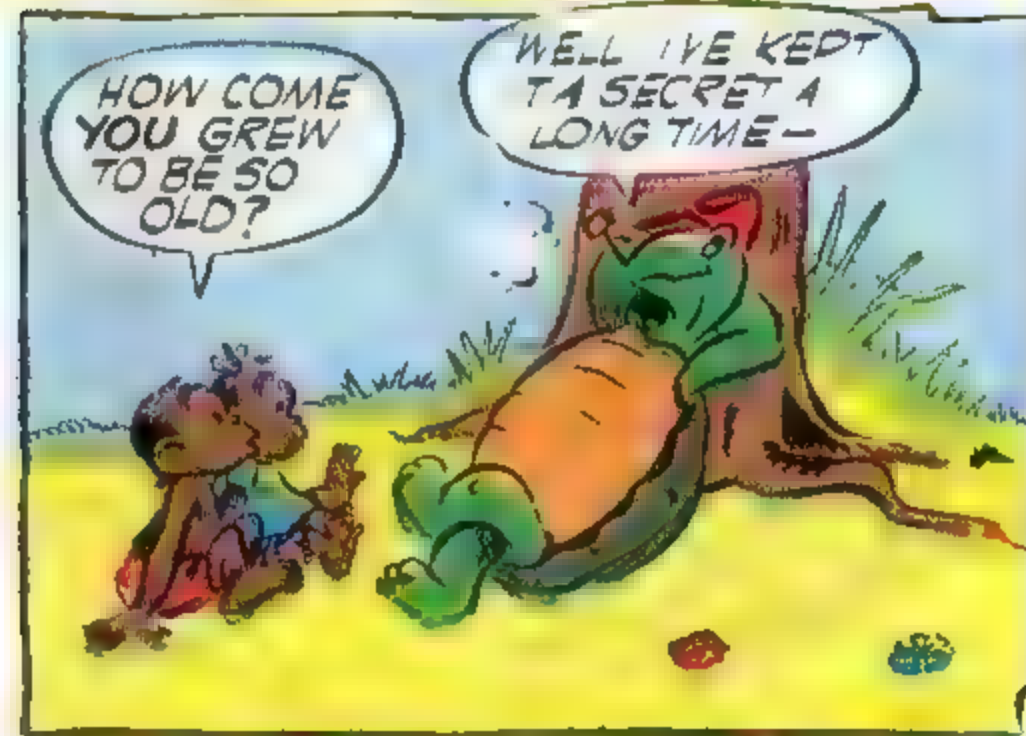
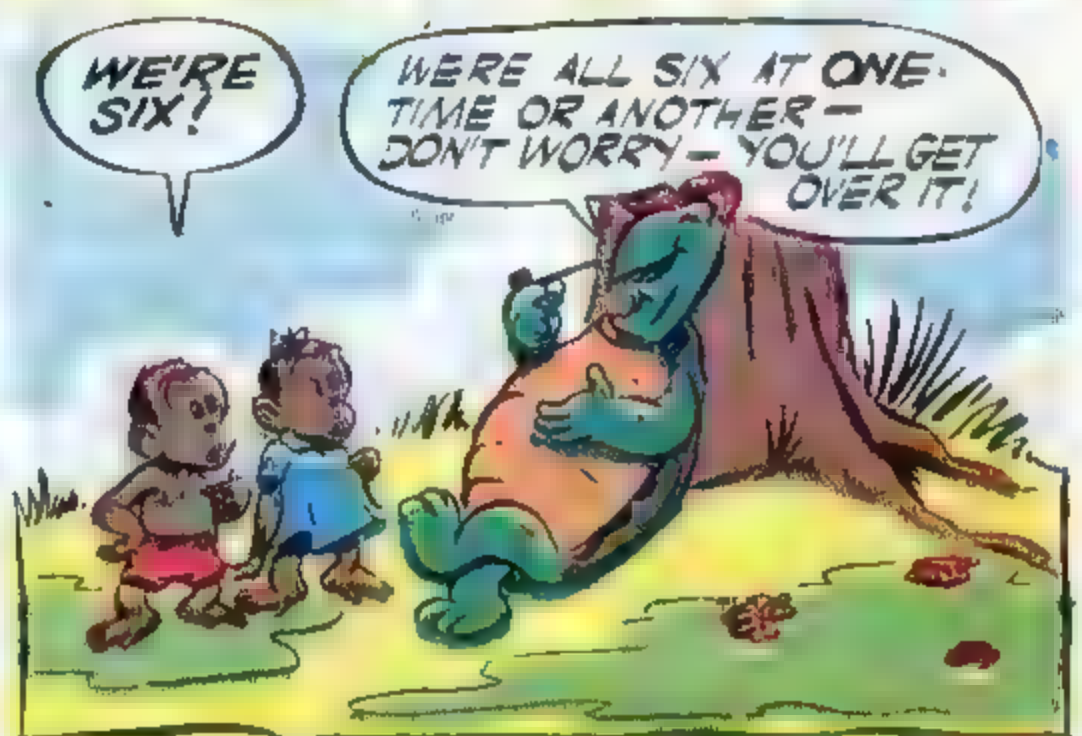
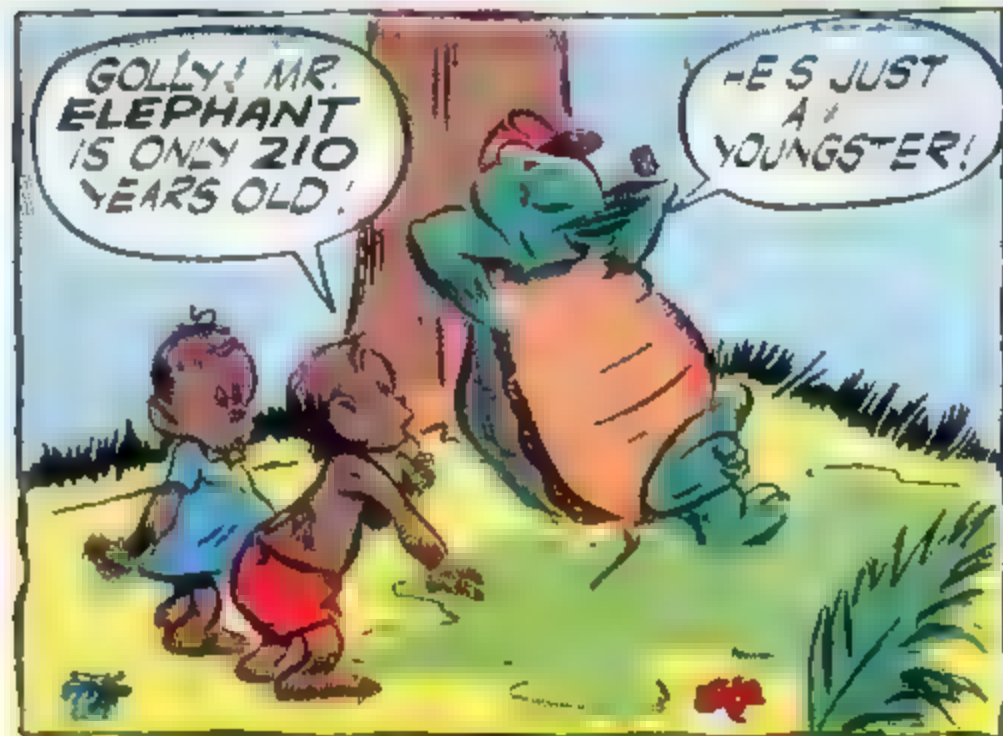
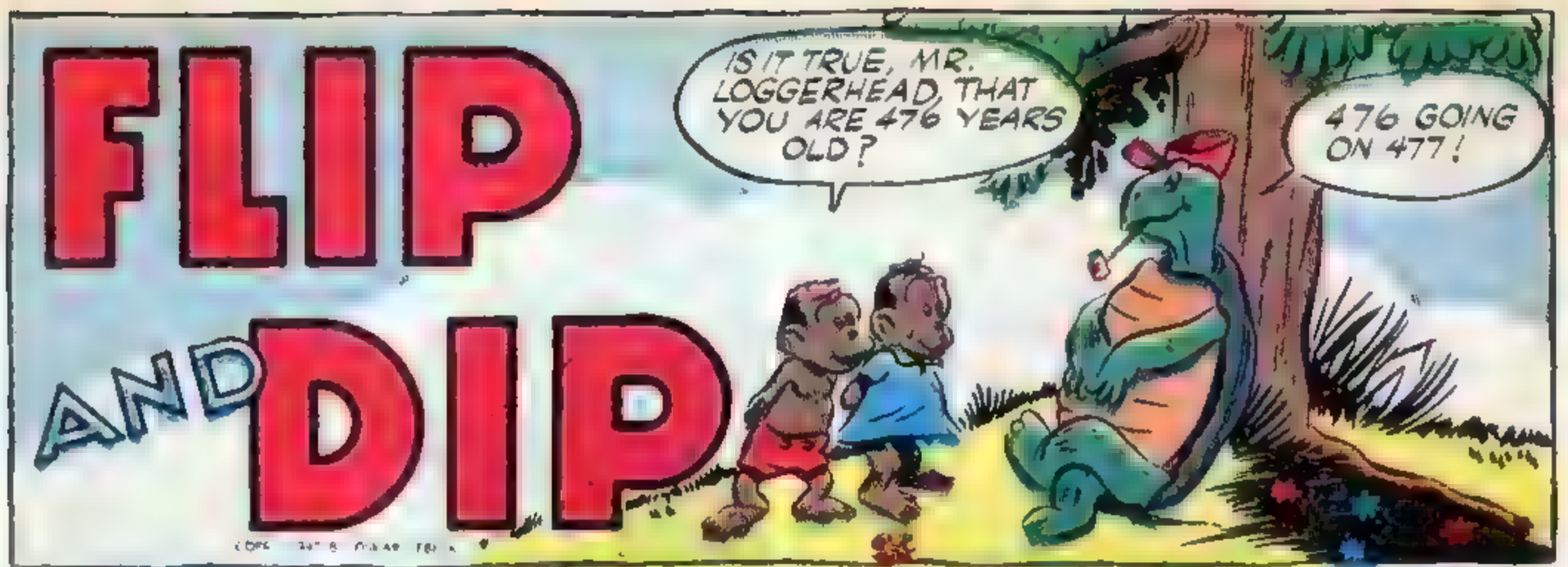


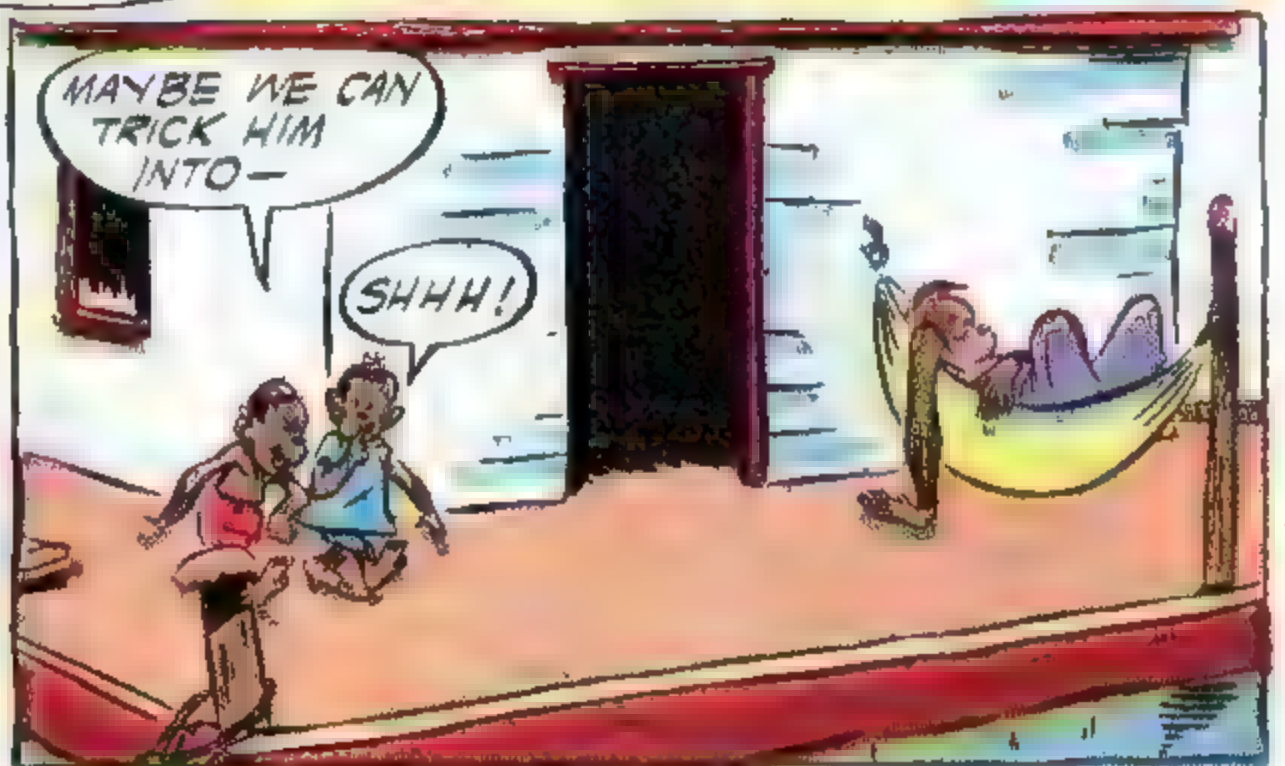
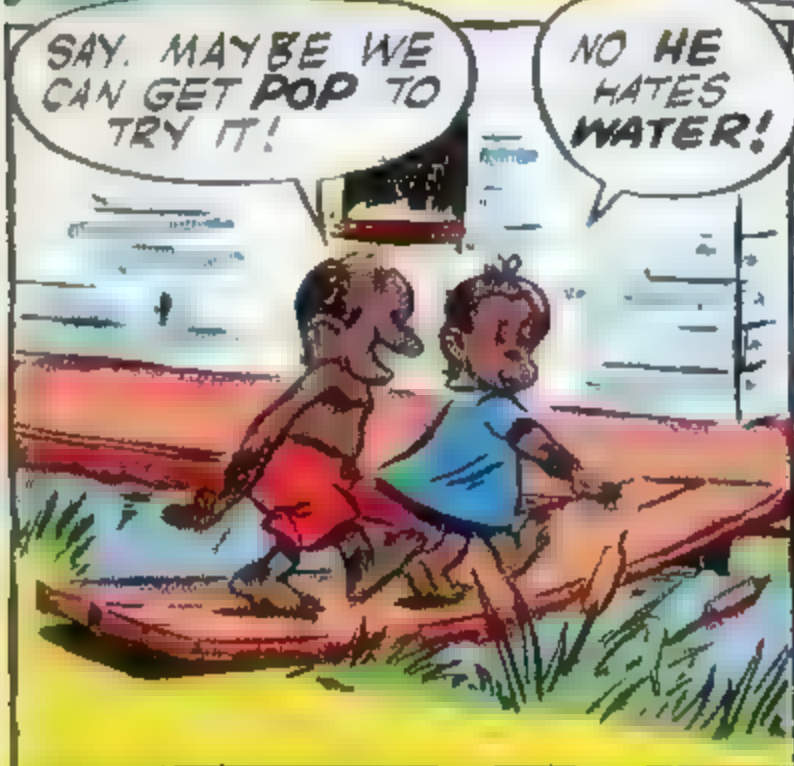
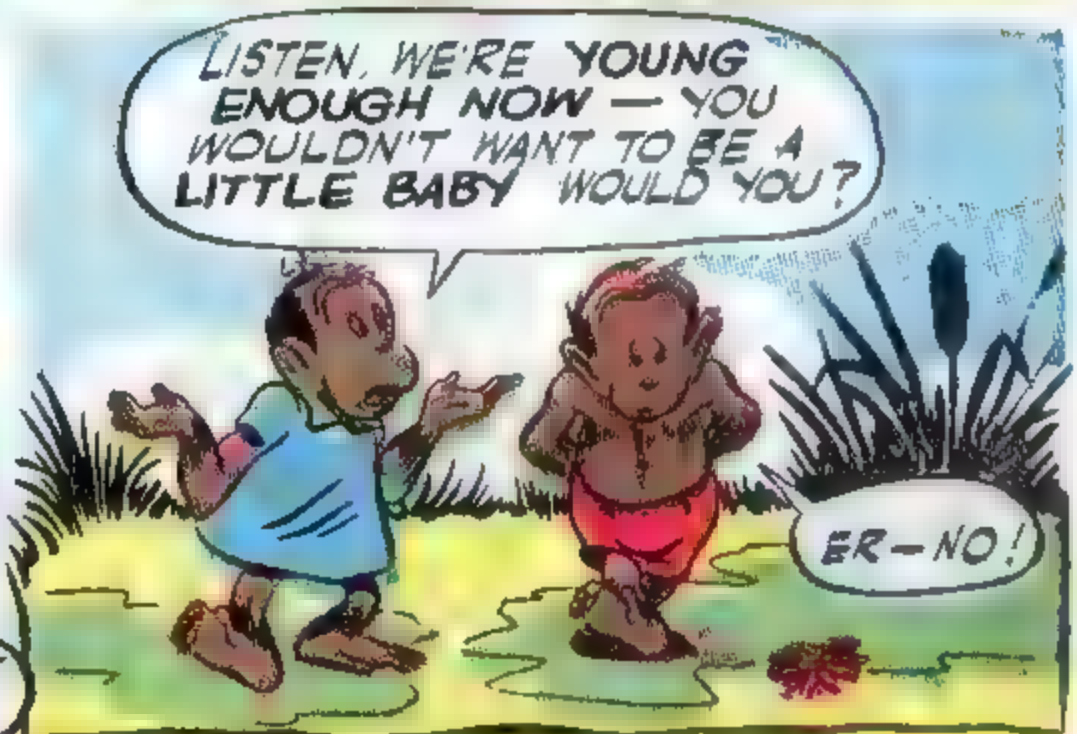
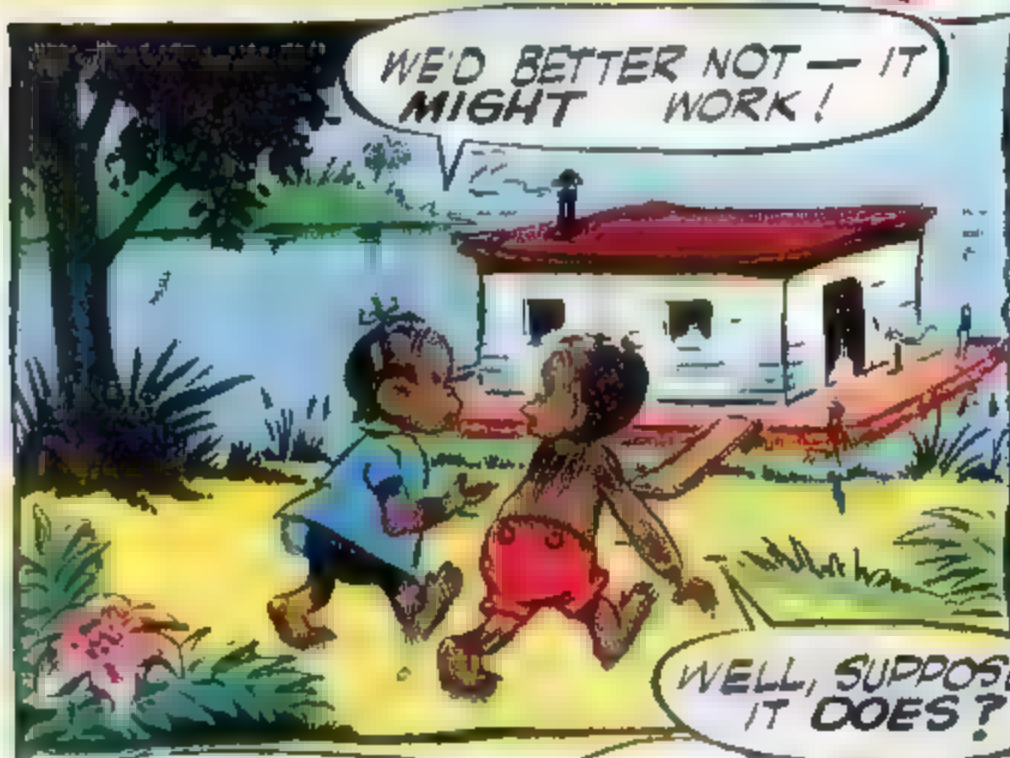
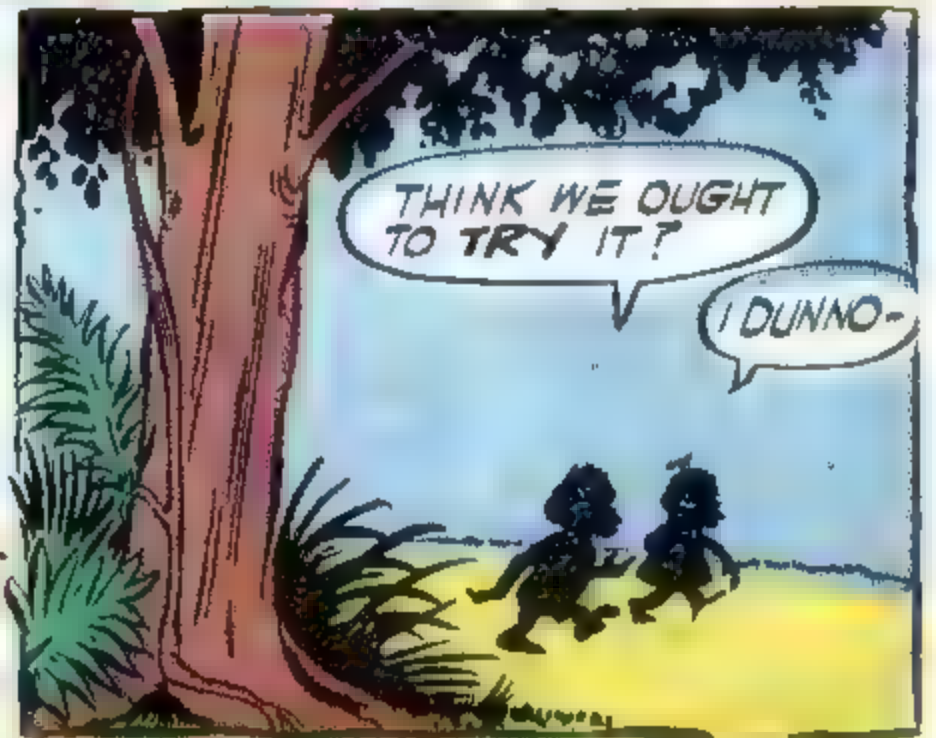
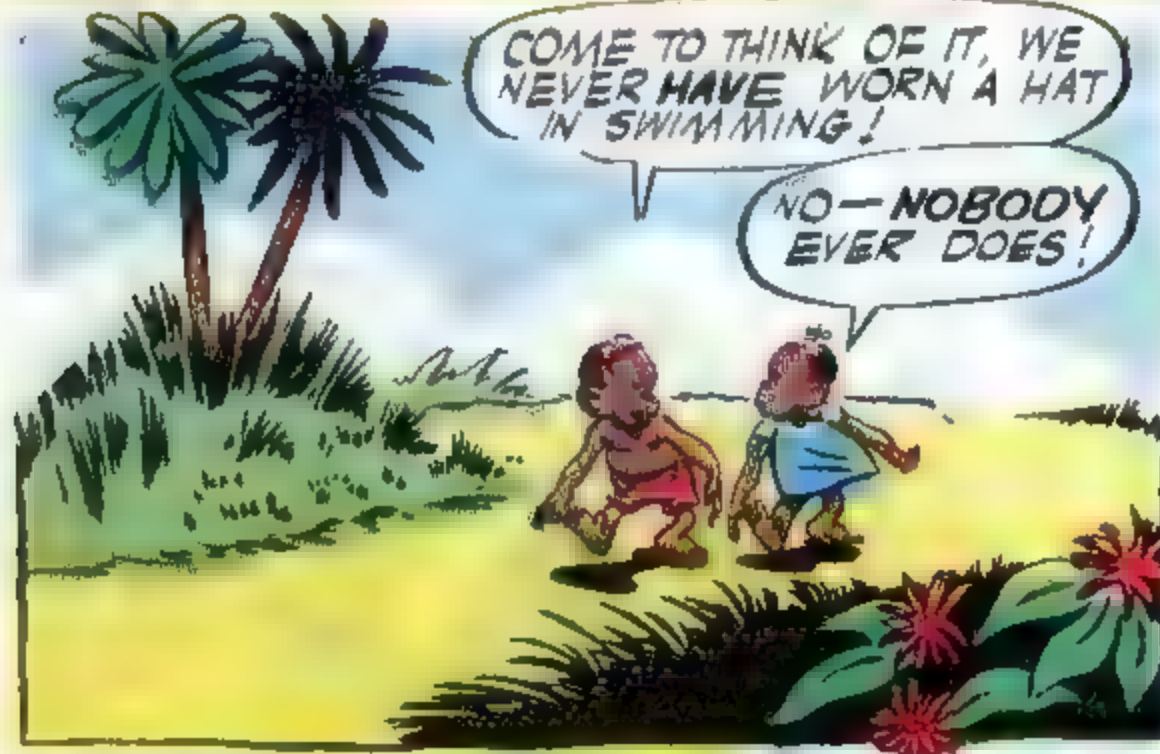
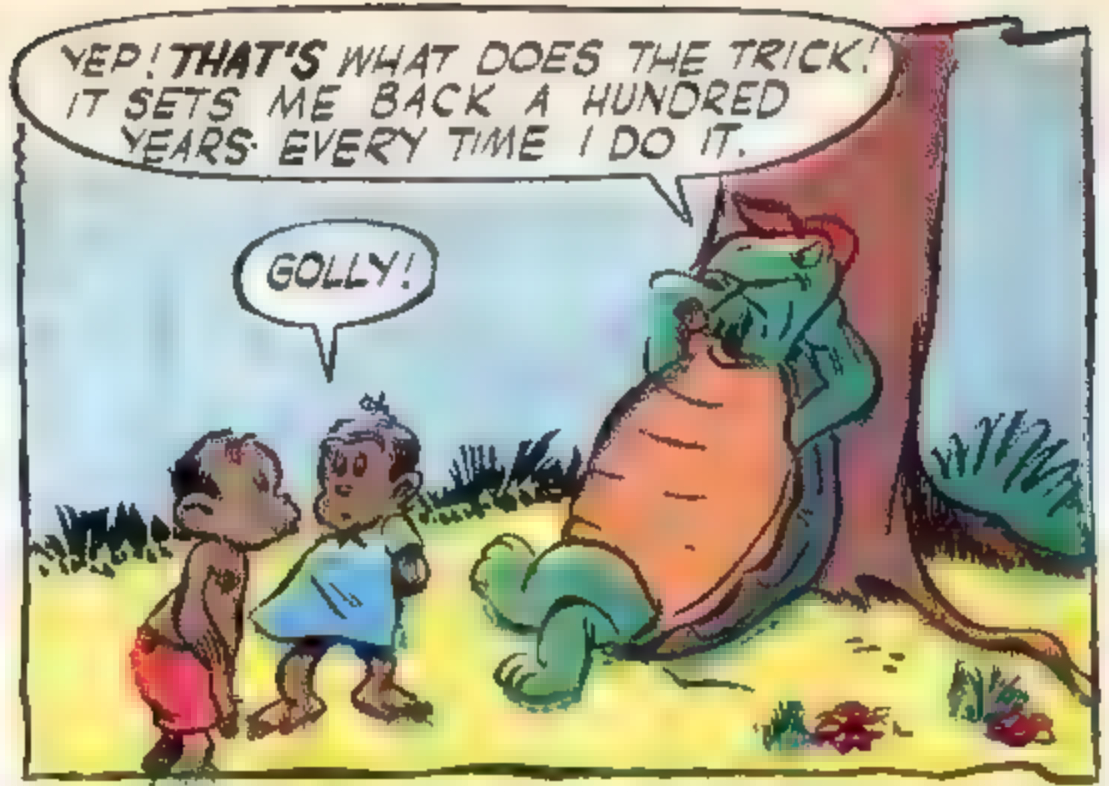
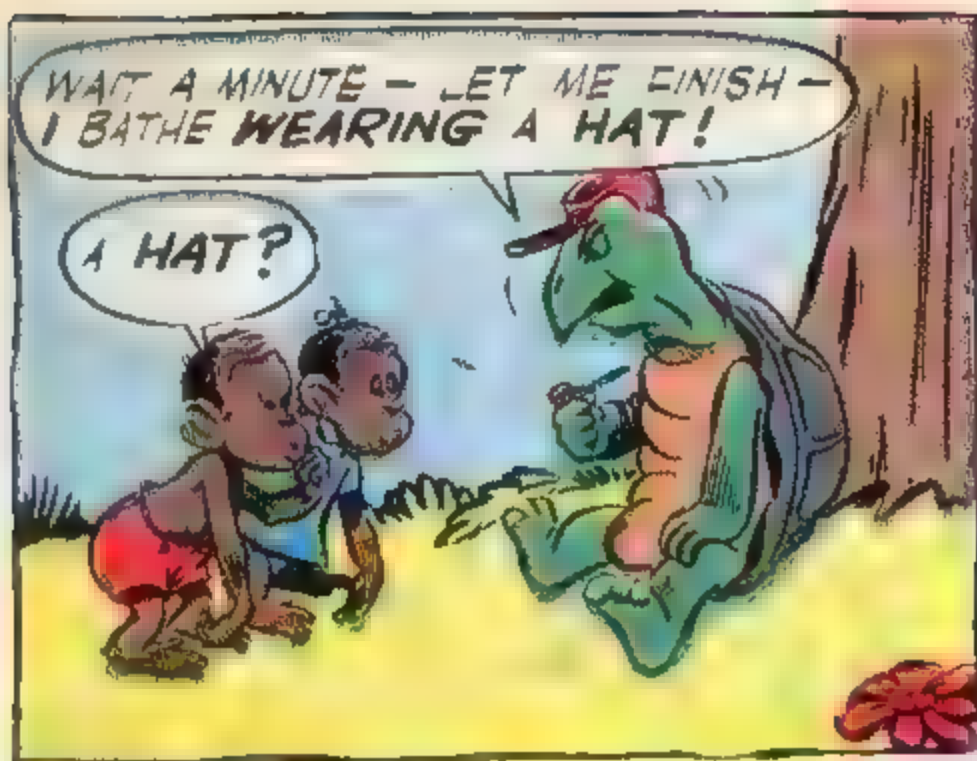


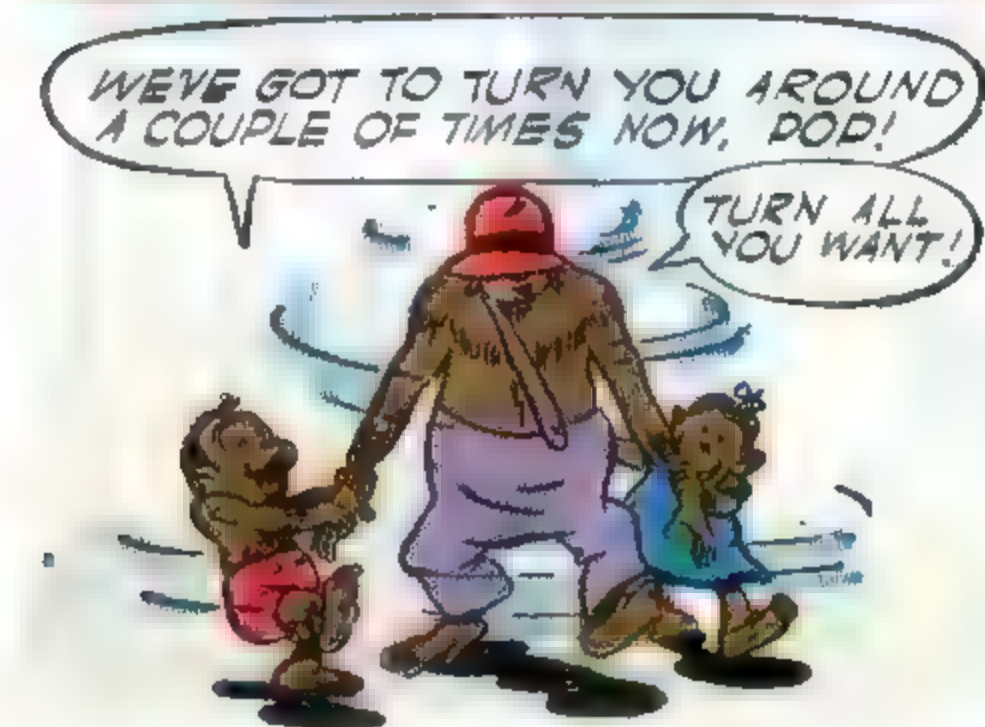
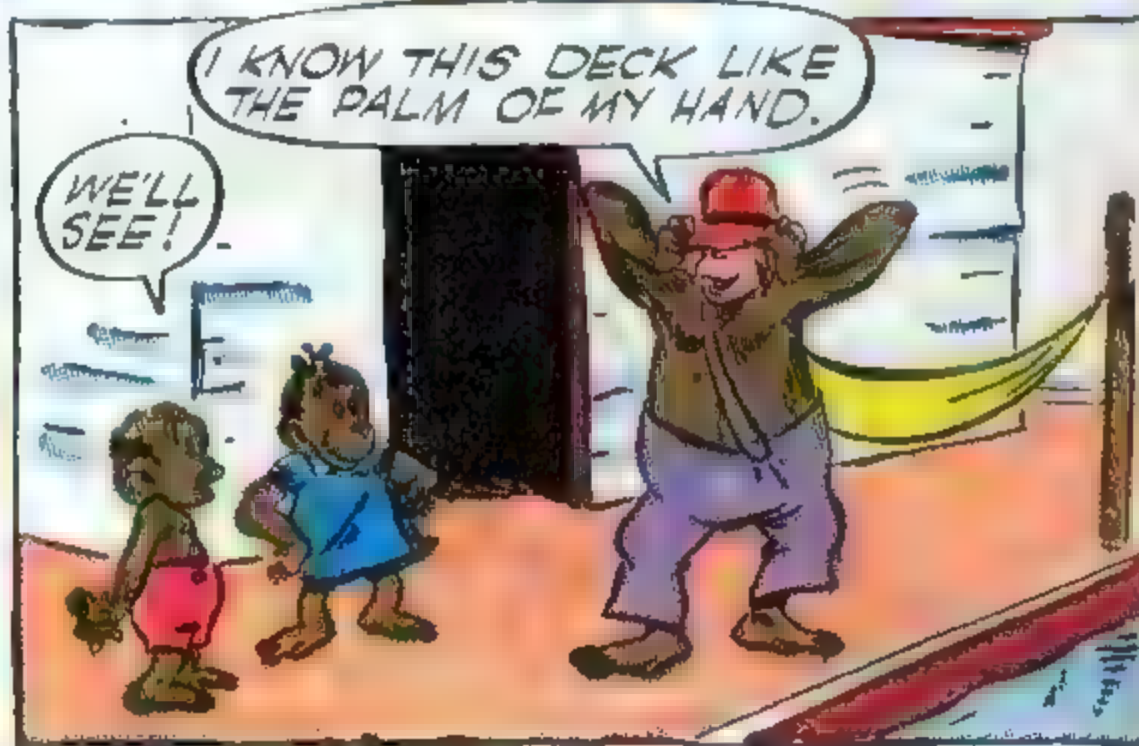
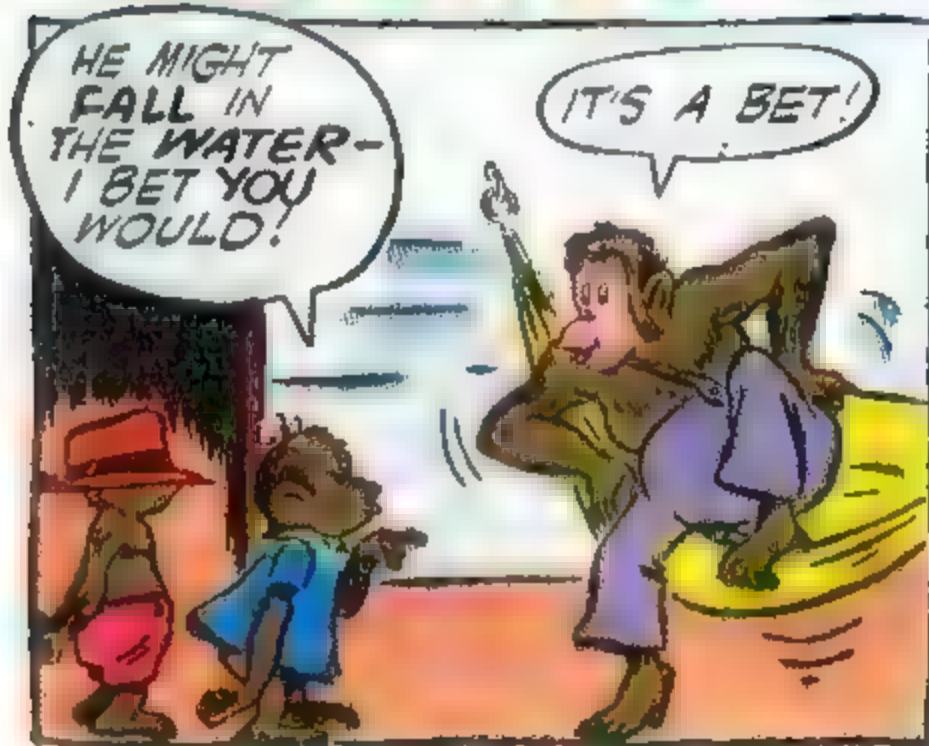
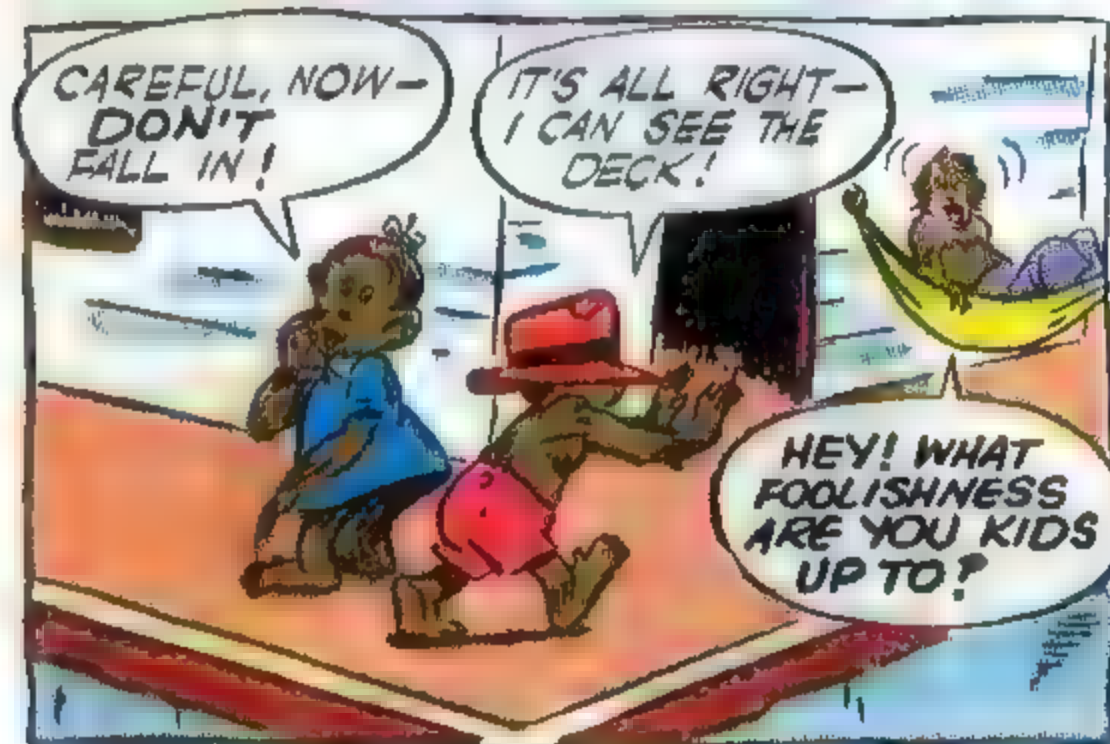
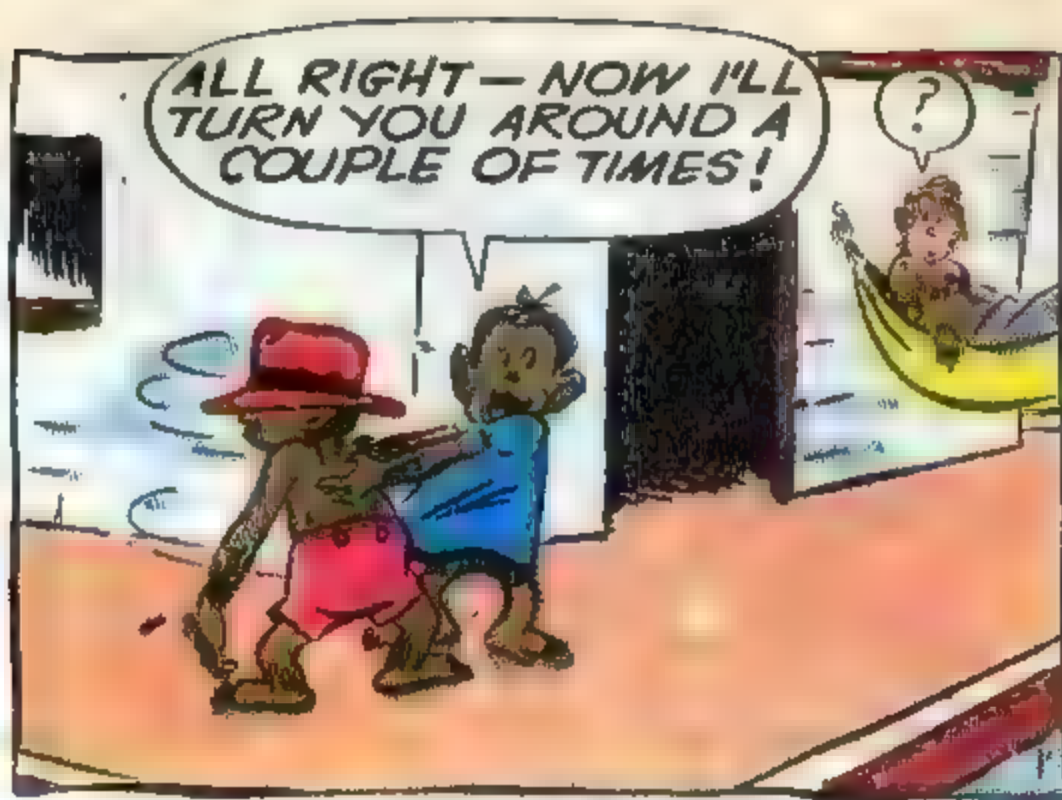


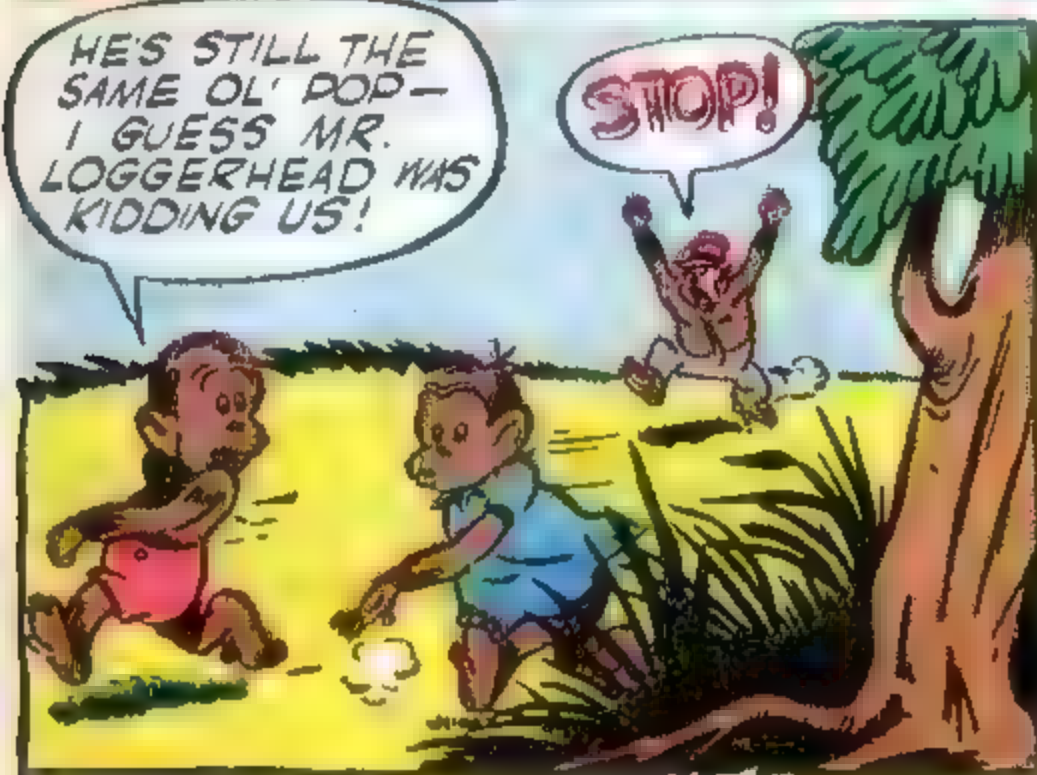
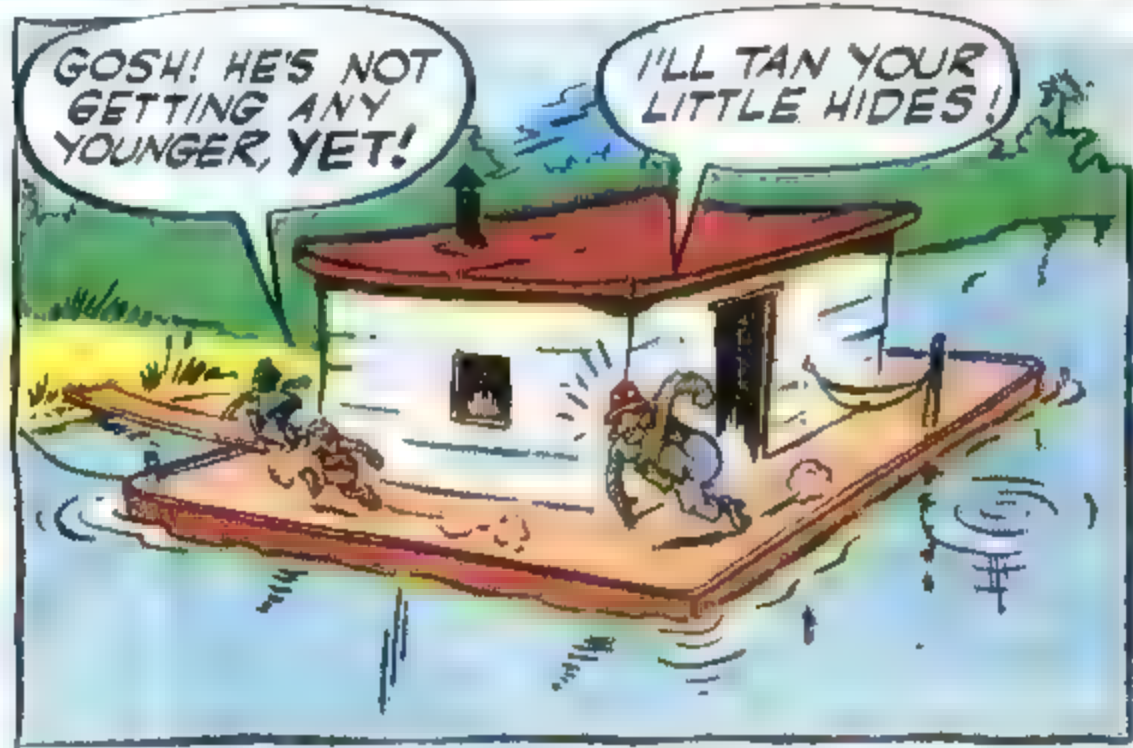
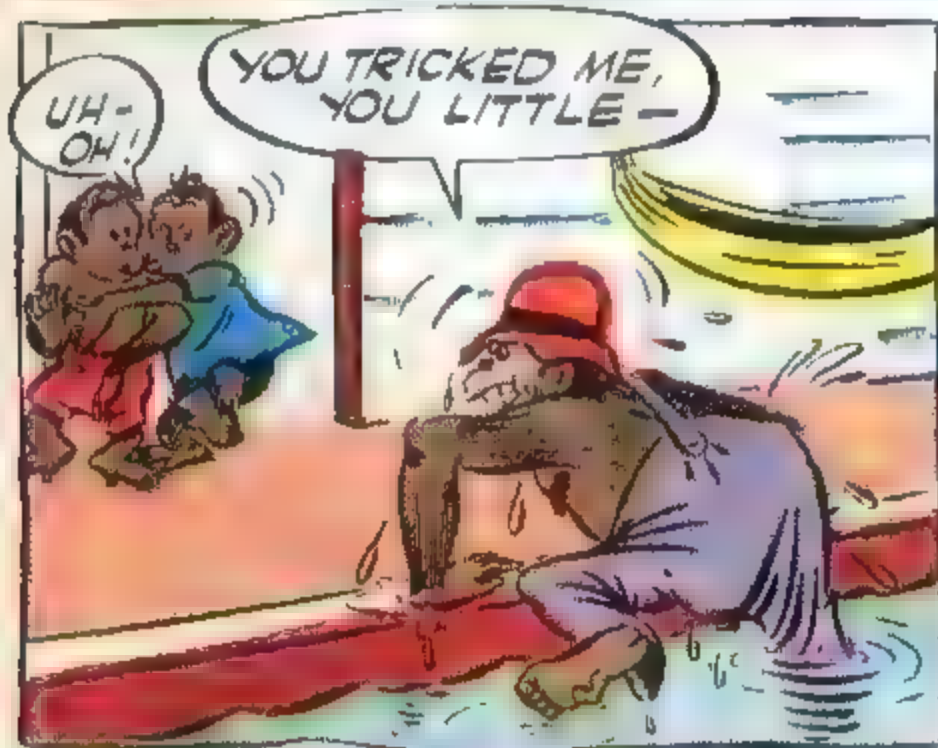
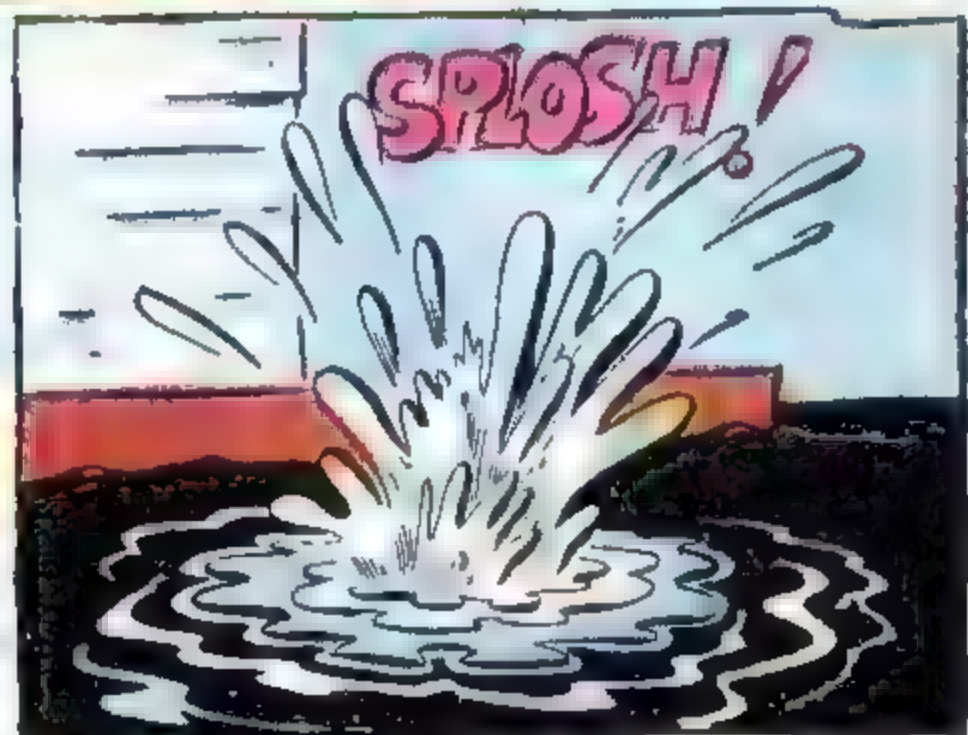
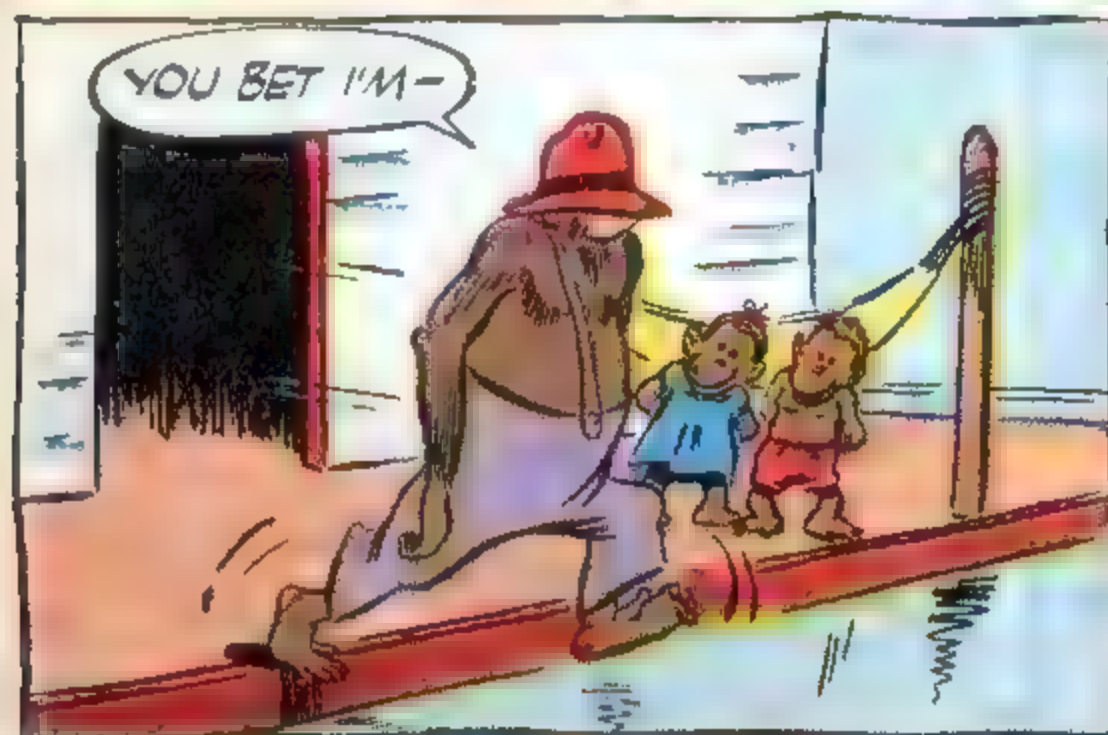
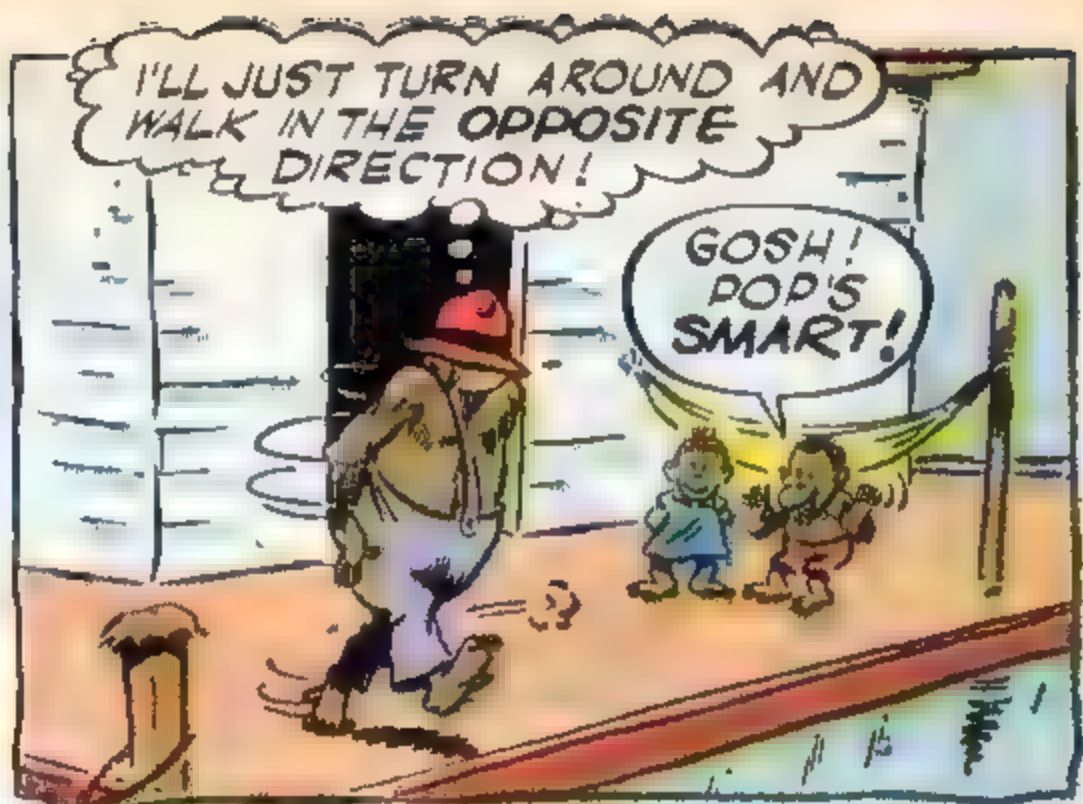
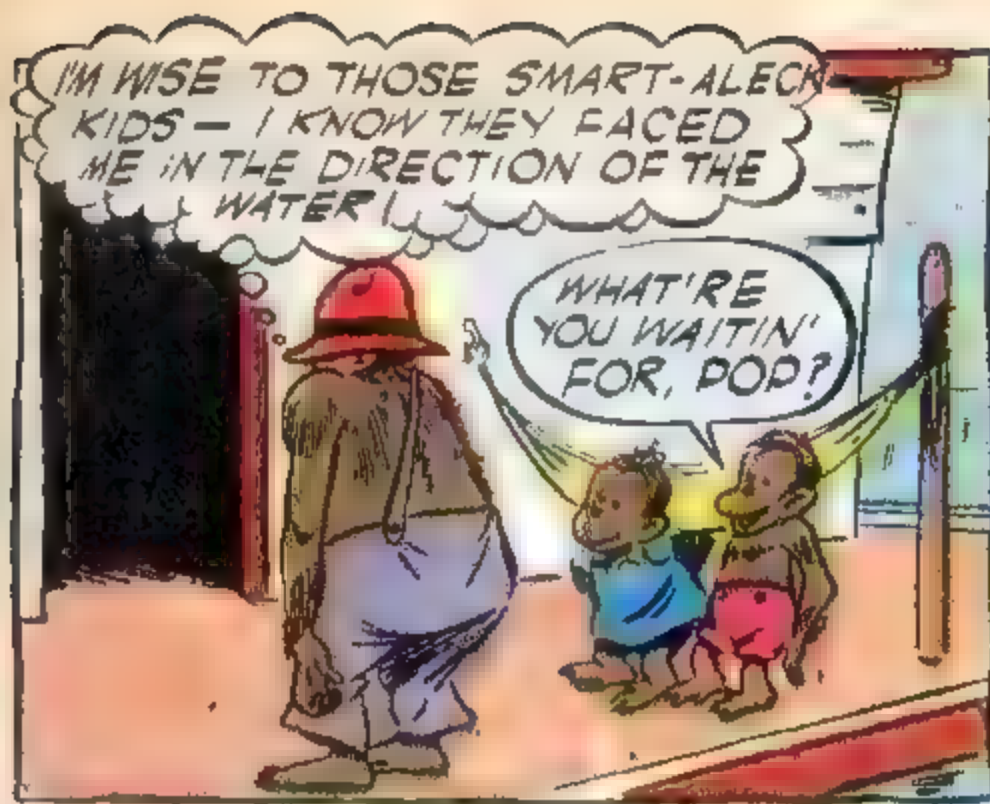


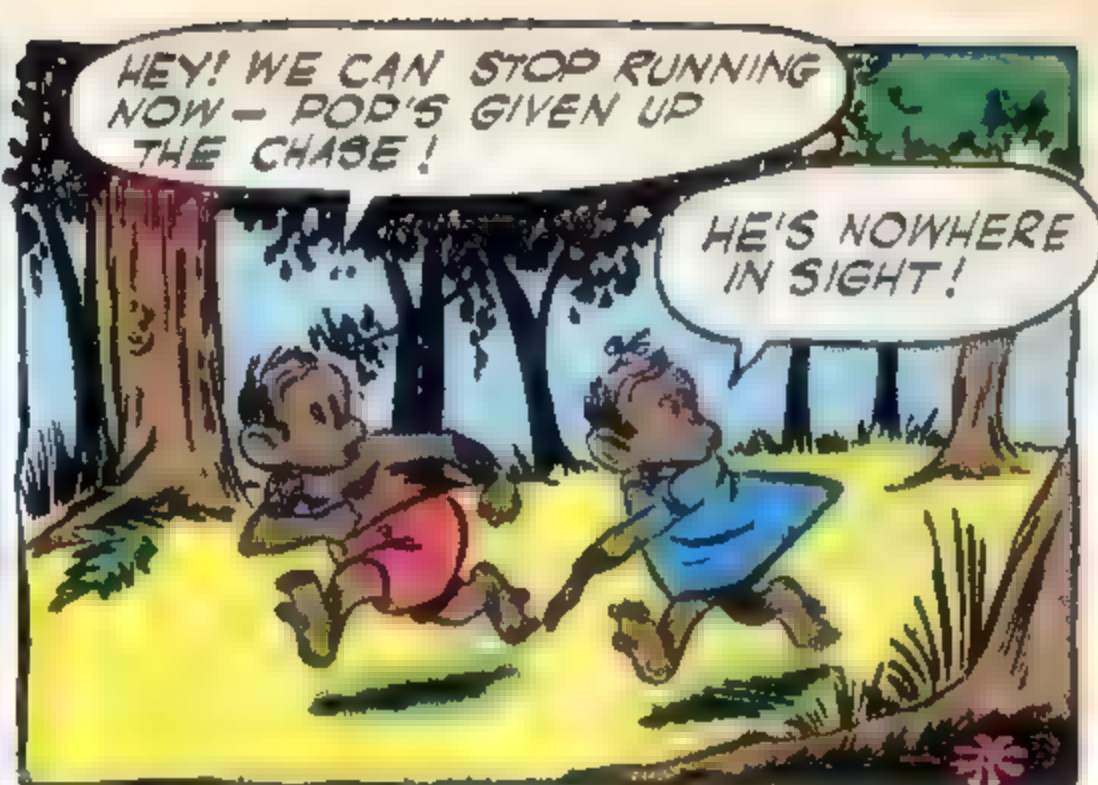
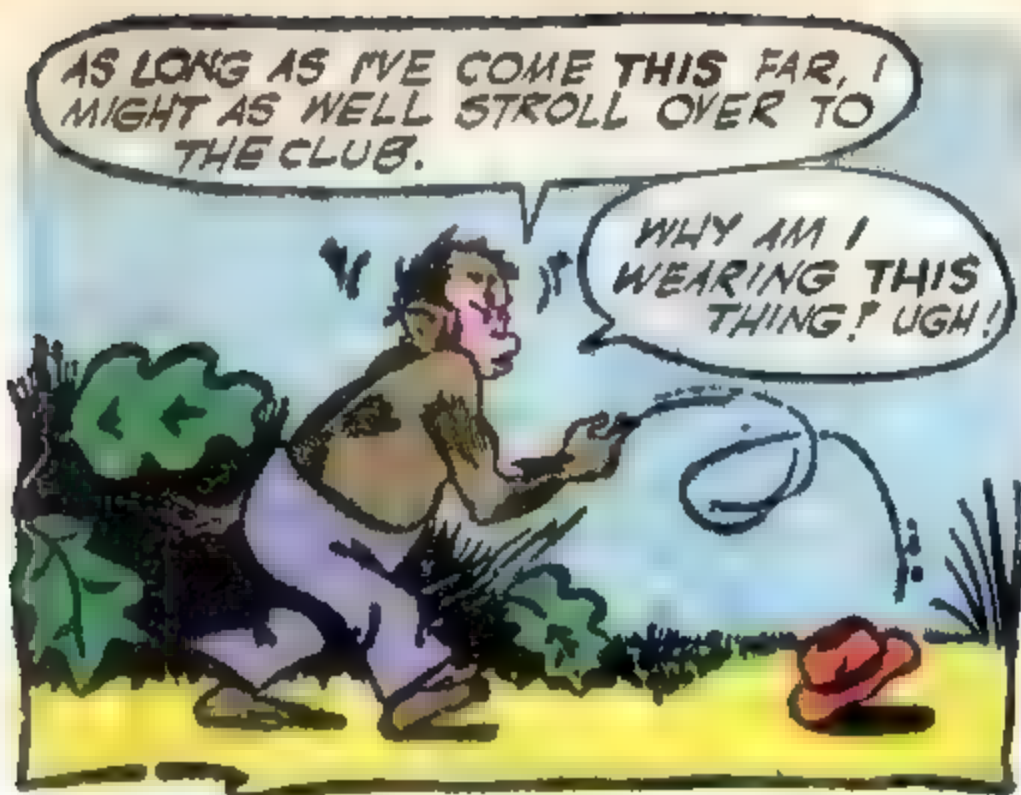




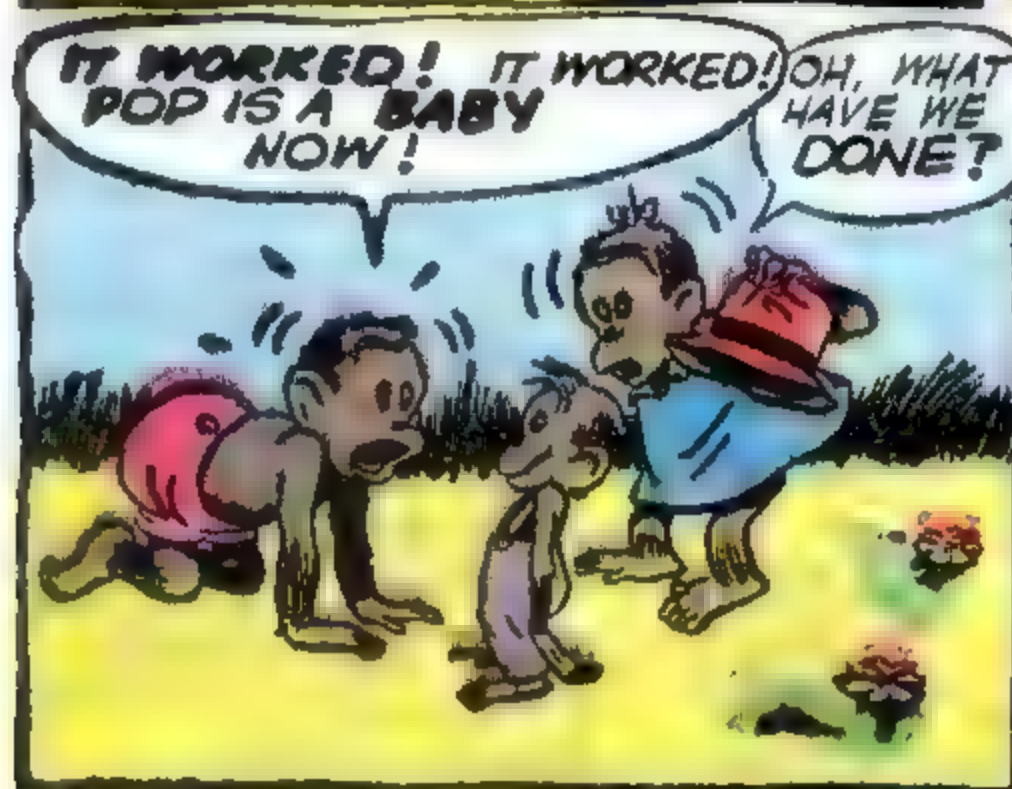
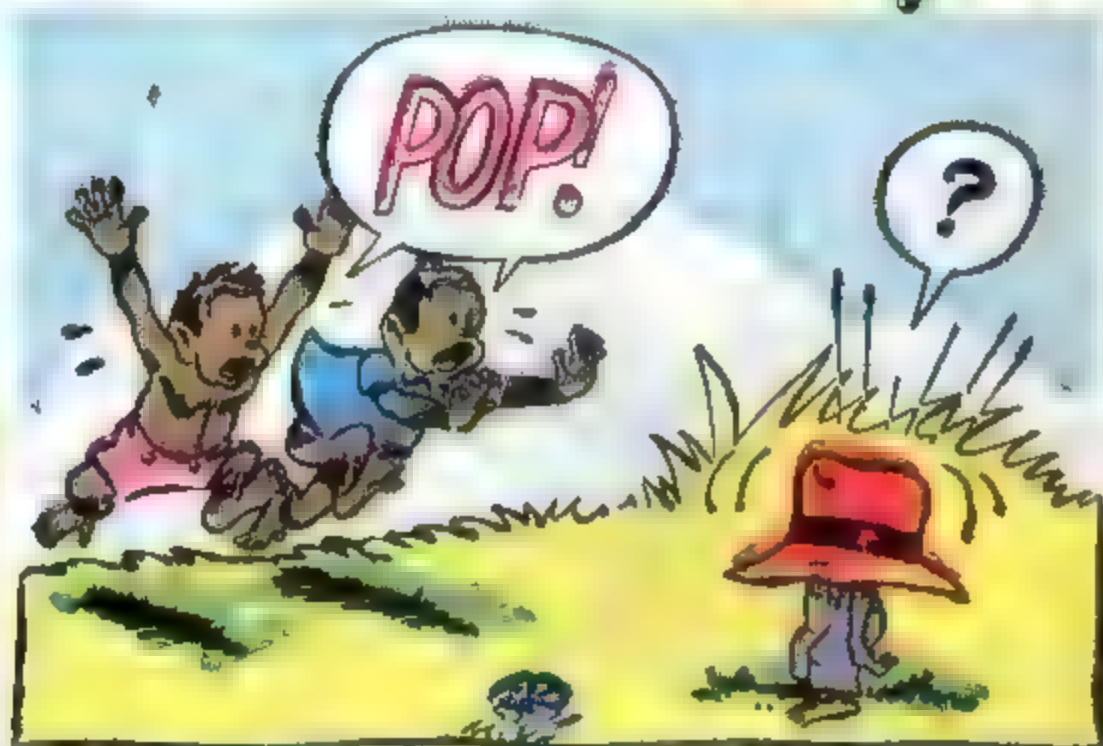
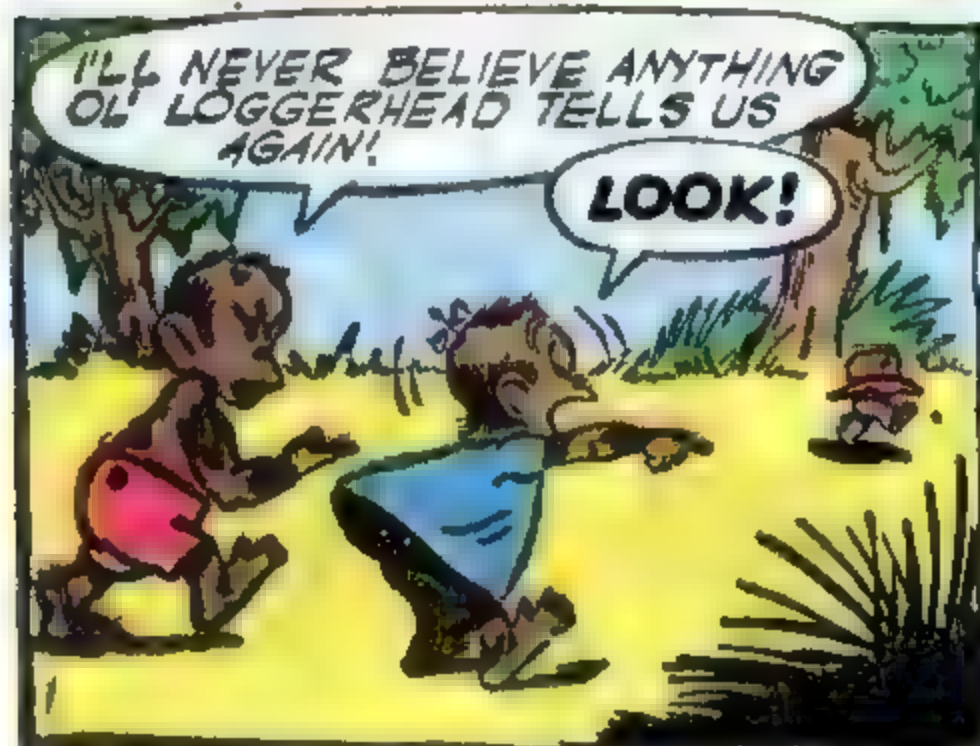
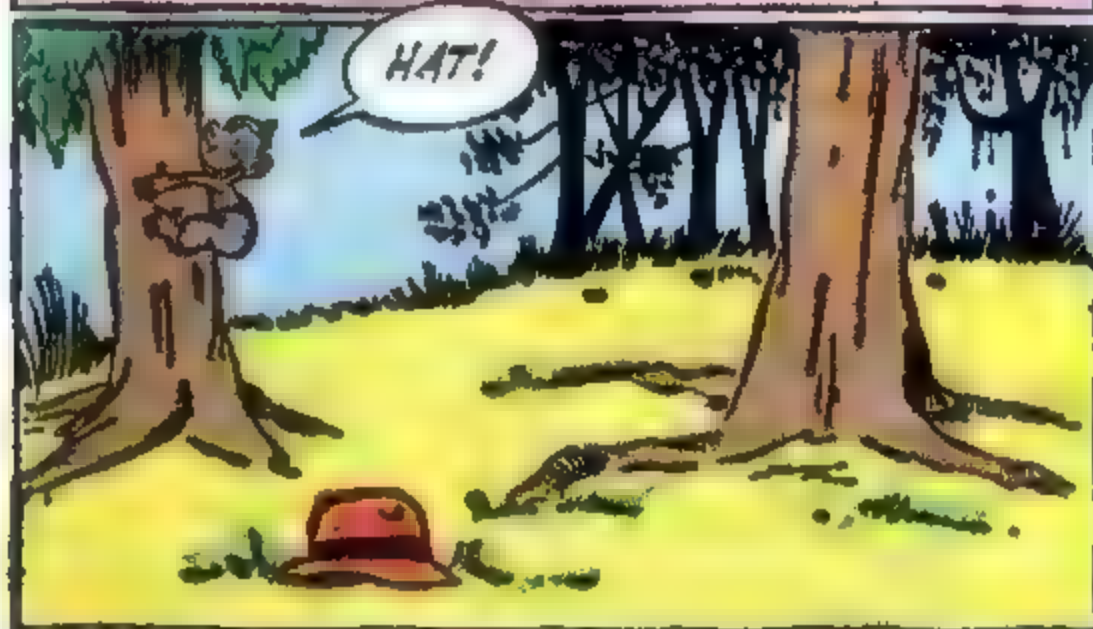


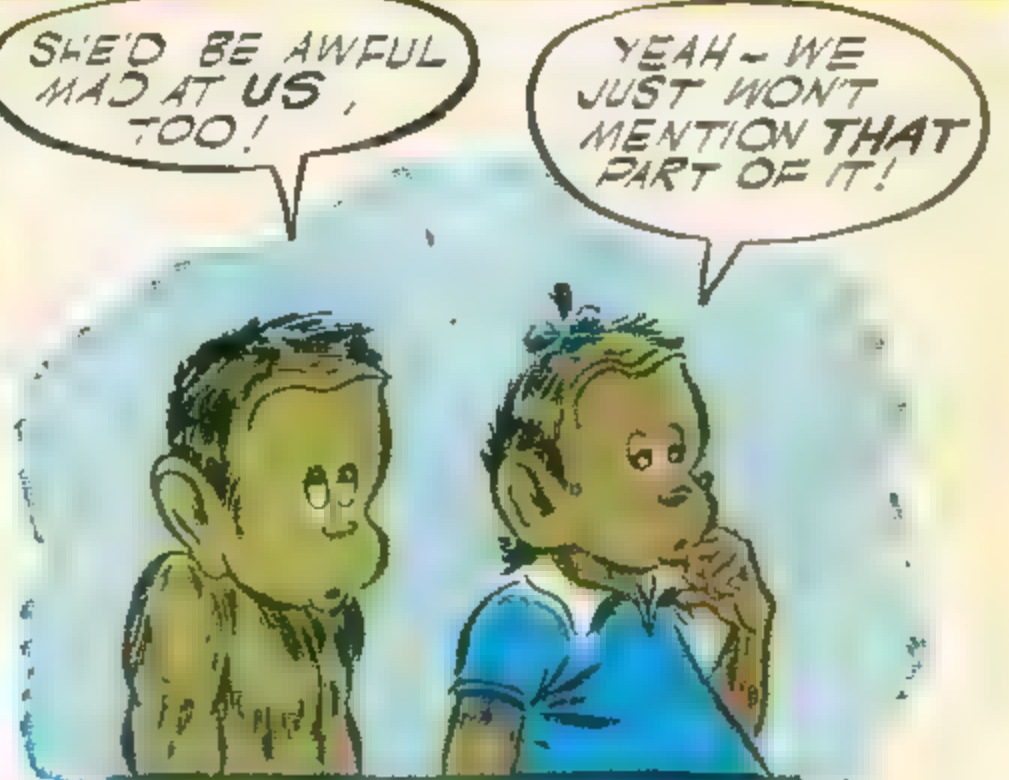
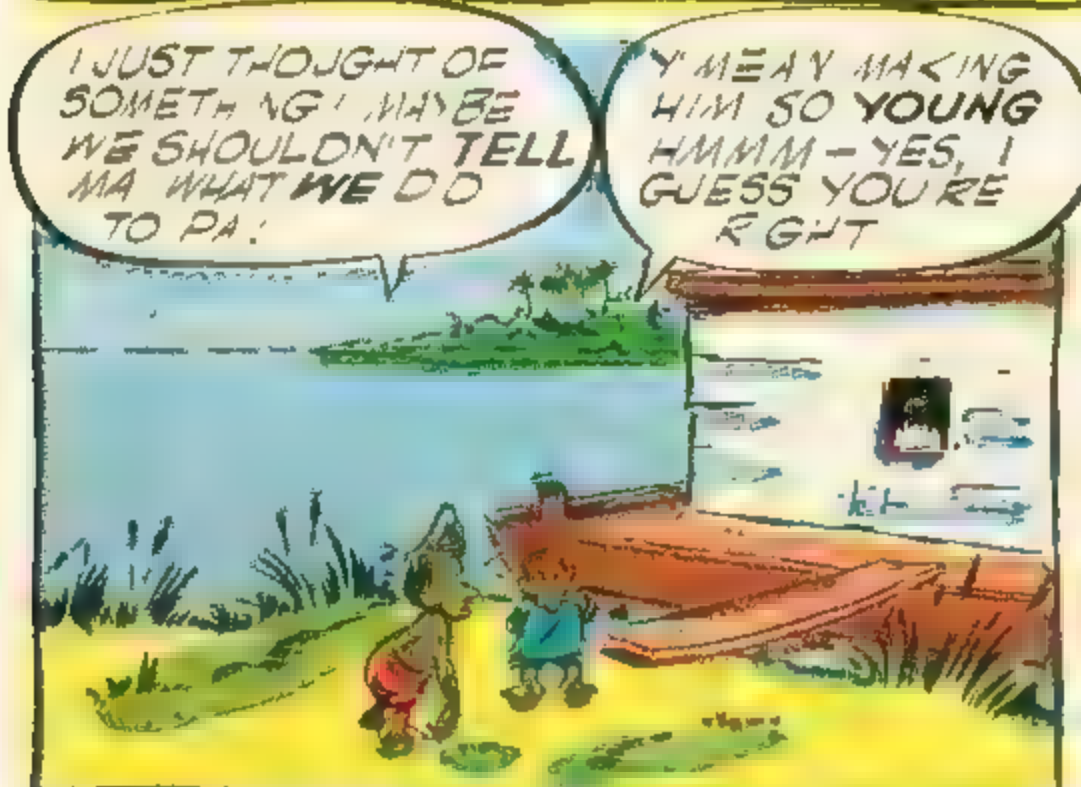
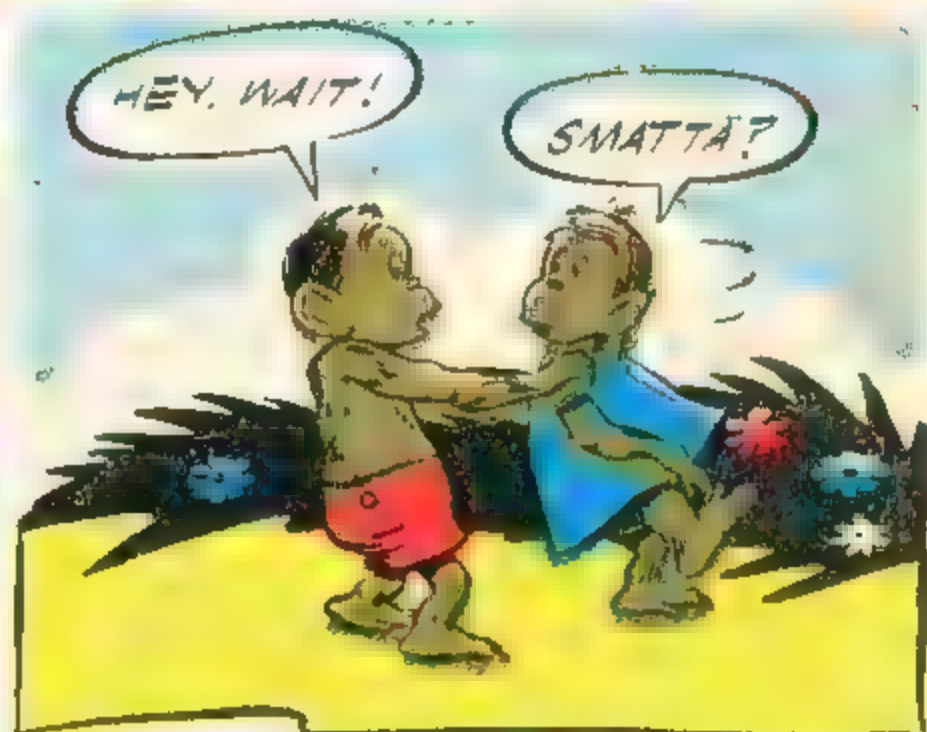
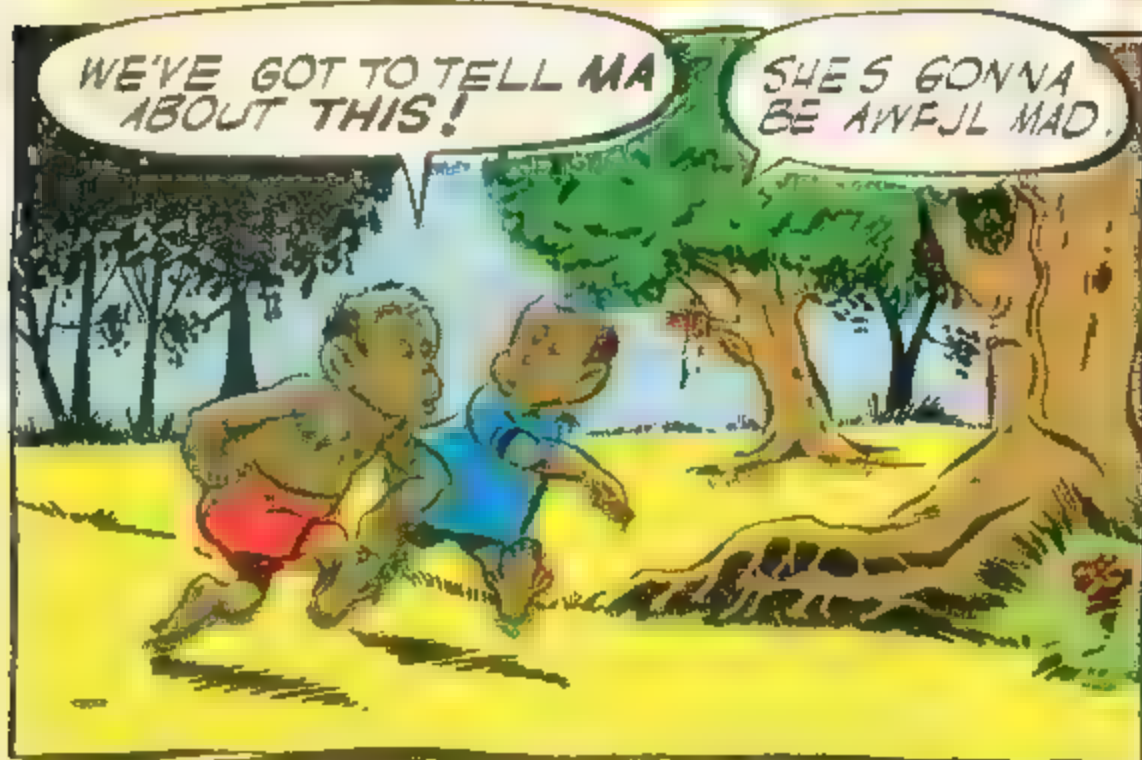
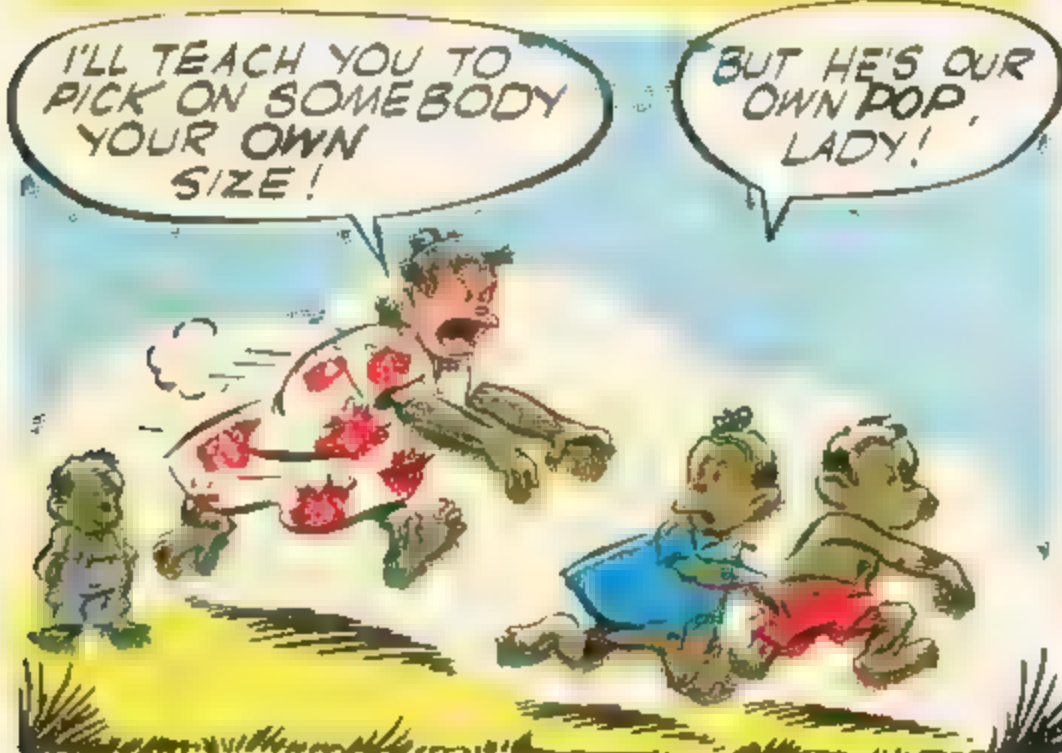
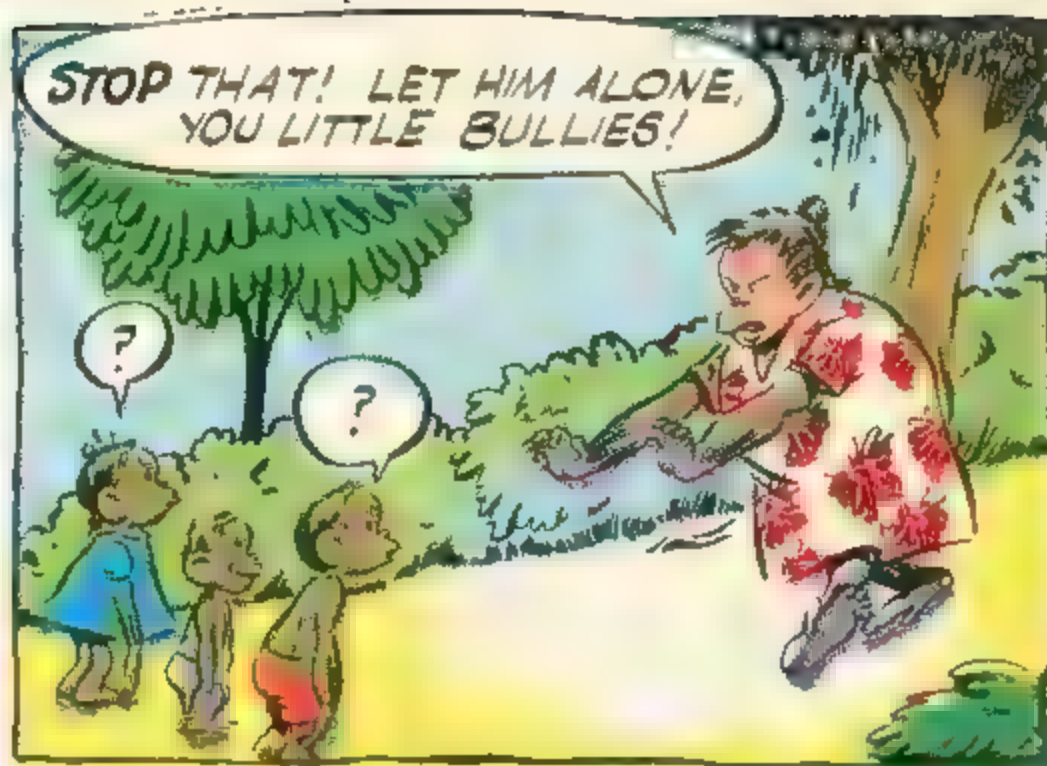
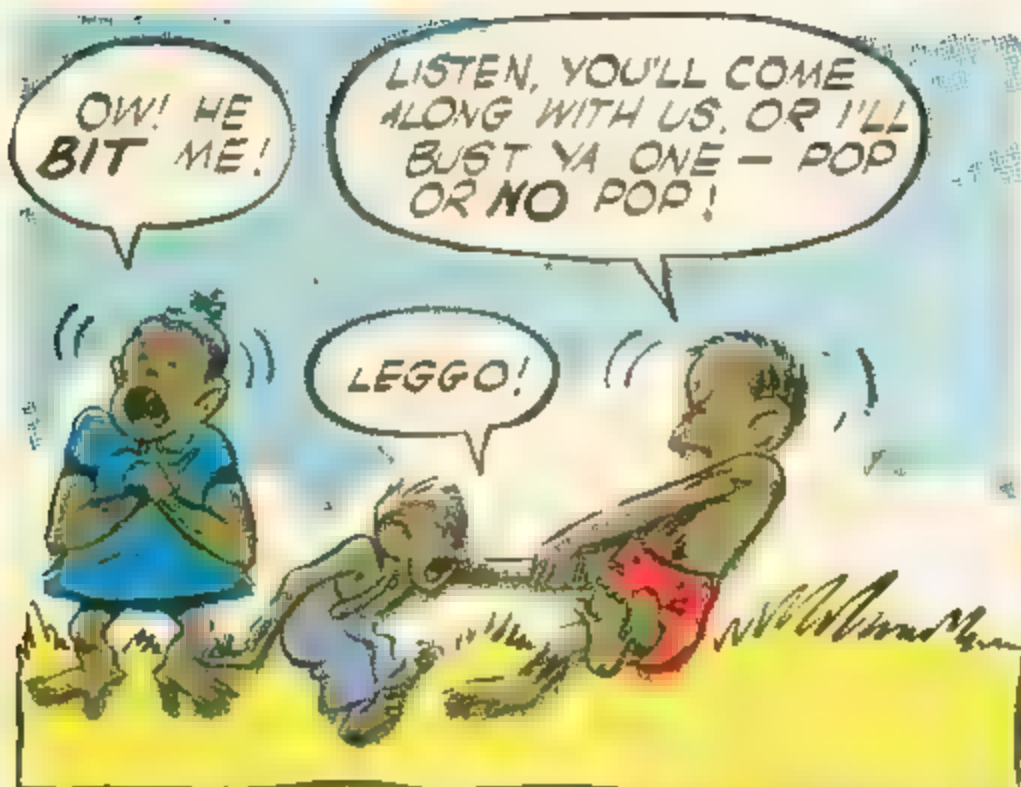


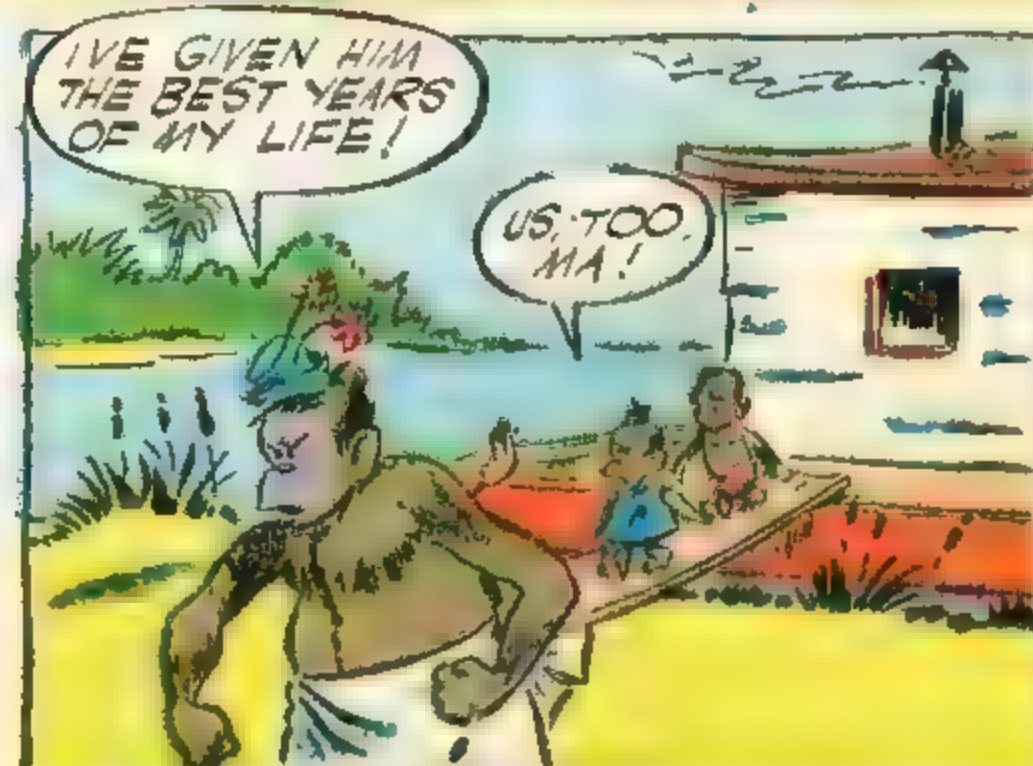
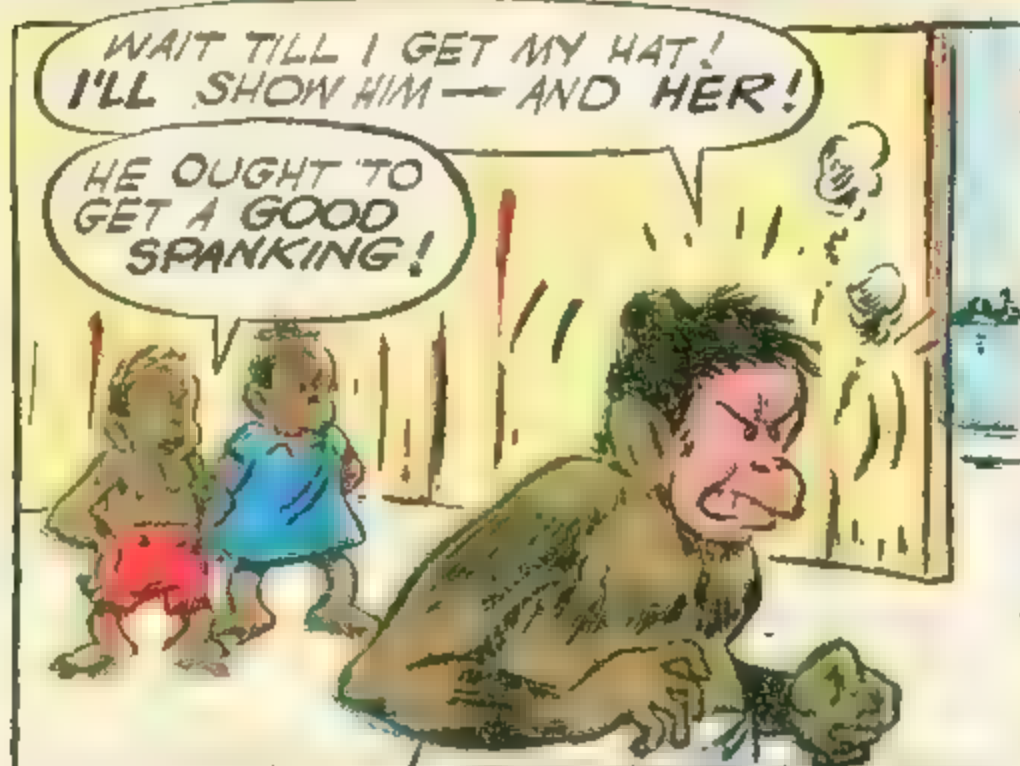
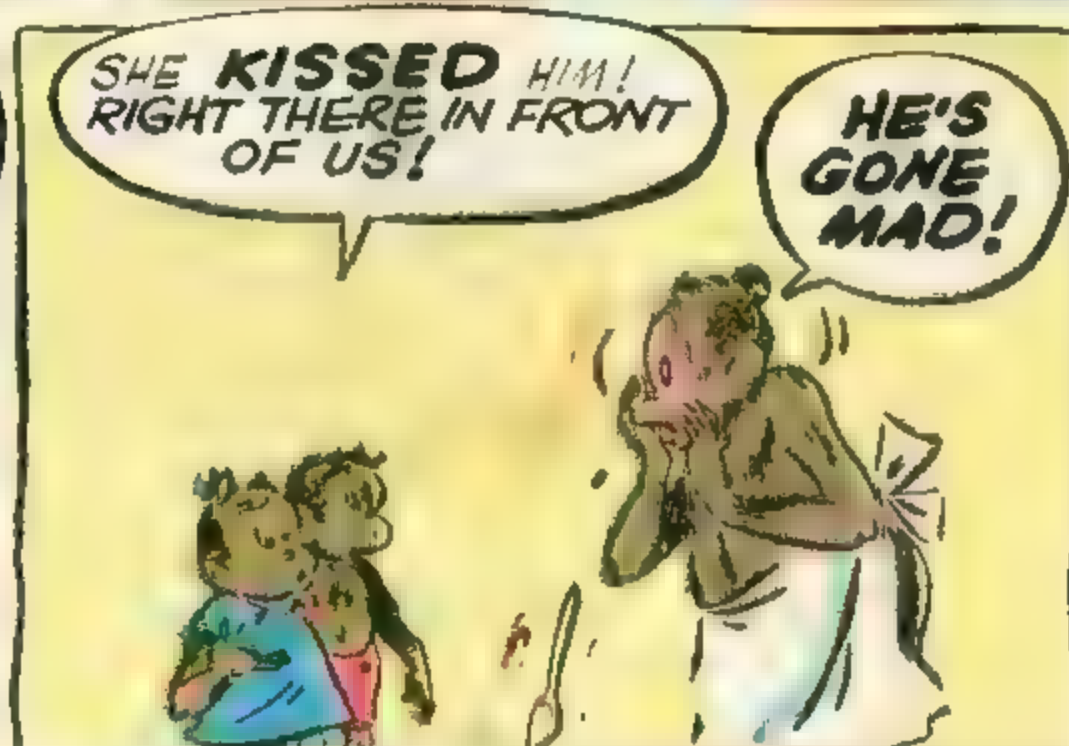
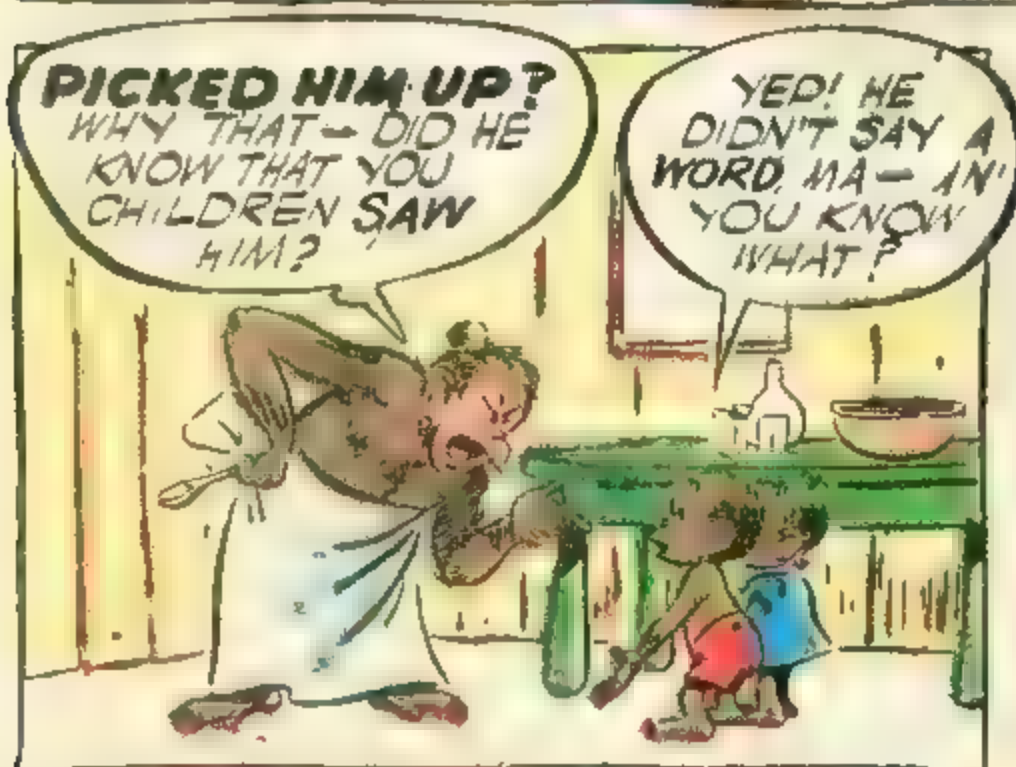
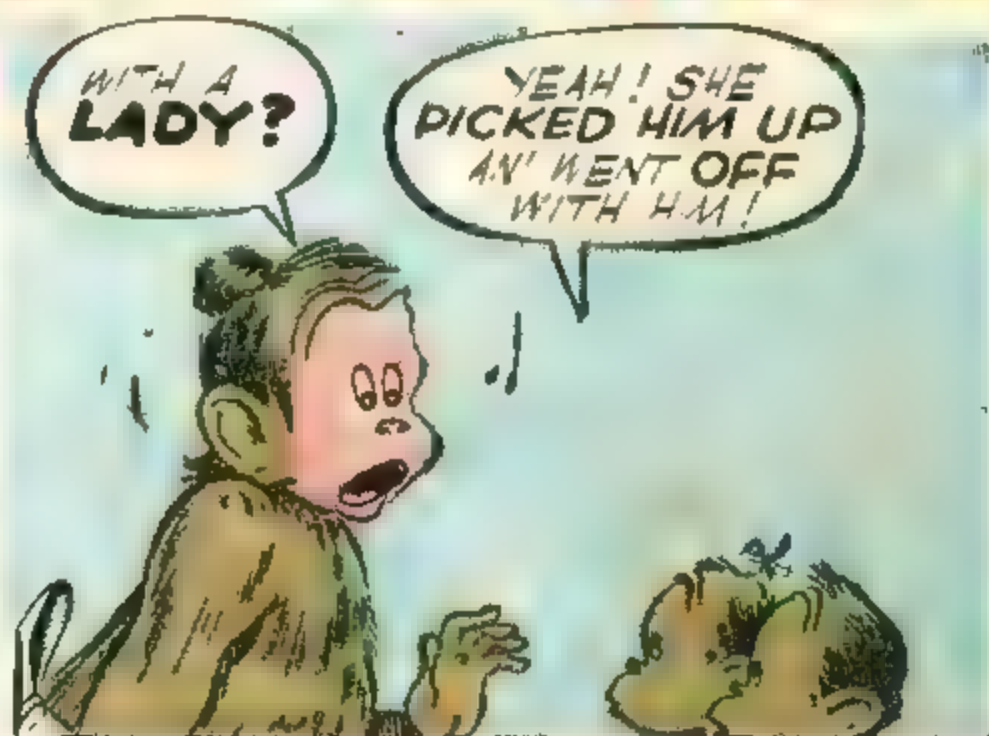
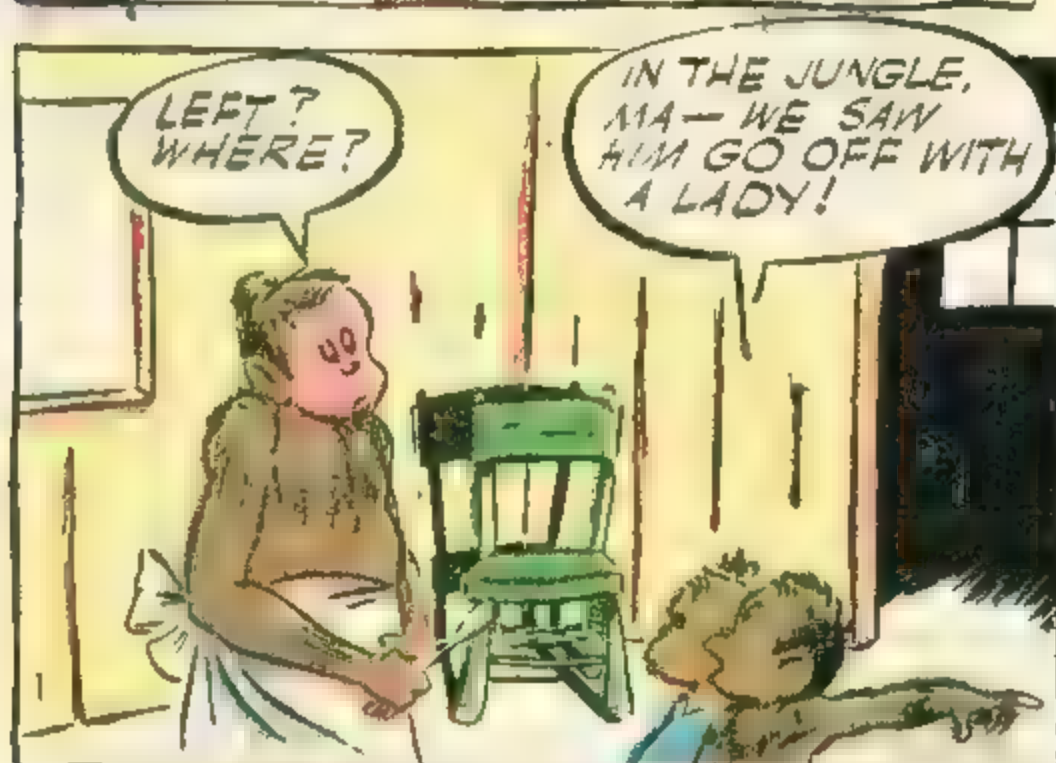


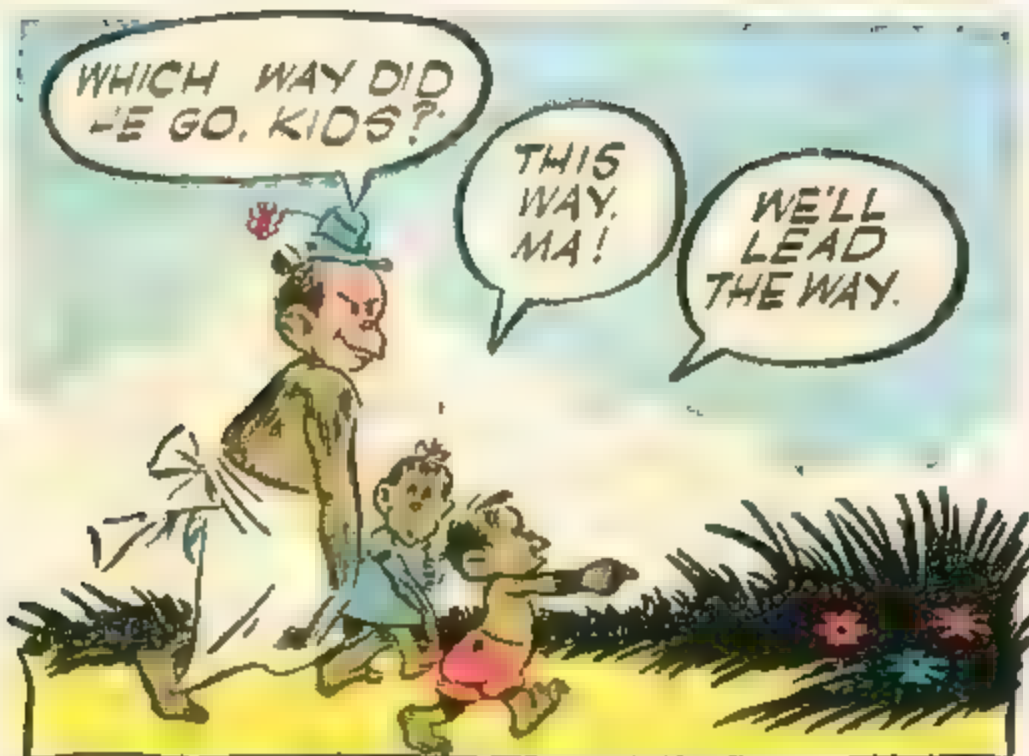


MEANWHILE, A BABY MONKEY SPOTS POP'S OLD HAT -





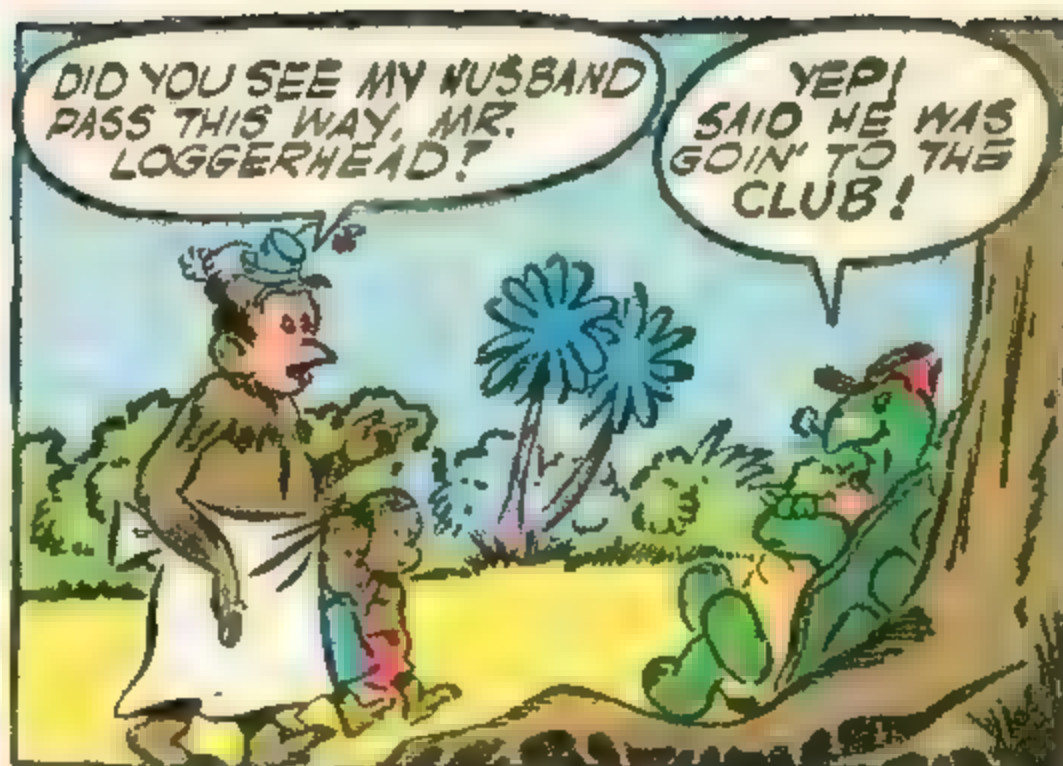




WHICH WAY DID HE GO, KIDS?

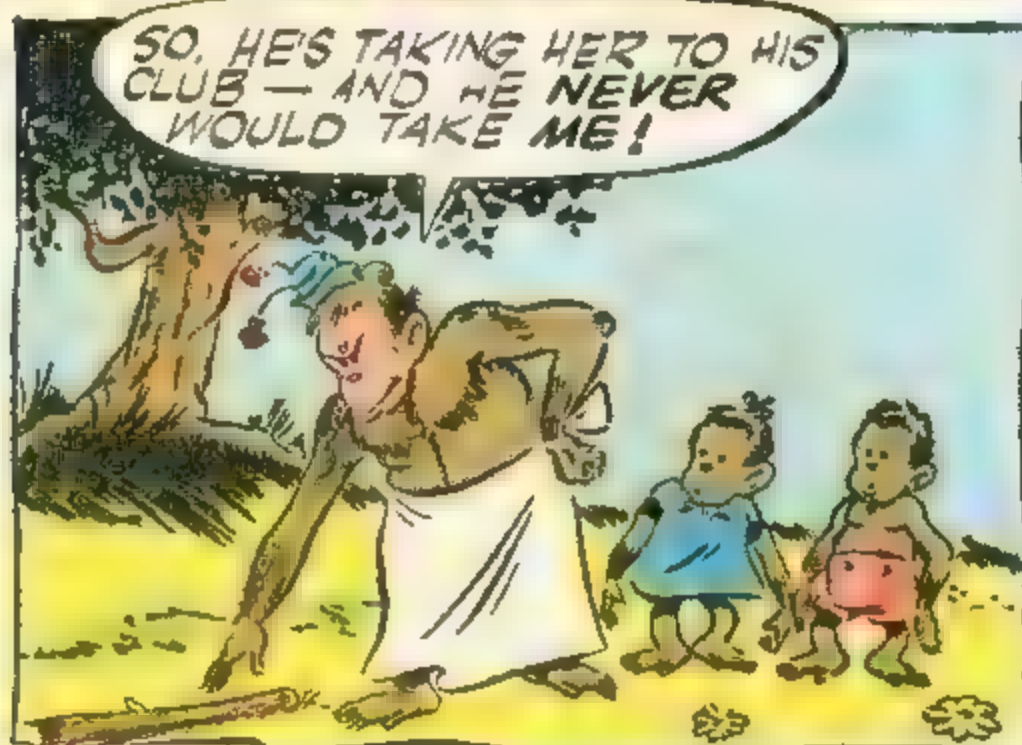
THIS WAY, MA!

WE'LL LEAD THE WAY.

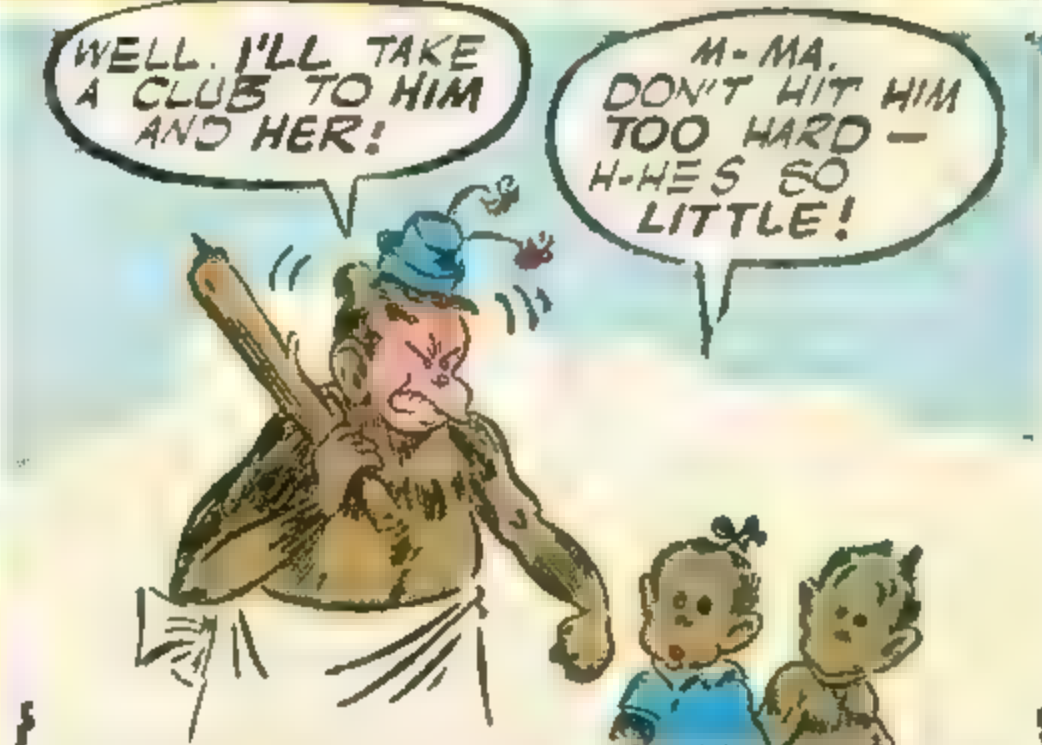


DID YOU SEE MY HUSBAND PASS THIS WAY, MR. LOGGERHEAD?

YEP! SAID HE WAS GOIN' TO THE CLUB!

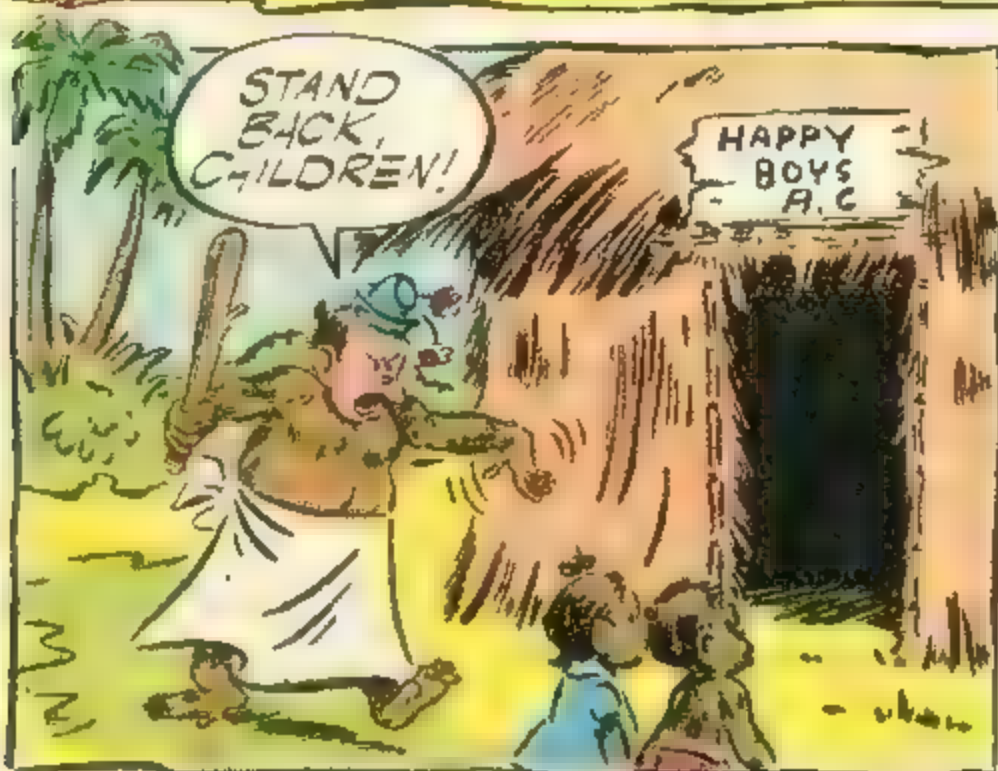


SO, HE'S TAKING HER TO HIS CLUB — AND HE NEVER WOULD TAKE ME!



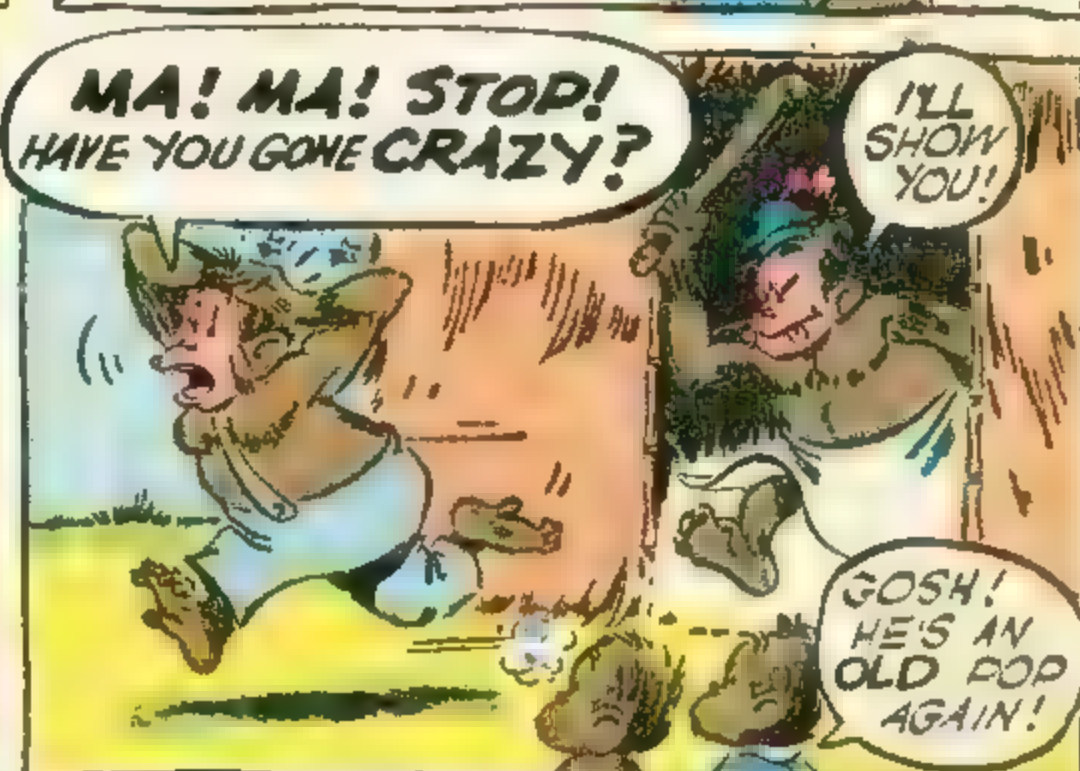
WELL, I'LL TAKE A CLUB TO HIM AND HER!

M-MA, DON'T HIT HIM TOO HARD — H-HE'S SO LITTLE!



STAND BACK, CHILDREN!

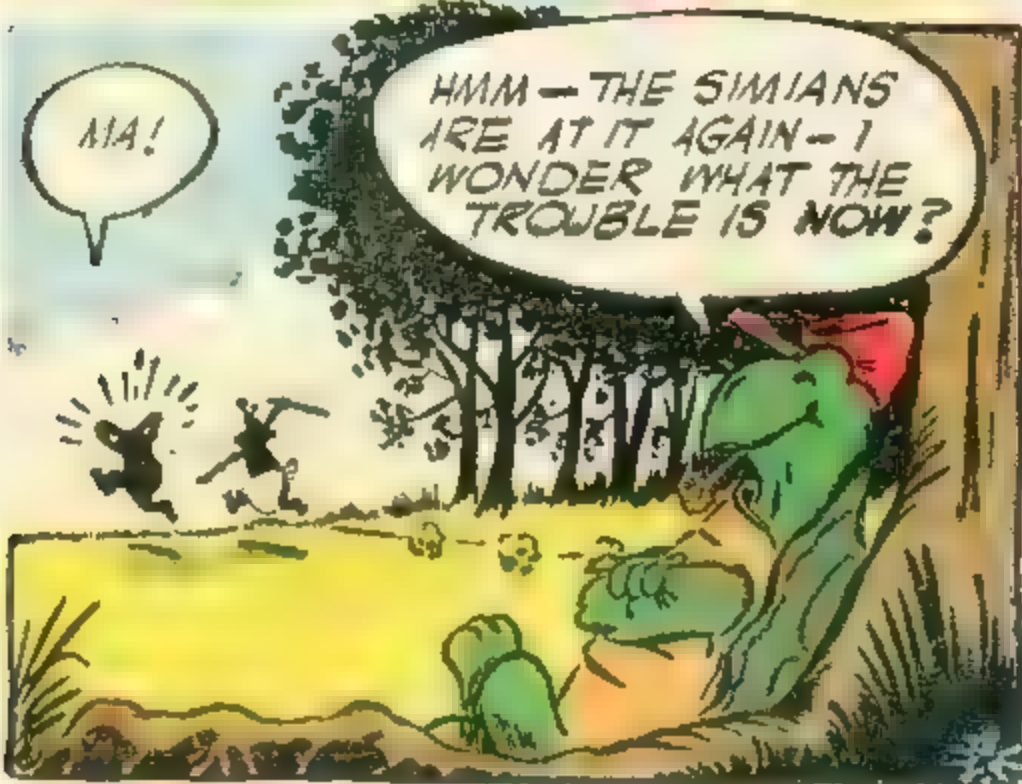
HAPPY BOYS A.C.



MA! MA! STOP! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?

I'LL SHOW YOU!

GOSH! HE'S AN OLD FOP AGAIN!



MA!

HMM — THE SIMIANS ARE AT IT AGAIN — I WONDER WHAT THE TROUBLE IS NOW?



SAY, THAT SECRET YOU TOLD US IS A FAKE, MR. LOGGERHEAD!

YEAH — IT WORKS ALL RIGHT — BUT IT DOESN'T STICK!

HUH?

THE END



Tillie *Runs away* by Don Lang

and a complete examination. If something serious was the matter with Tillie, they must find out right away.

Without wasting time, Tillie's keeper wrapped her up good and warm in blankets, called the wagon and hauled her off to the veterinary hospital.

Tillie didn't mind all the fuss being made over her one bit. As a matter of fact, she enjoyed it thoroughly.

But when they arrived at the hospital, Tillie began to get worried. They hustled her into a small room. Everything in it was white, spic and span, even the furniture. Just to appeal to her vanity or give her something to occupy her mind, her keeper pulled a hospital gown over her head and tied it at the neck. Then they laid her out, on a white metal table.

The doctor in his white coat began fussing around with an X-ray machine. Tillie watched and watched. She didn't miss a thing. The hospital room with all its different gadgets fascinated her. Soon all was in readiness. Just one thing more. The doctor and her keeper slipped out of the room for just a minute leaving Tillie on the table.

Tillie watched them go. When the door closed behind them she rose up and looked around quickly, taking in all her surroundings. Then she began to examine the doctor's instruments and the X-ray apparatus and some strange pumps. All at once she decided she wasn't going to let them use those tools on her. She didn't care who they were. Doctor or no doctor! Coming to this decision, she commenced to feel better, much better, right away.

Down off the operating table Tillie jumped. First she wandered around the room inquisitively. Then she spotted a door, not the one her keeper and the doctor had disappeared through, but another one. She approached it and

Tillie was sick. At any rate, the blinds of the big chimpanzee's glass-covered cage were drawn tight. There was no sound of her hard rubber dumb-bell banging on the floor, nor her basketball bouncing about against the bars. The guard patiently turned disappointed children away, telling them that Tillie was sick. The doctor had been called and was on his way.

Tillie was the pet chimpanzee of a small municipal zoo out there in the West. It seemed impossible that she could be sick. Only the other day she had been romping with the children, dressed in her dungarees and with a large straw hat tied under her chin.

When the doctor arrived, he found Tillie doubled up in a heap on her bed of hay, a burlap blanket pulled up over her head. The doctor stooped down and gently drew it back.

"What's the matter, Tillie?" the doctor inquired sympathetically.

The chimpanzee puckered her lips and rolled her eyes. They were dull and sad-looking instead of sparkling with their accustomed deviltry. Doctor Temple didn't like that at all. So he proceeded to feel her pulse, take her temperature, poke her here and thump her there. Tillie lay limp and made no protest.

His examination ended, the doctor scowled. Then he announced that there was only one thing to do. They must take Tillie to the hospital for X-rays

tried the knob. It opened. And there she stood, in the doorway of a long room. A startled bark greeted her. Another! And another one! Down the length of the room the alarm spread. And the whole place was suddenly enveloped in a raucous din.

Tillie stood dumbfounded. Hesitant, she looked around. Everything in this room was white like the other one. A wide aisle divided it in half and down each side was a long line of cages three tiers high. And in each one of those (she could hardly believe her eyes) was a dog or a cat which, like herself, had been feeling sick. But now they had all forgotten their troubles, too, and were barking and meowing to beat the band. Each one was trying to be heard above the other.

Tillie didn't know exactly what to make of all this noise. She stepped up to the first cage. A wave of sympathy swept over Tillie. She felt awfully sorry for the poor creature all penned up in such a small place. She examined the catch on the door. It was easy enough to open. All she had to do was to throw the bolt over. And she did.

Tillie continued down the row of cages. As fast as she opened one and the dog jumped out, she would open the next one. Such a din. The first thing she knew the whole aisle was a milling mass of barking, snarling hysterical dogs.

Cats, beautiful snooty Persians and Angoras and common everyday alley cats, crouched in the doorway of their cages, bristling and spitting, their

heads poked out just far enough to see what was going on. But none was so foolish as to venture forth.

Then all of a sudden, and for no good reason at all, one dog, bolder than the rest, deliberately nipped Tillie in the calf of her leg. She jumped. Dogs scattered helter-skelter, knocking one another over in their haste to get away. A particularly noisy Irish Terrier closed in on her and Tillie realized for the first time that they were barking at her. They were ganging up on her. Tillie was seized with a nervous spell. She decided she had better move. So up on the tier of cages she scrambled out of the way.

There was a shout at the other end of the room. Tillie looked down. It was her keeper and the doctor yelling at the dogs to shut up. A free-for-all fight had broken out in the aisle. She stared at the two men coming toward her, shouting. She looked down at the mass of yapping dogs. Then she saw an open window right beside her. She had forgotten about being sick. This was a game, a wonderful game of hide-and-seek with her keeper. So out the window she went.

"Hey, Tillie!" hollered her keeper, "come back here!" while the doctor turned and rushed out of the hospital to head her off. Tillie swung to the ground easily. Then she picked herself up, and without a glance to right or left, she tore down the street through the very heart of the town.

When she came to the school house, the big playground was deserted. Tillie vaulted the picket fence and ducked around the corner of the building and in through the basement door.

The janitor happened to be busily engaged cleaning out the furnace for the summer. He was stooping over, half in the furnace and half out. As Tillie slipped up past him, she could not resist giving him a push.

When the janitor got himself out of that furnace and looked up, his mouth opened wide. His eyes grew large and frightened. A big monkey in a night





gown was standing there eyeing him! Out the basement he flew, shouting at the top of his voice. "Help! Help! Police! Help!"

Tillie hustled out of the basement herself and dashed up the stairs into the big hall. The first thing there to attract her attention was a door off the hall which was standing wide open. Tillie peered in. It was a classroom full of boys and girls. It was study hour and the teacher had stepped out of the room for a moment. An enthusiastic snicker developed into a whoop as the children recognized Tillie and began calling her name.

Tillie entered and ambled over to the teacher's desk. Once more she had a happy crowd around her. She picked up a ruler and began banging the desk with it just as hard as she could. That started the riot.

One boy fired a blackboard eraser at her. The whole class was in a good-natured uproar with everybody whooping and laughing. Tillie was happy again. She didn't feel sick any more. She was the center of the stage and all the children were romping with her.

The excitement and fun could be heard up and down the main hall.

Soon a head poked in the door. It was the teacher. All the boys and girls scrambled for their seats. Hilarity subsided. Open books covered faces as eyes peered over the tops. The teacher stood in the doorway staring at the chimpanzee standing on her desk and then about the room at the confusion.

Tillie felt self-conscious and ashamed as she tried to meet the teacher's gaze. She knew she had done wrong. A smothered snickering and giggling behind books swept over the room.

The far-off shrieking of sirens and the clanging of bells came through the open window. It got closer and closer. Tillie got more and more nervous. She glanced first at the teacher, and then at the open window.

Suddenly, there was the shouting of an excited crowd outside, the chugging of automobiles, and the groaning and screeching of brakes as the fire department and the police stormed the school.

With a snort of disgust, pounding her chest vigorously, Tillie sprang from the desk and made for the open window. Then out on the ledge she climbed, lowered herself down to the ground and got out of the yard as fast as she could hustle. As she turned a corner onto a side street, she bumped into a man. Quickly, she turned to escape, but he called her name.

Tillie stopped short. It was her keeper, just the friend she was needing. She was so glad to see him after all her trouble, that she threw her arms around his neck and embraced him.

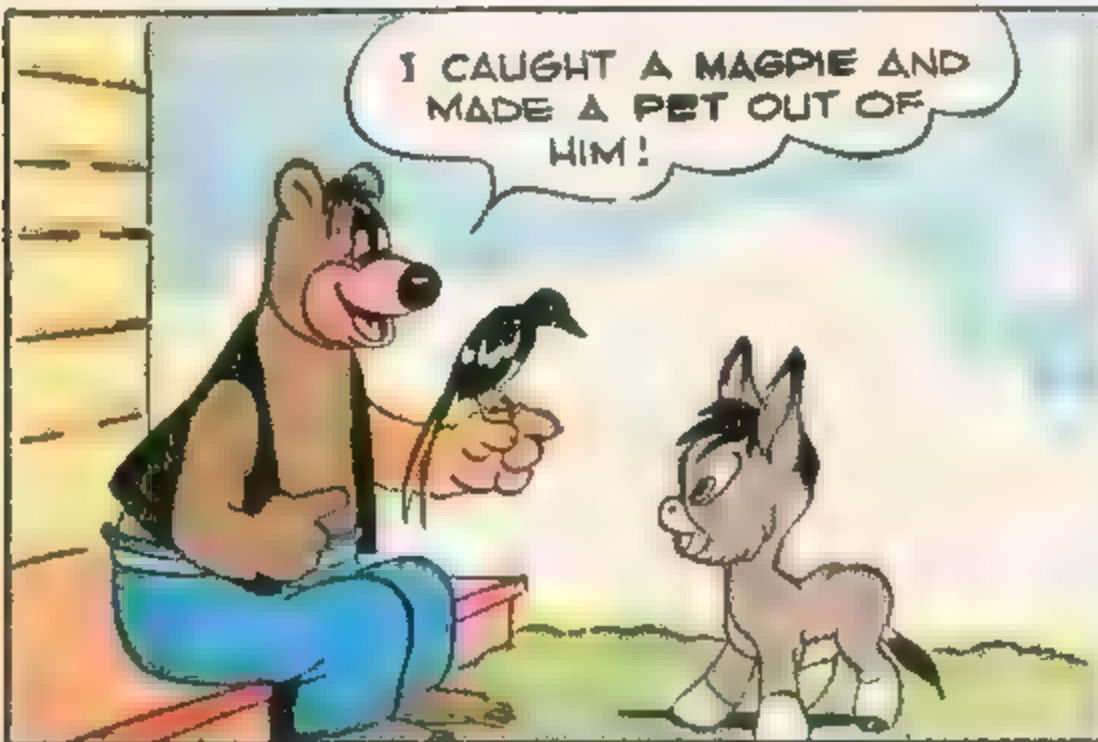
"Never mind that!" he said taking her up in his arms while she clung to his neck. "I know you. You're no more sick than I am! Come on! You're going back to the Zoo!"

And so Tillie and her keeper disappeared down the street, as excited boys and girls crowded the windows of the school, leaned out, yelling and shouting, "Good-by, Tillie, Good-by! Come and see us again!"

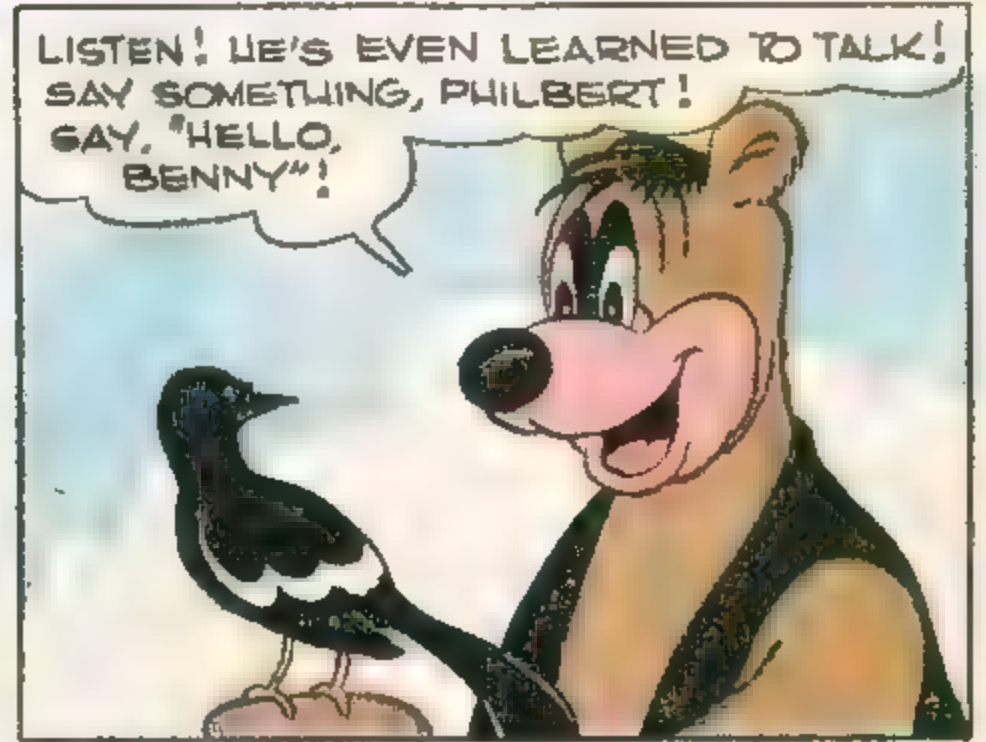
M-G-M CARTOONS PRESENT



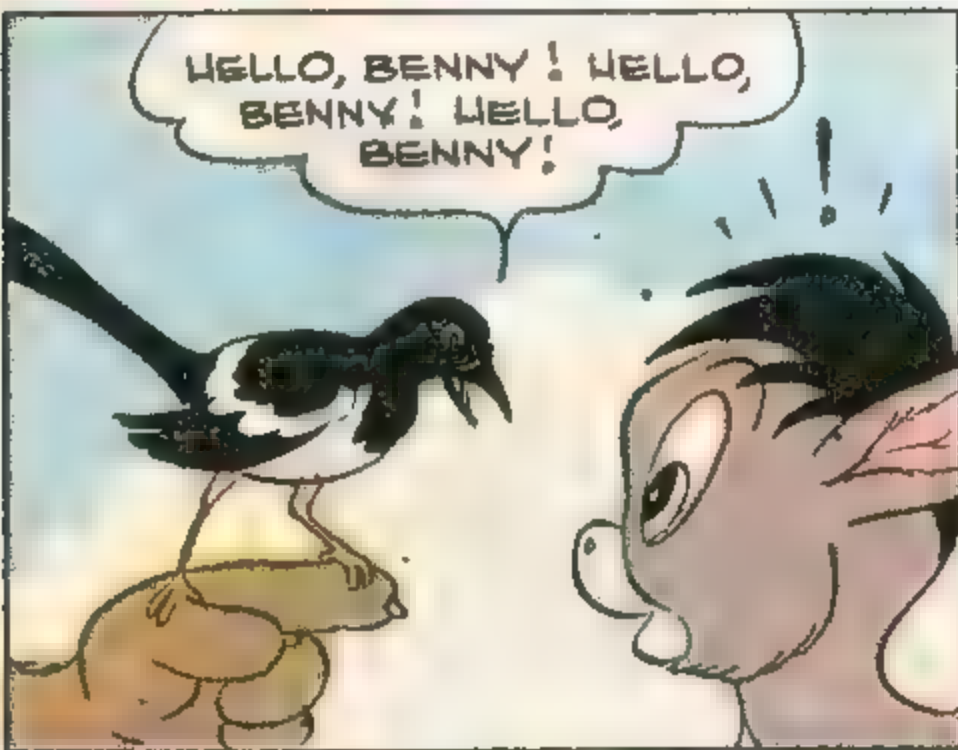
Barney Bear and Benny Burro



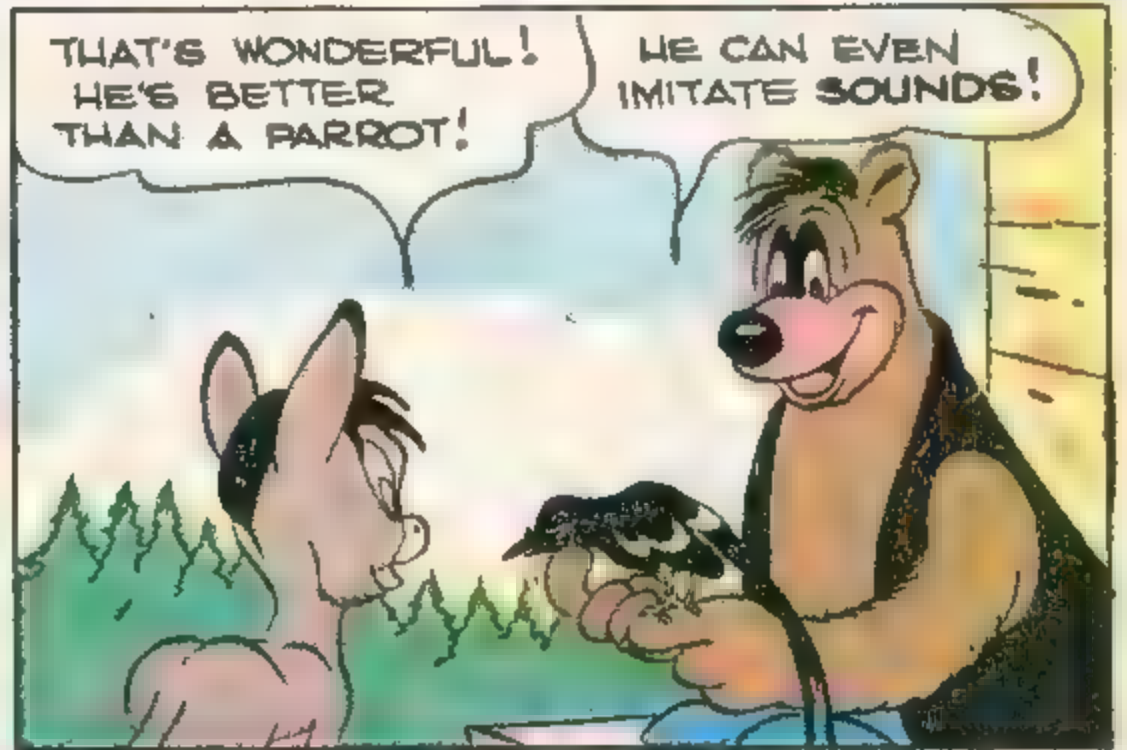
I CAUGHT A MAGPIE AND
MADE A PET OUT OF
HIM!



LISTEN! HE'S EVEN LEARNED TO TALK!
SAY SOMETHING, PHILBERT!
GAY, "HELLO,
BENNY!"

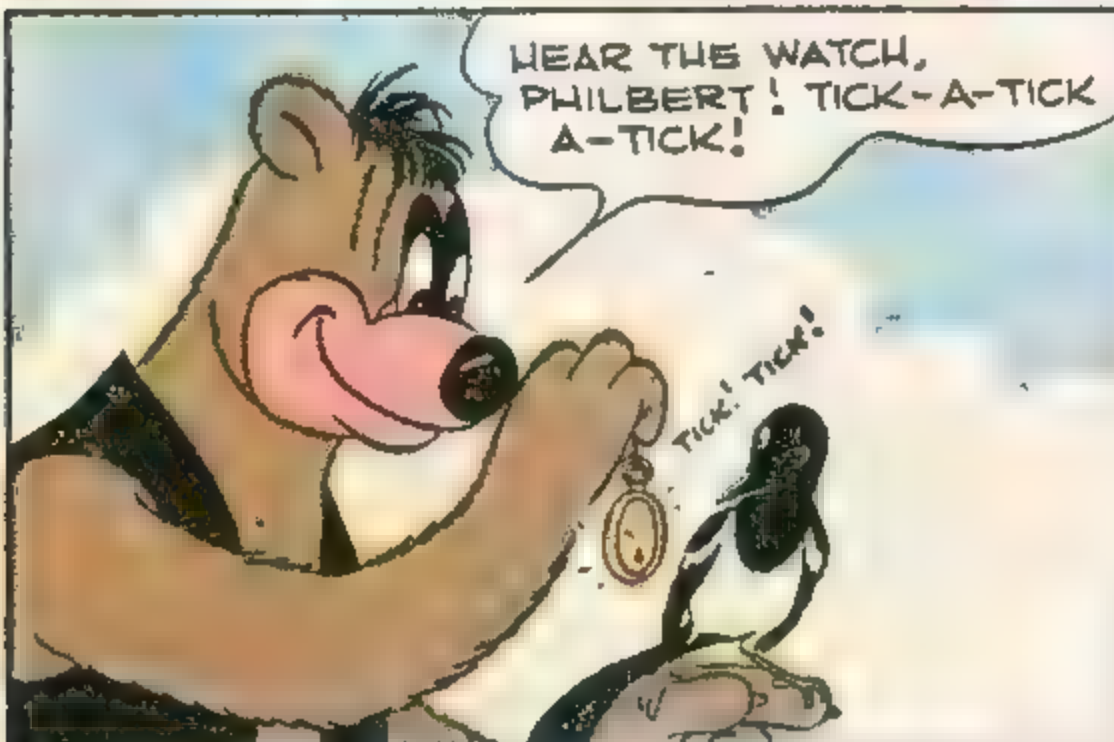


HELLO, BENNY! HELLO,
BENNY! HELLO,
BENNY!



THAT'S WONDERFUL!
HE'S BETTER
THAN A PARROT!

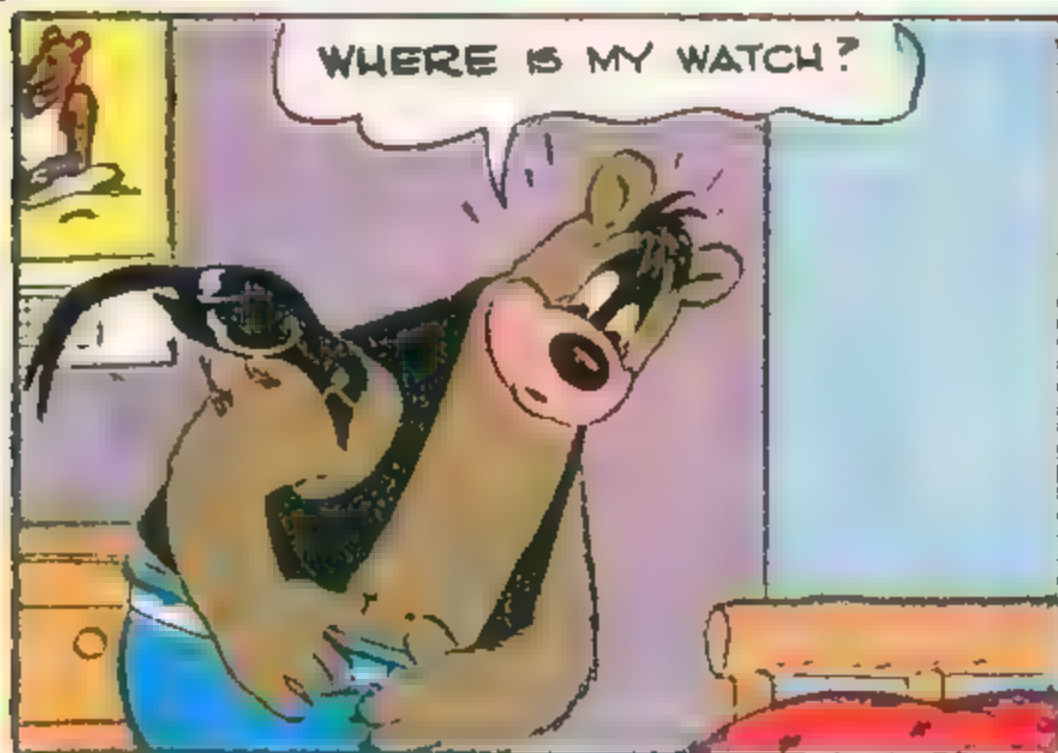
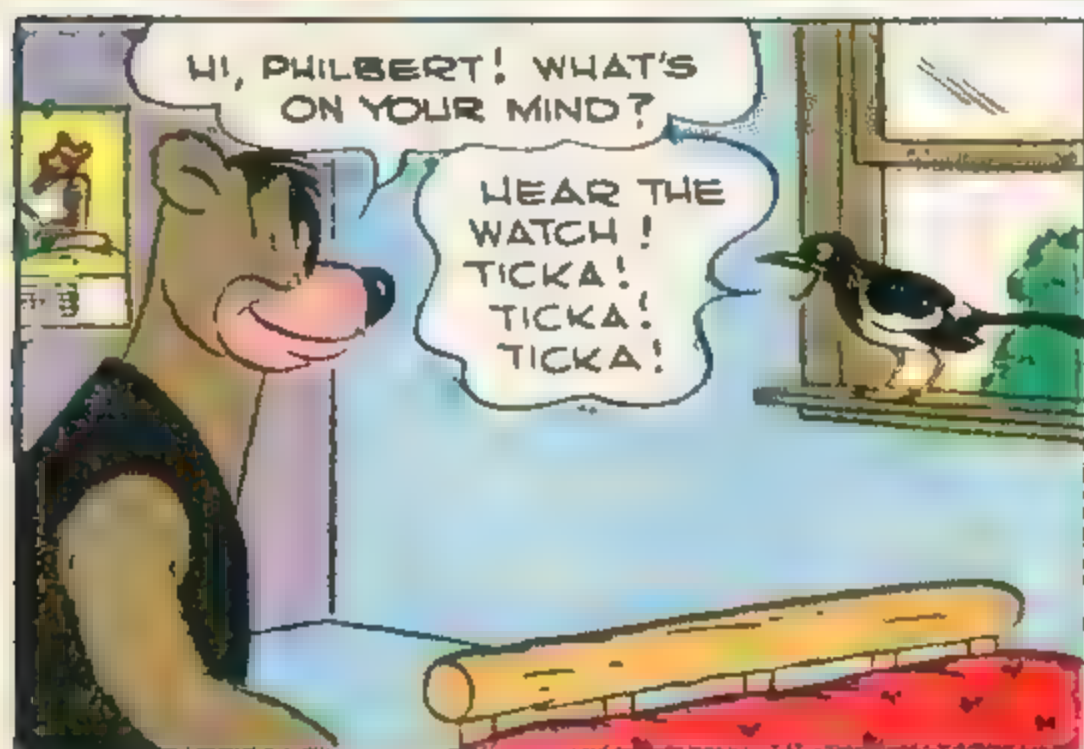
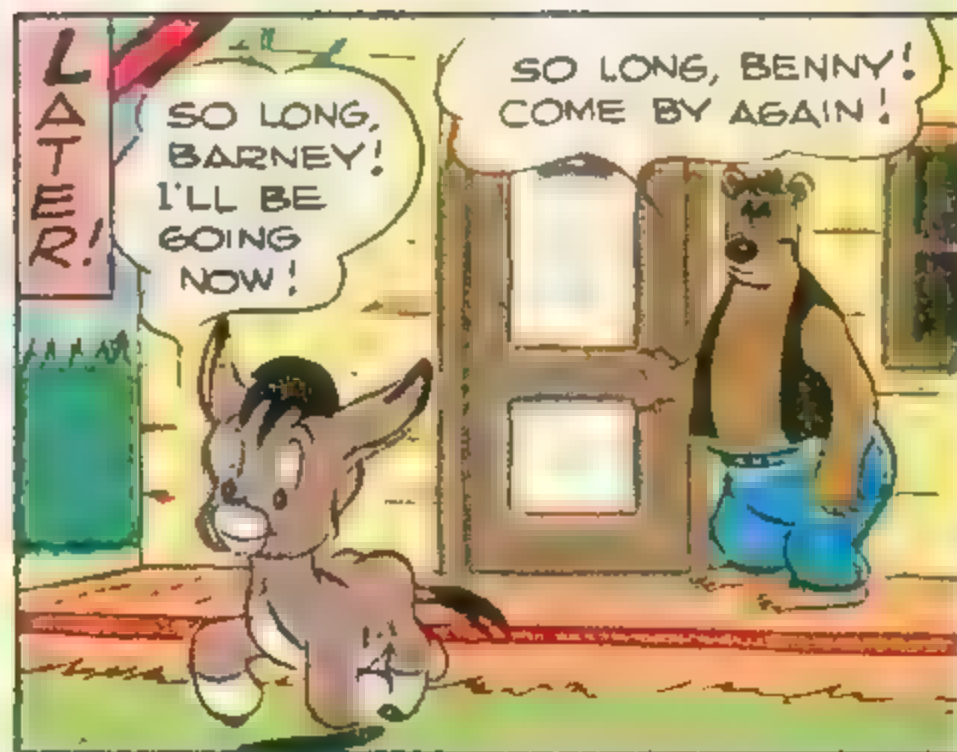
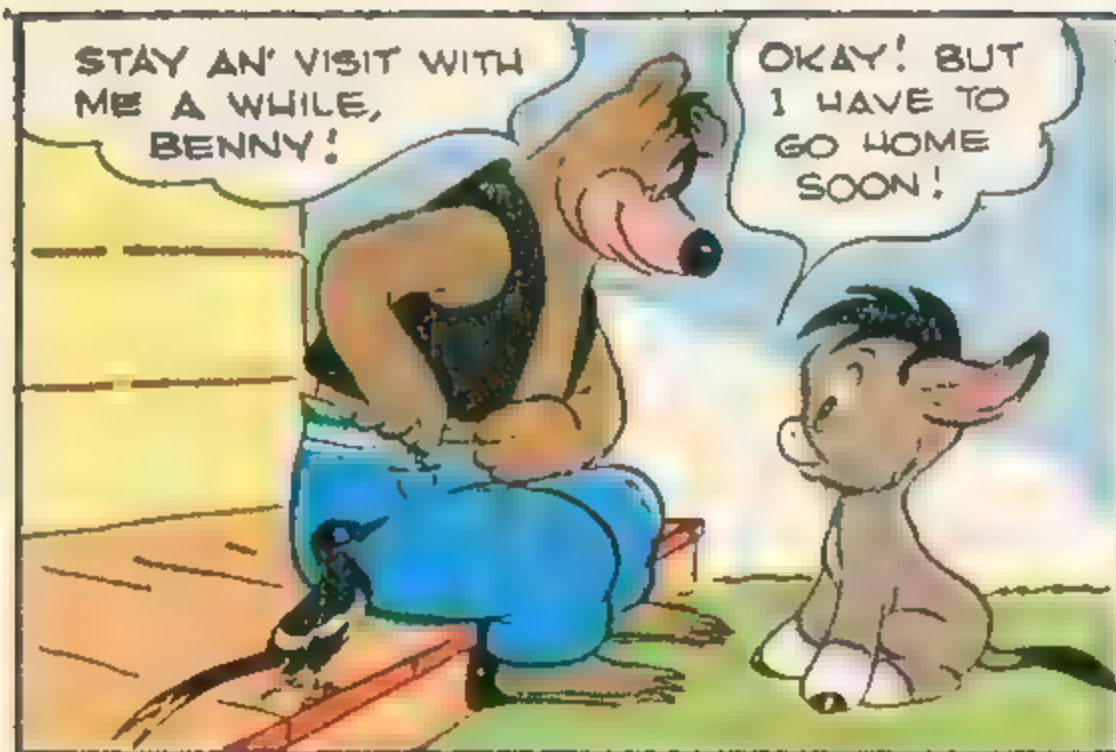
HE CAN EVEN
IMITATE SOUNDS!

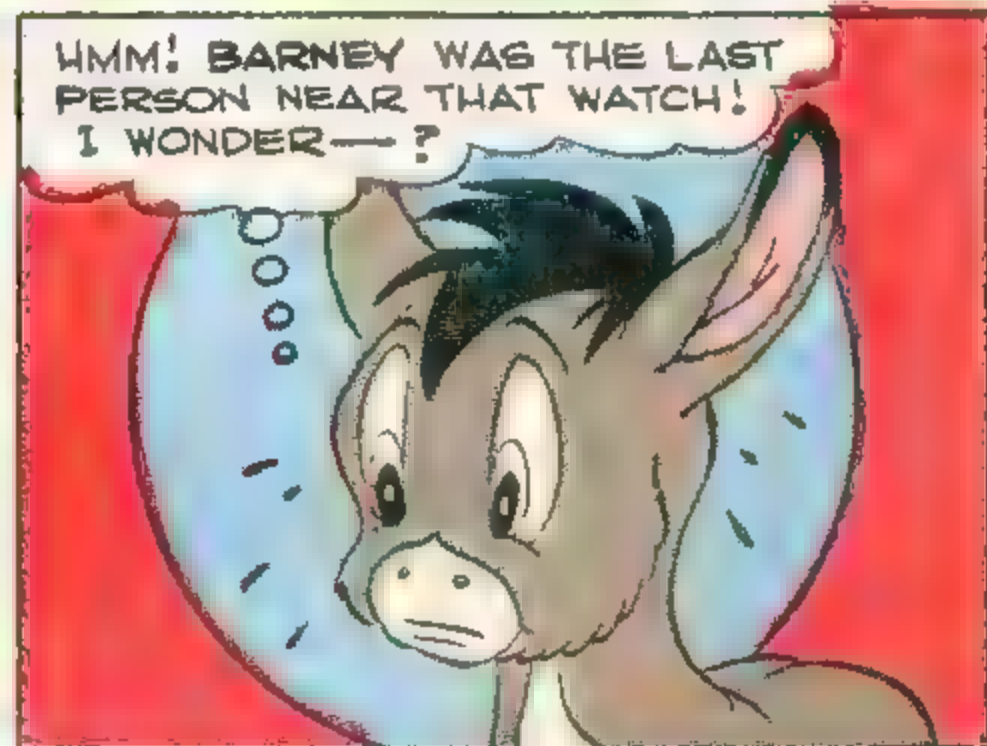
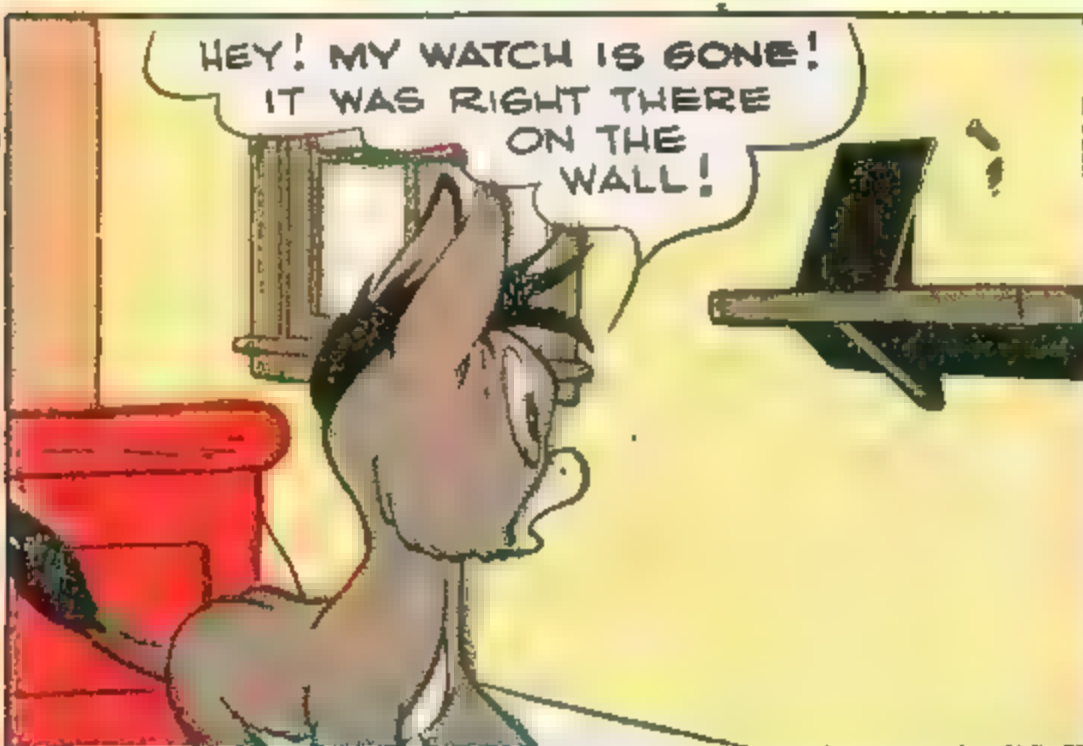
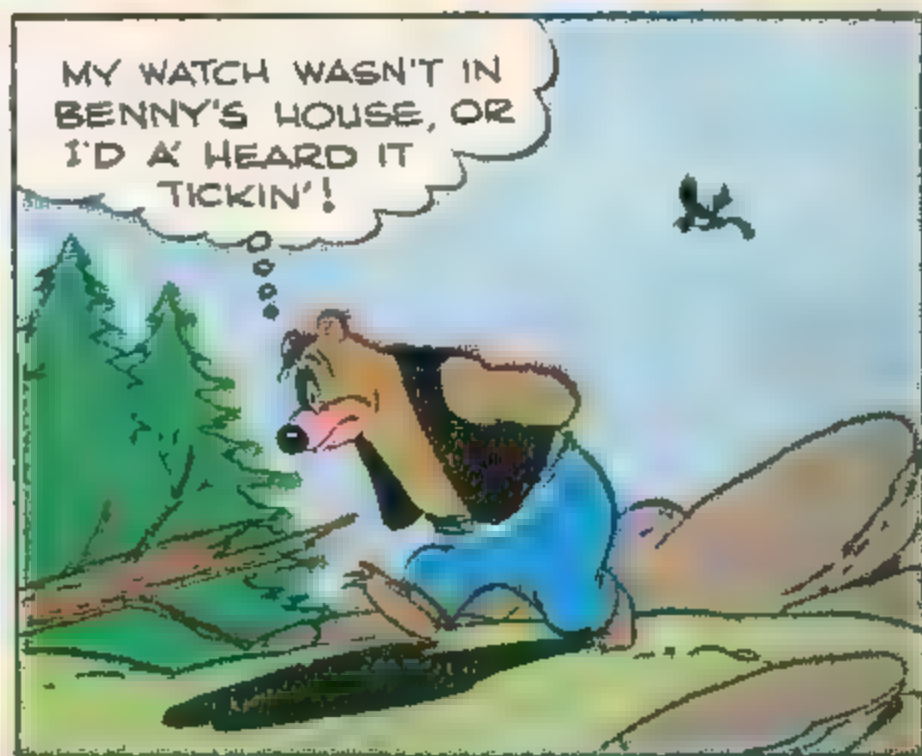
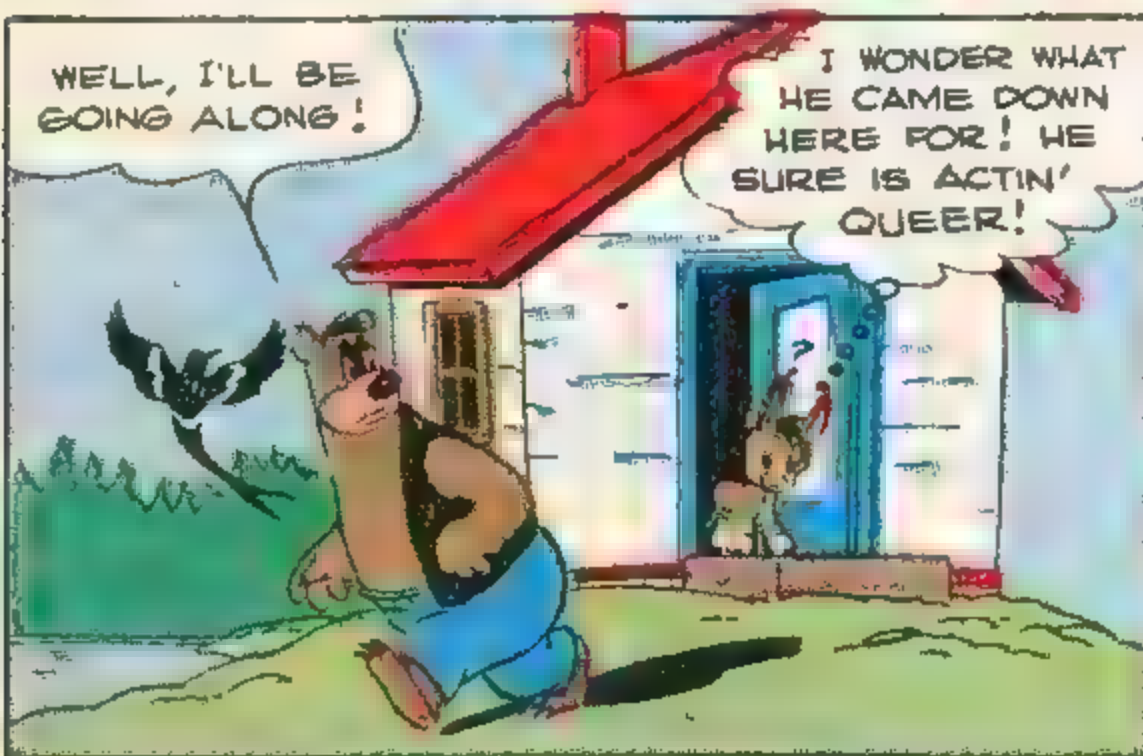
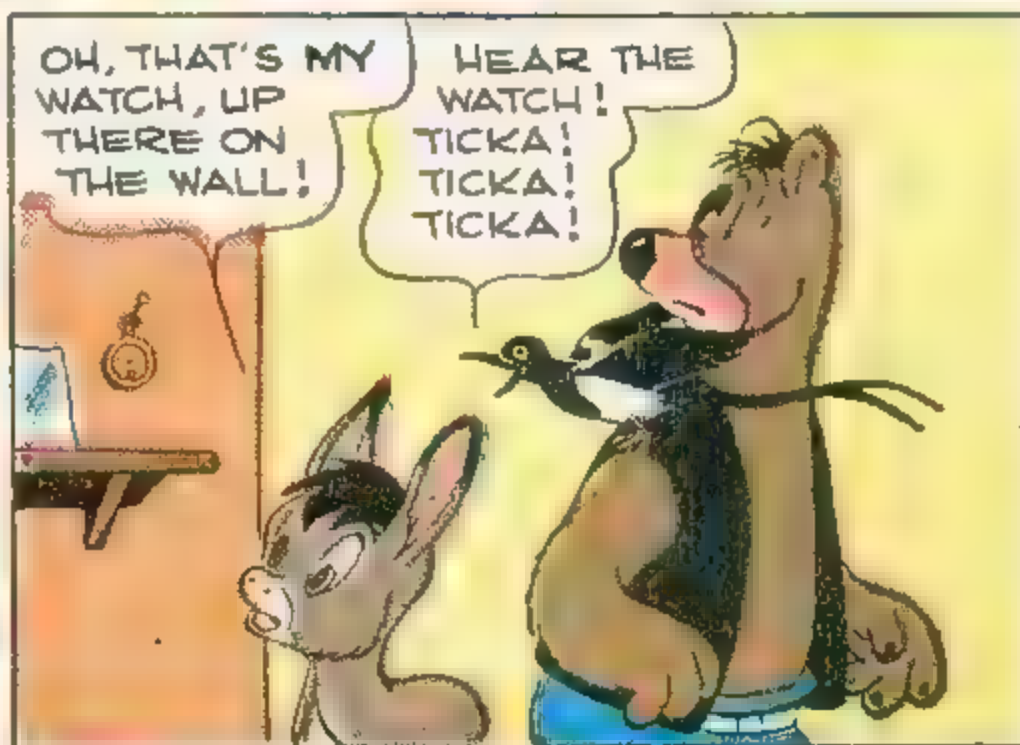
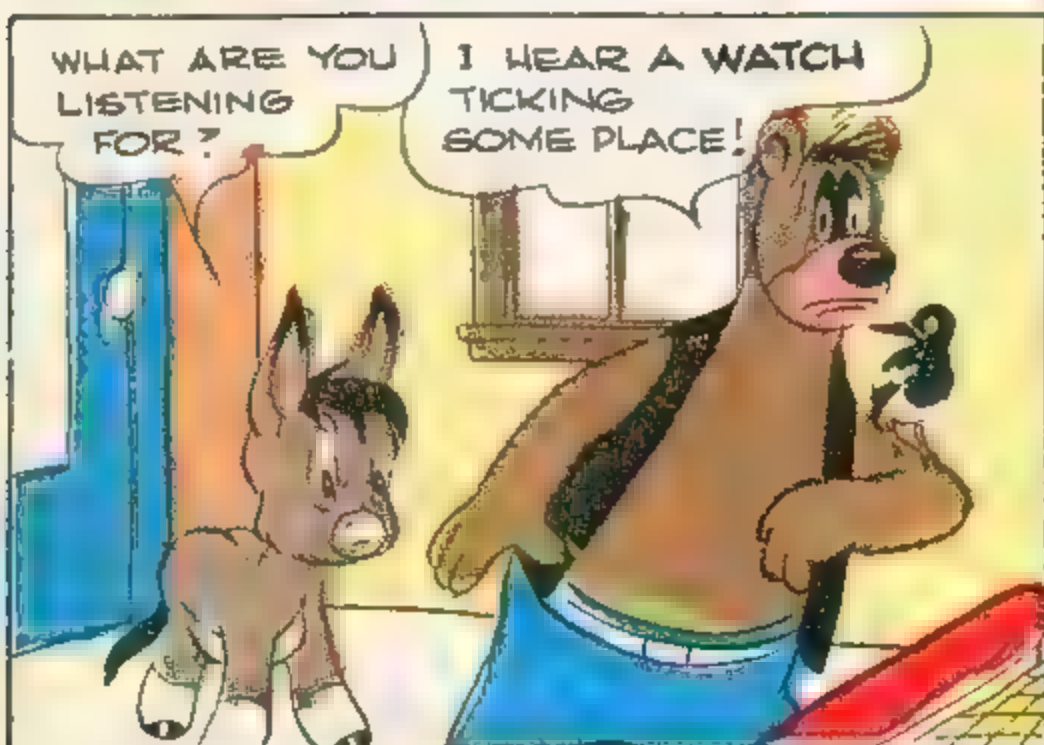
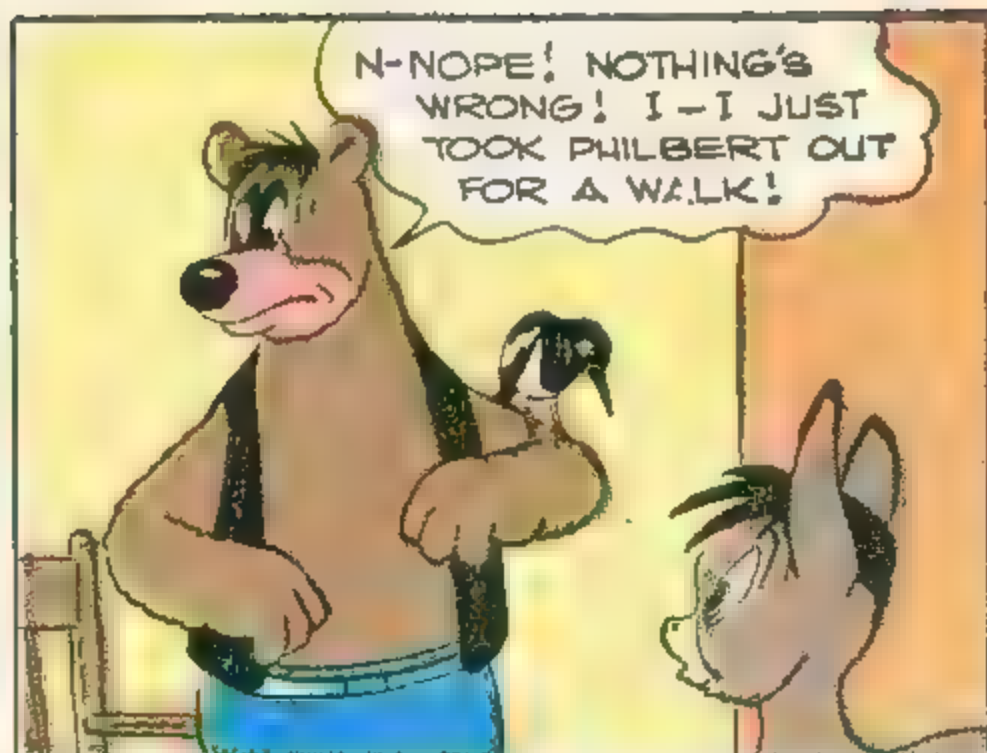
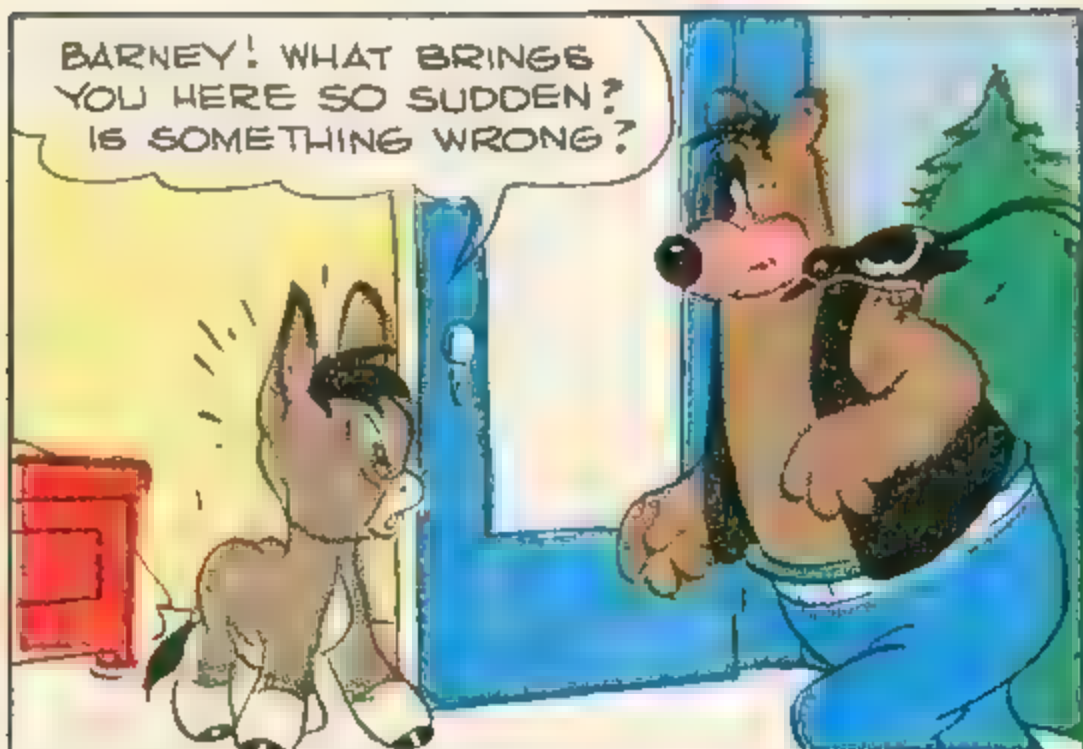


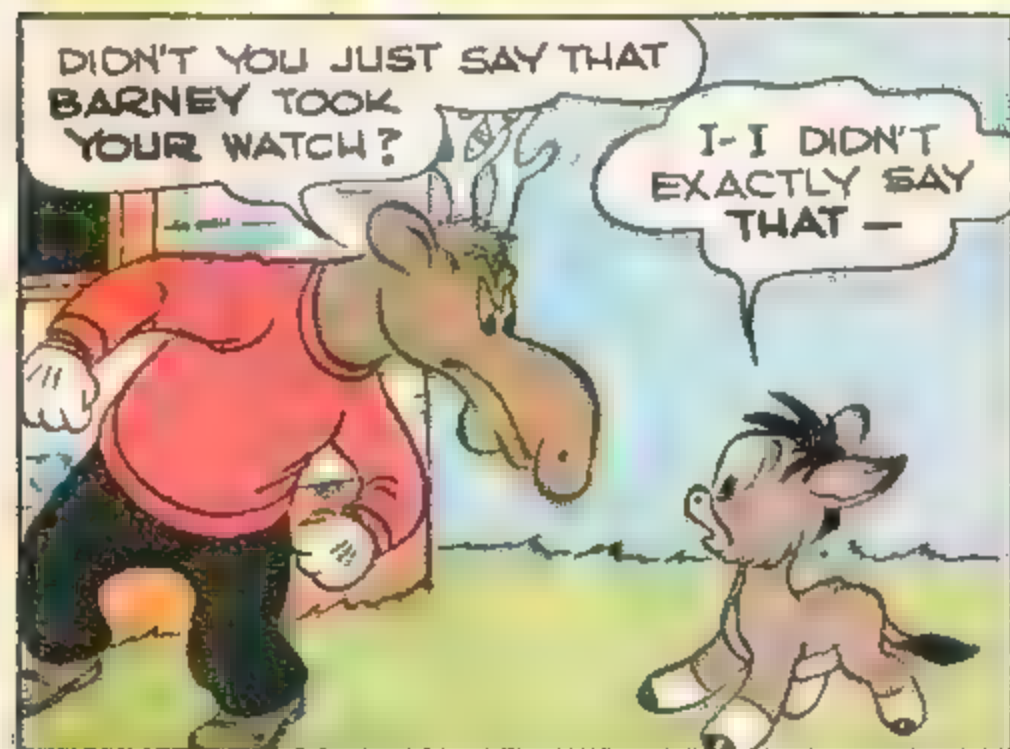
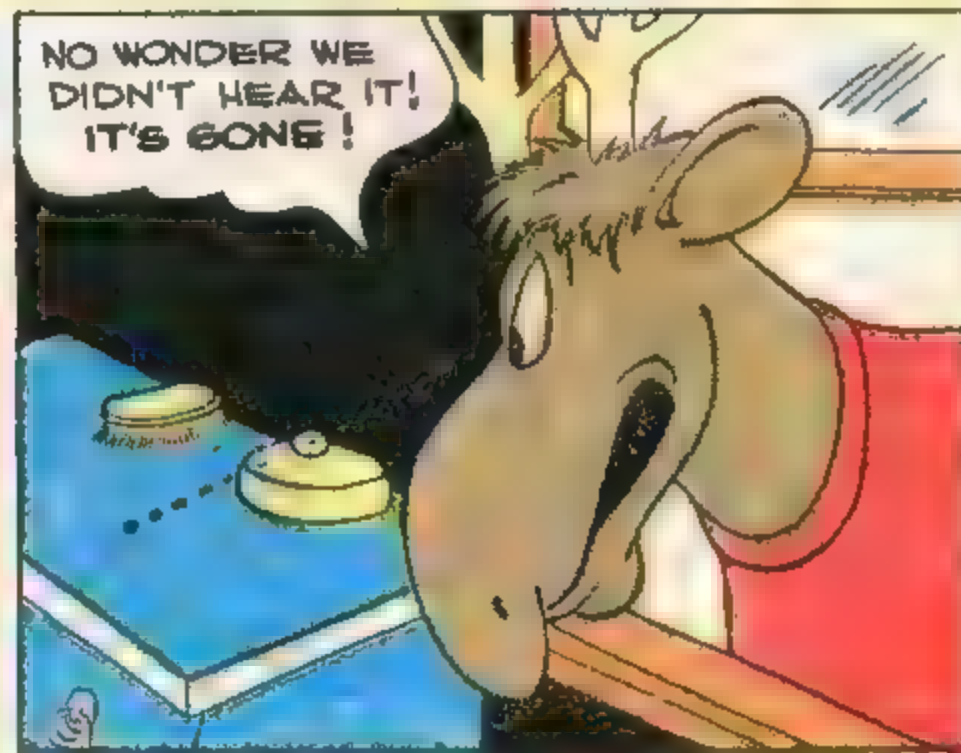
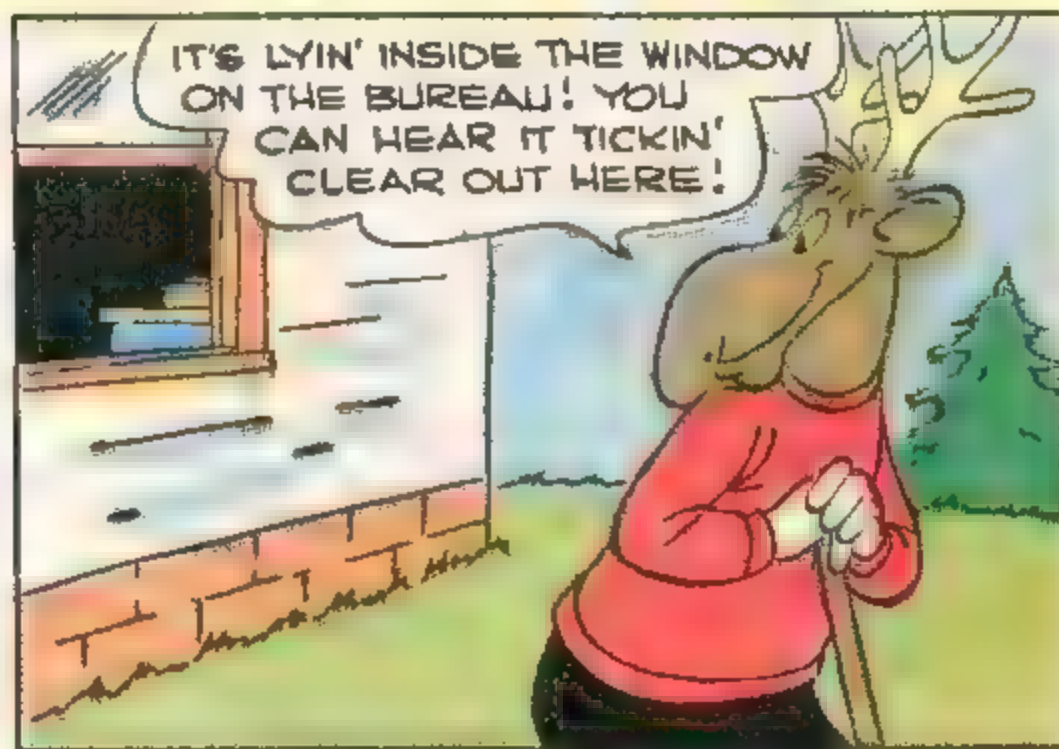
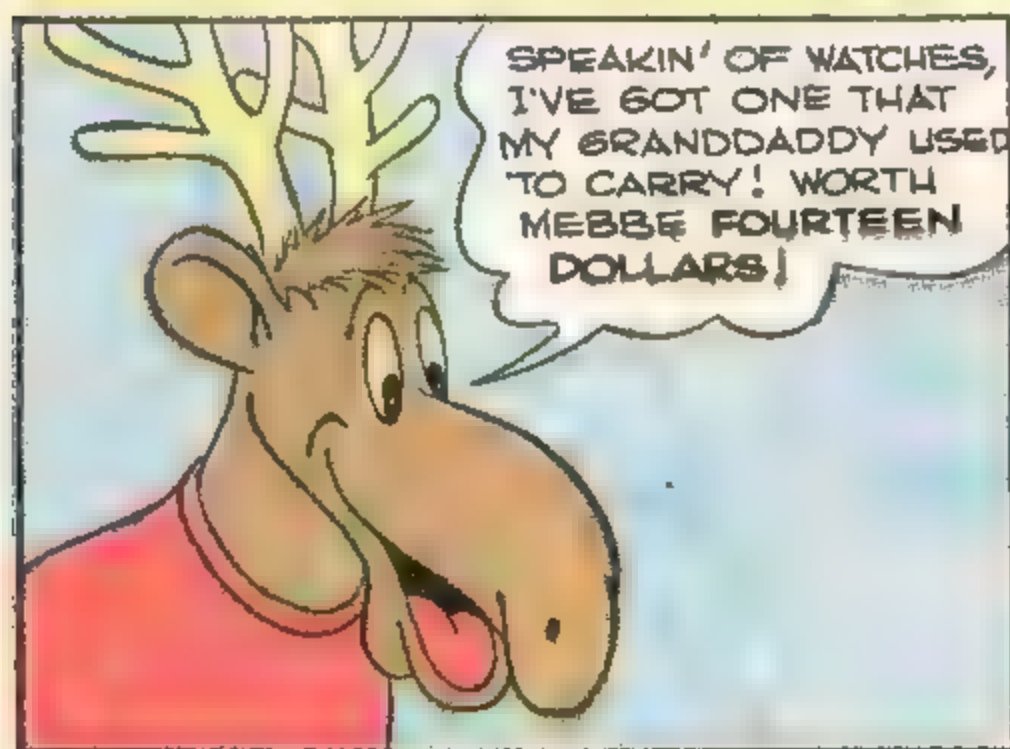
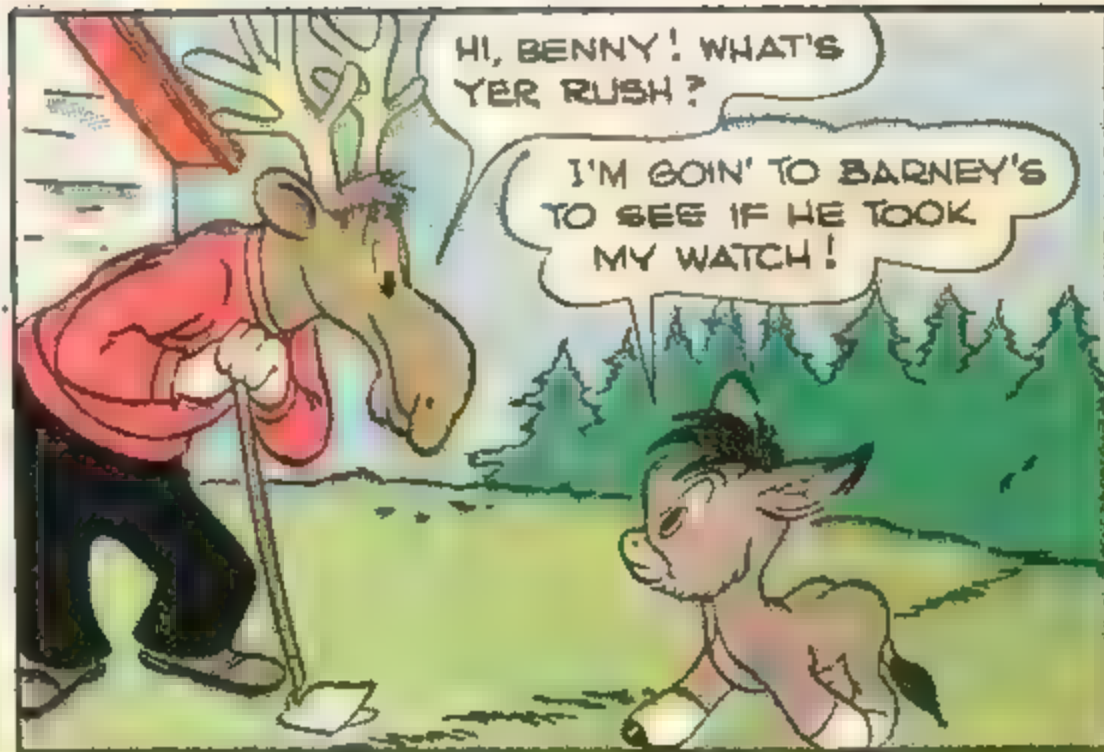
HEAR THE WATCH,
PHILBERT! TICK-A-TICK
A-TICK!

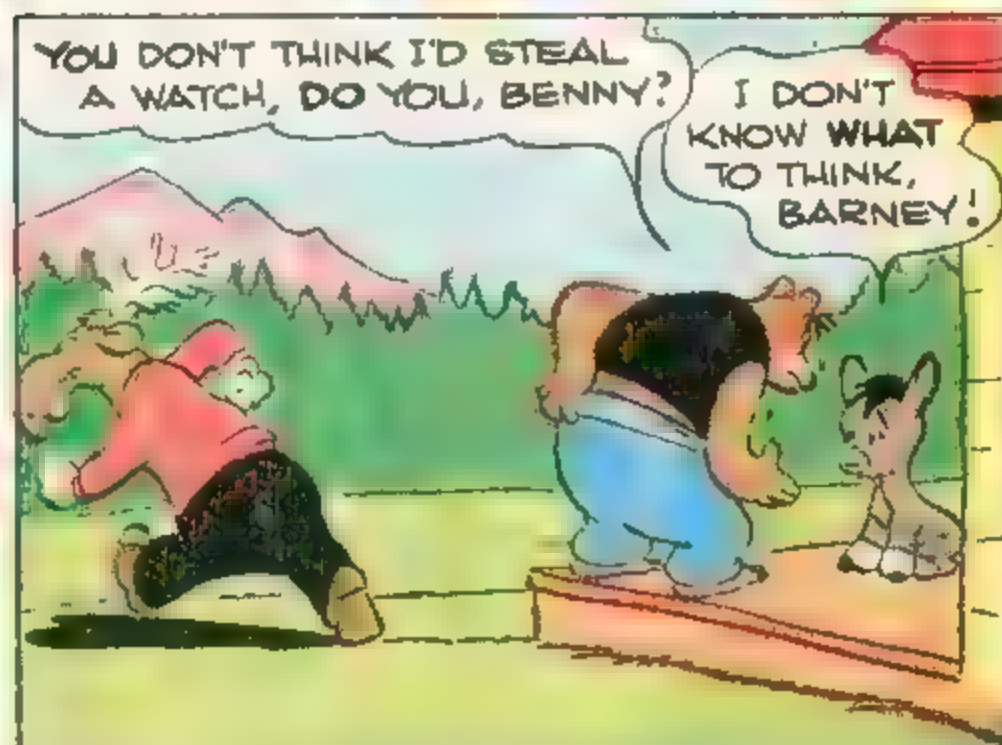
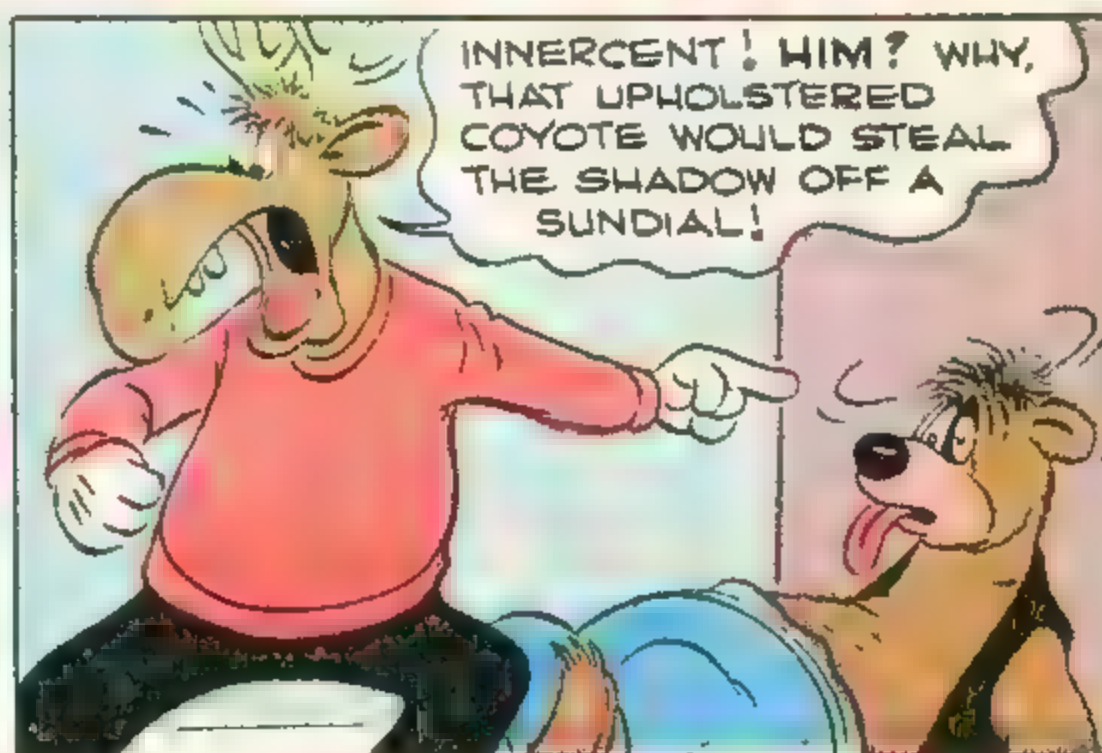
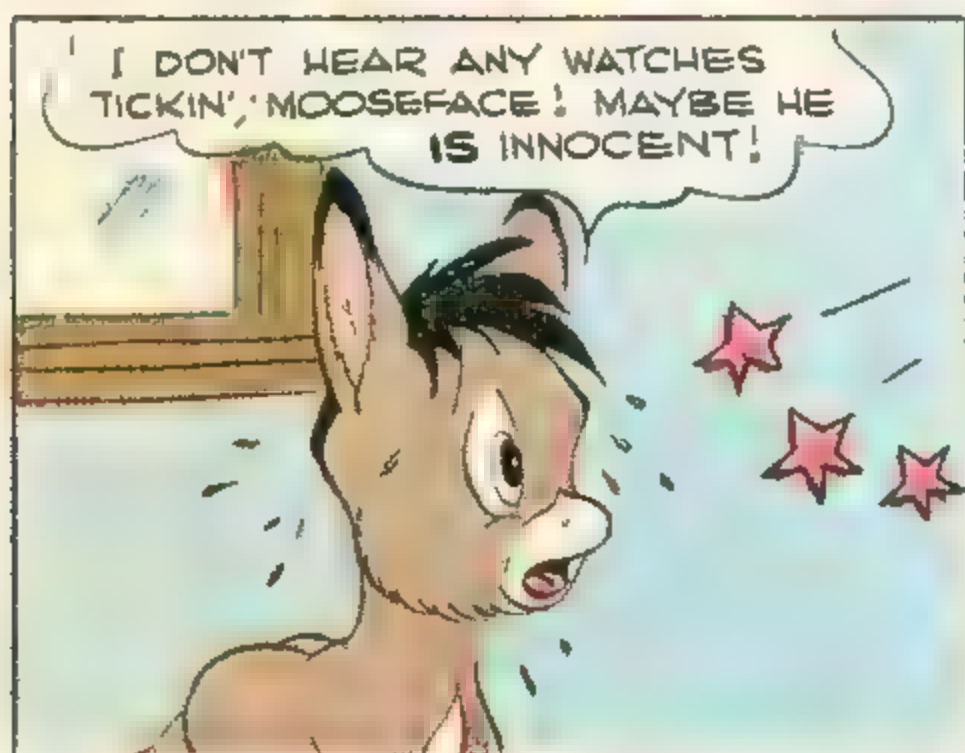
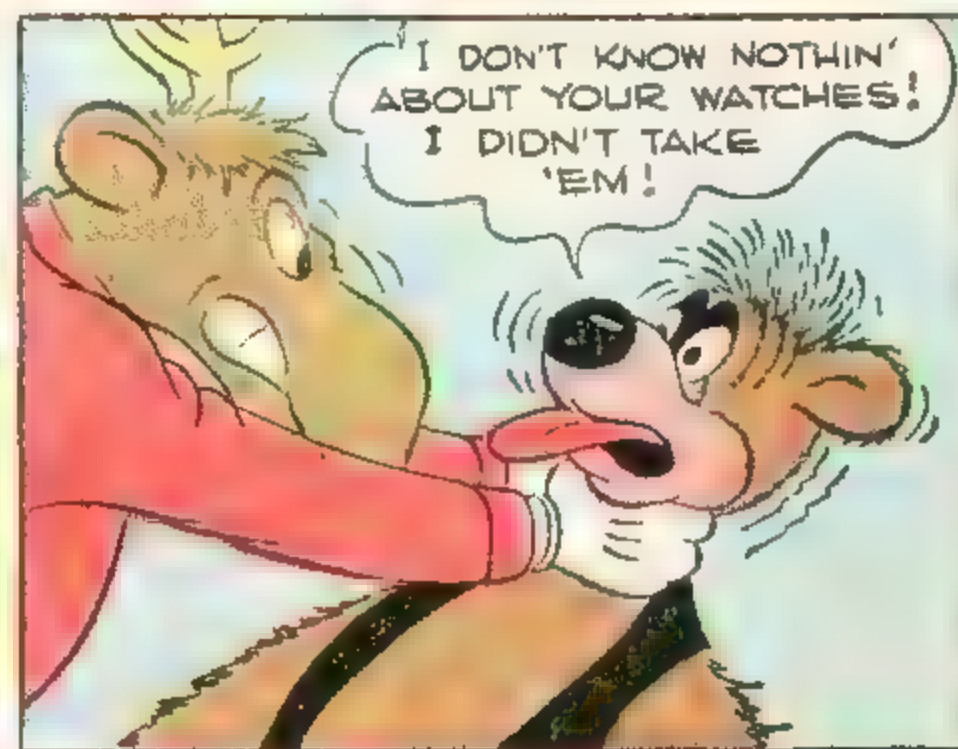
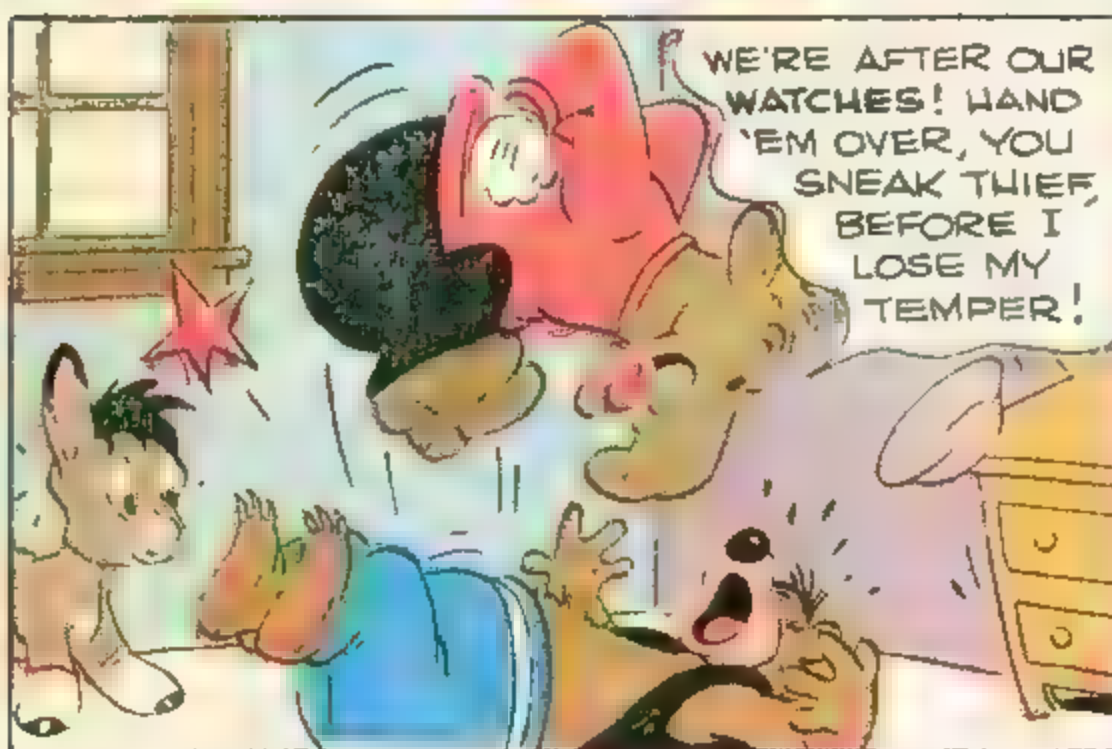
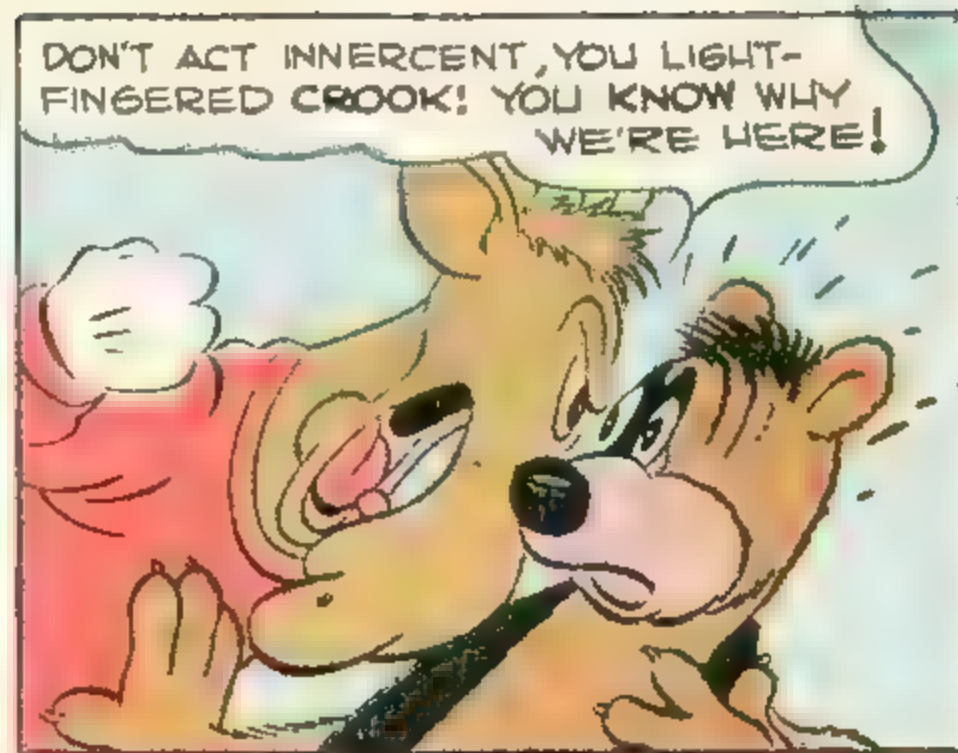
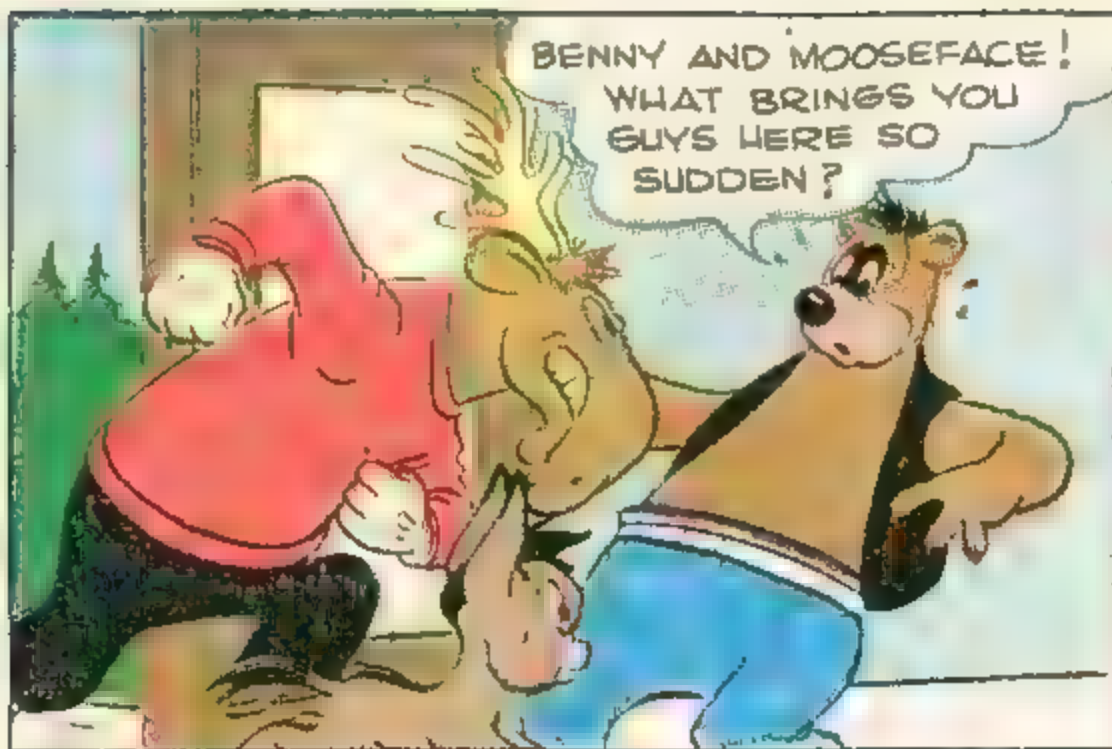


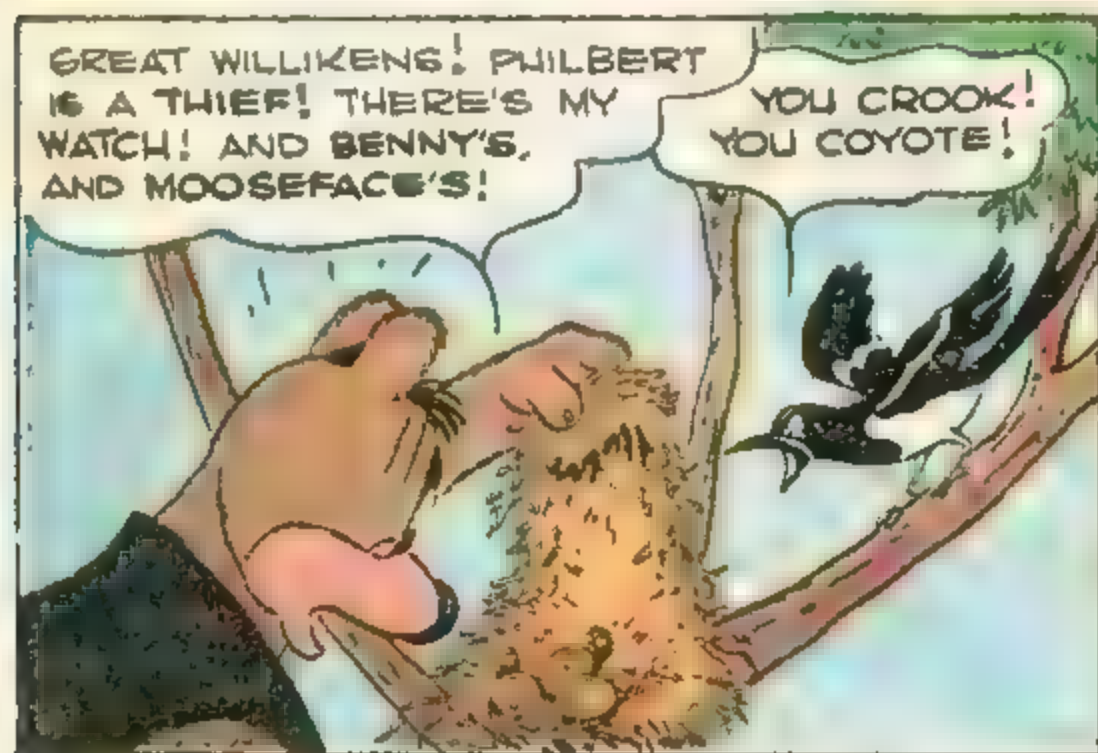
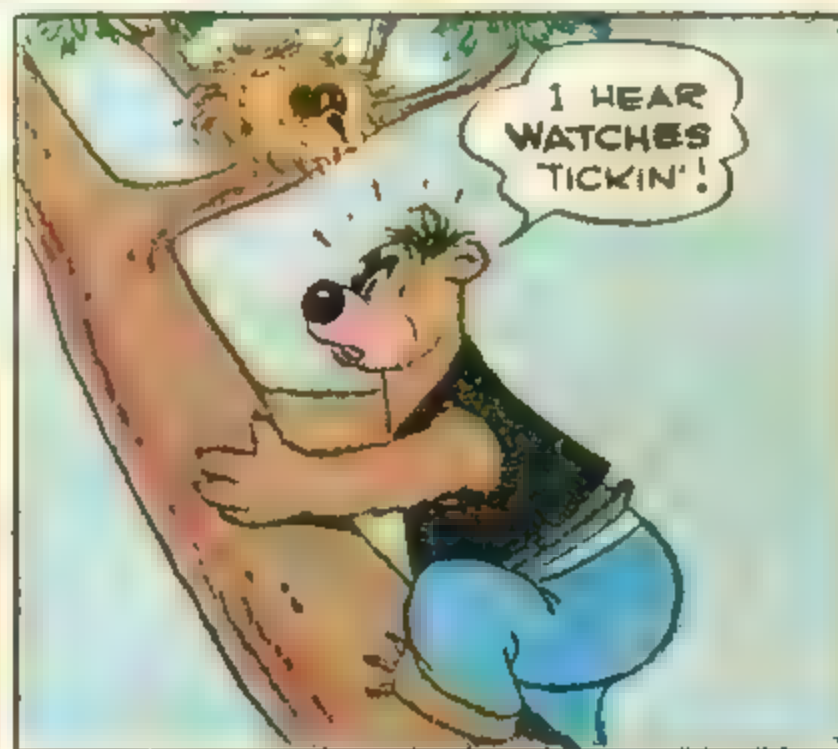
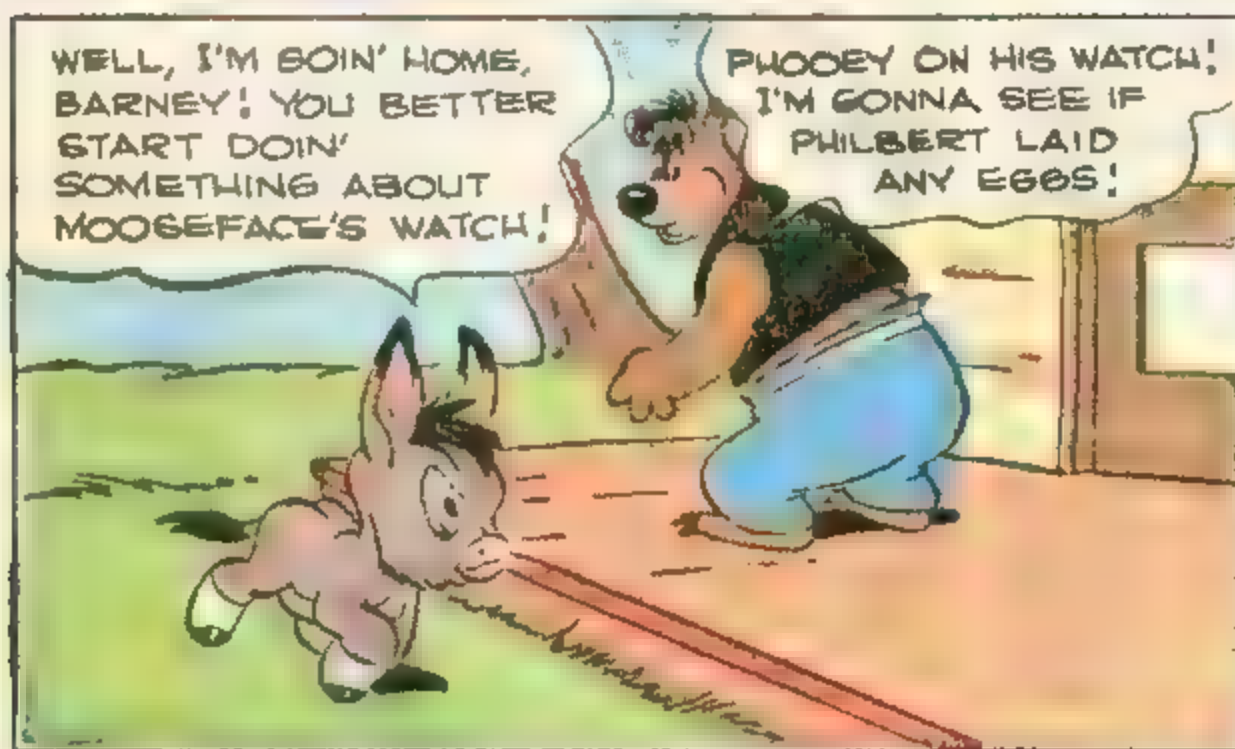
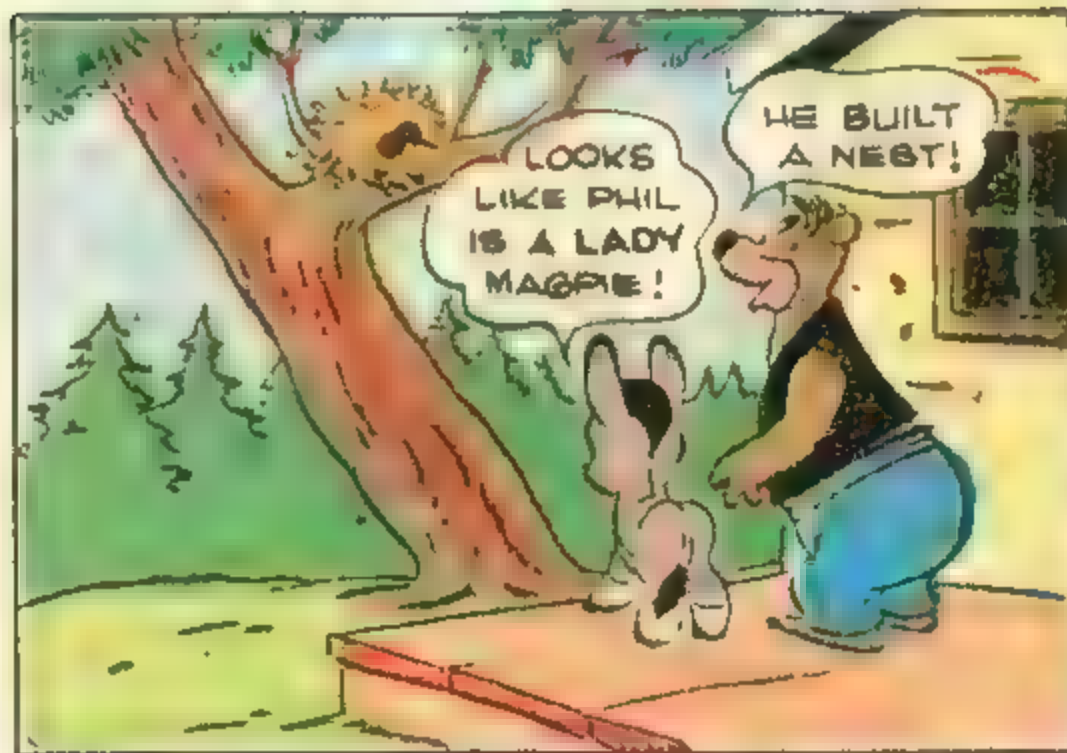
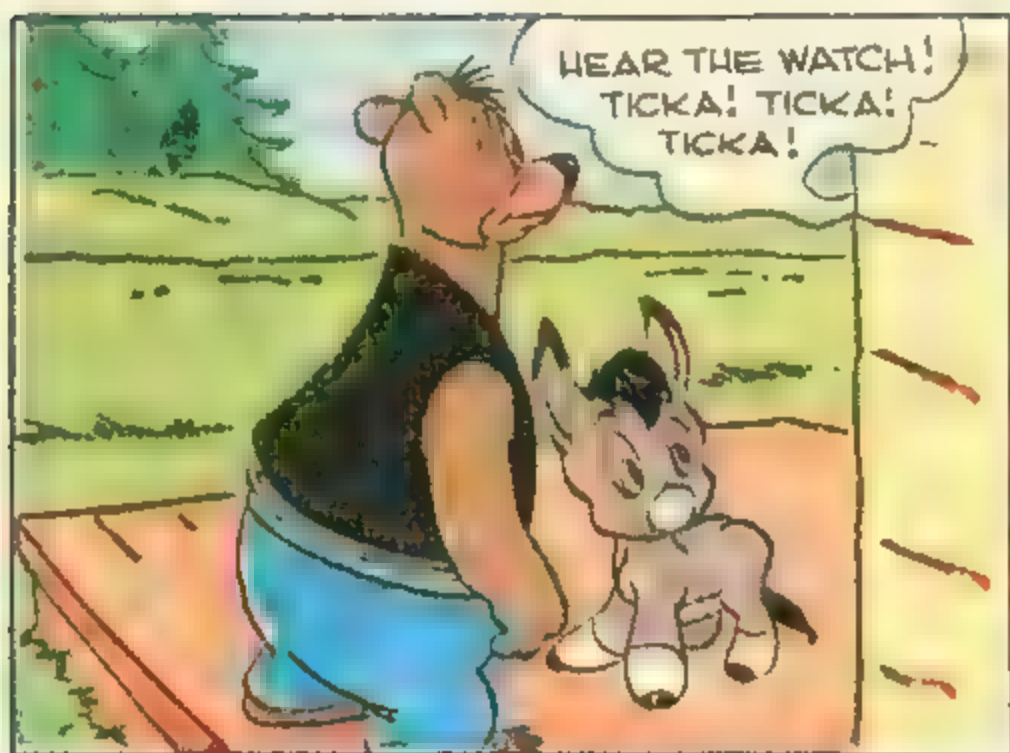
HEAR THE WATCH! TICKA!
TICKA! TICKA!

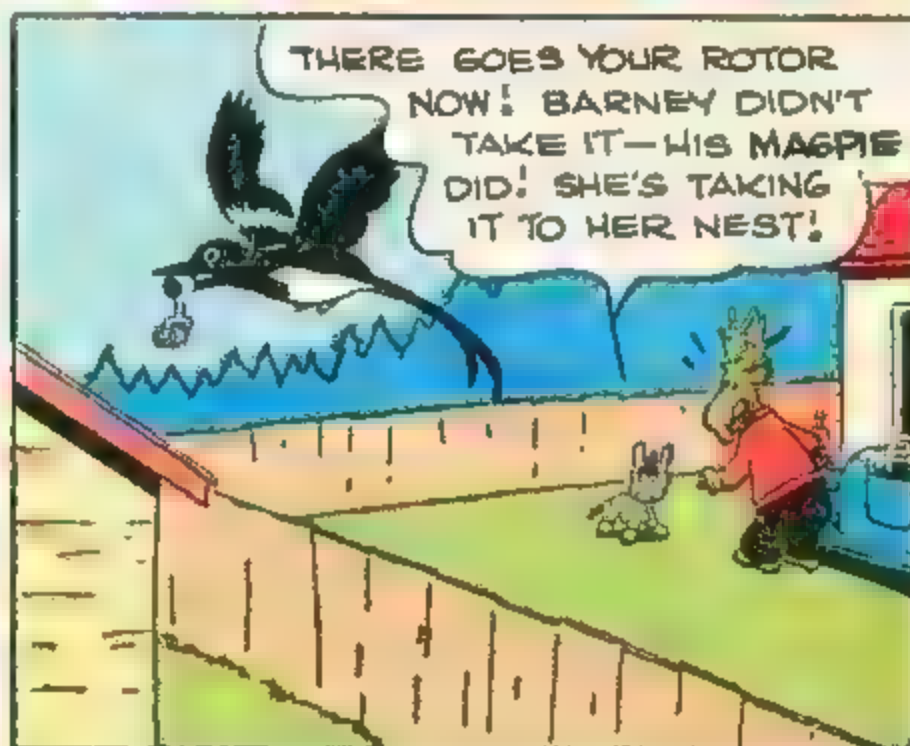
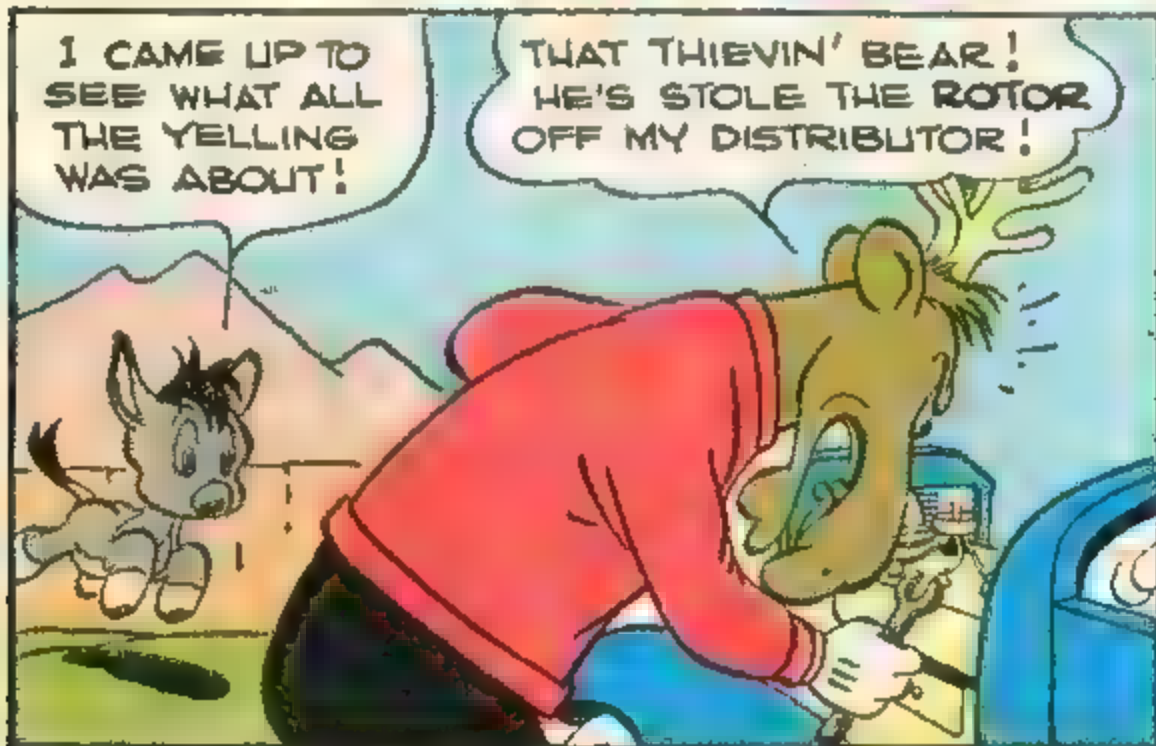
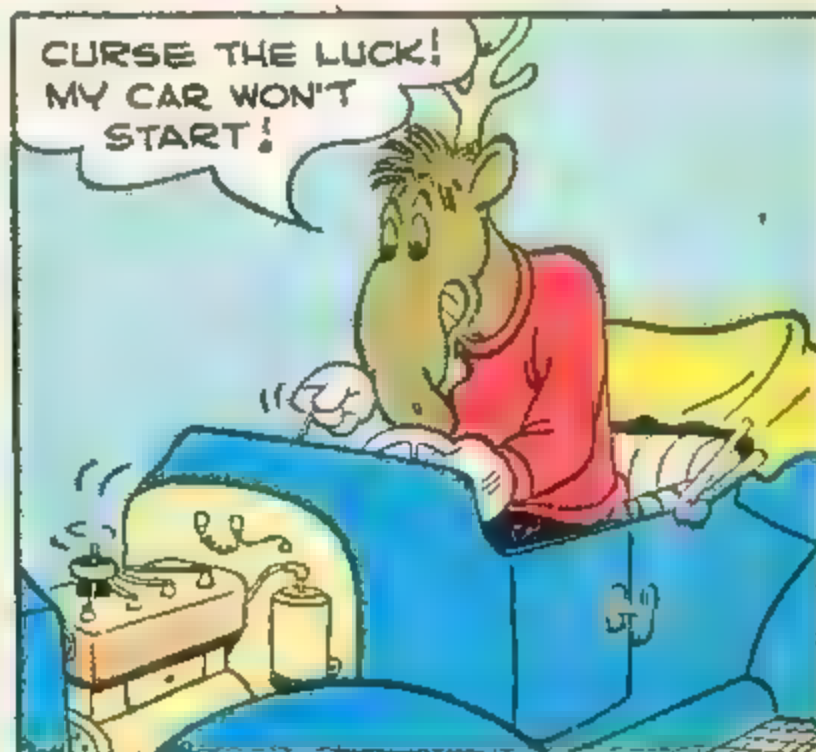
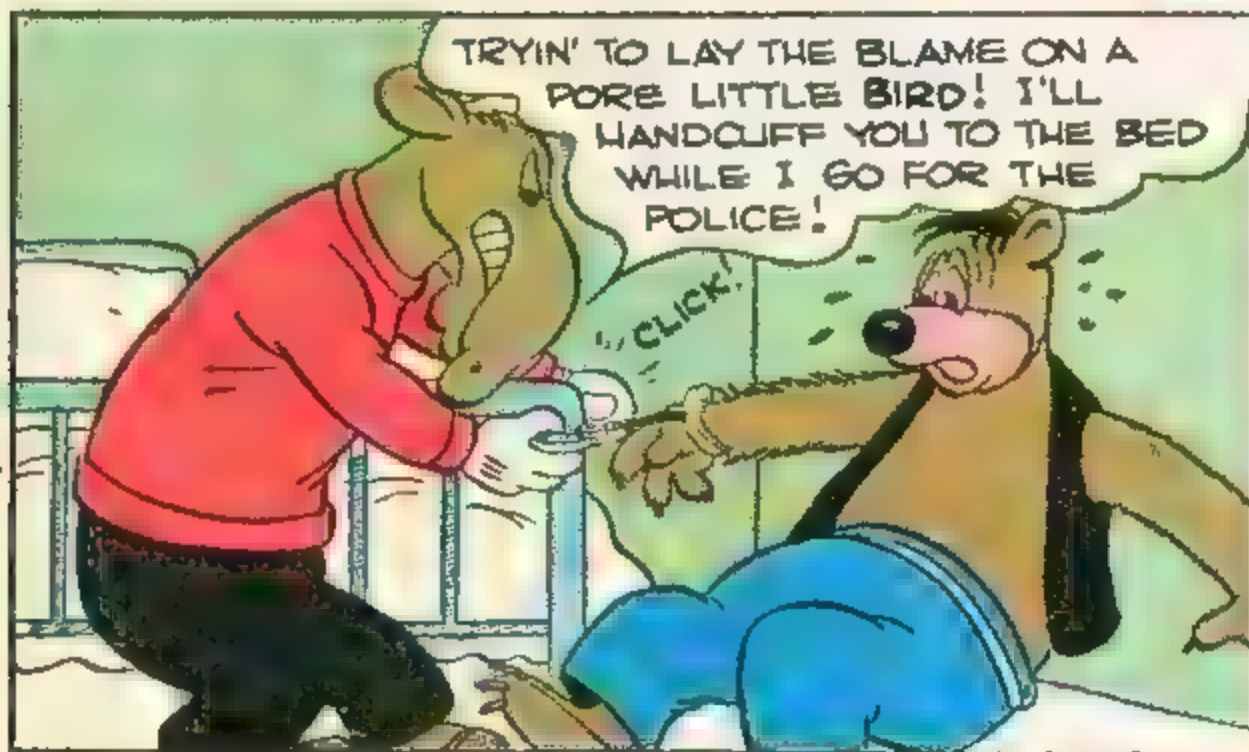
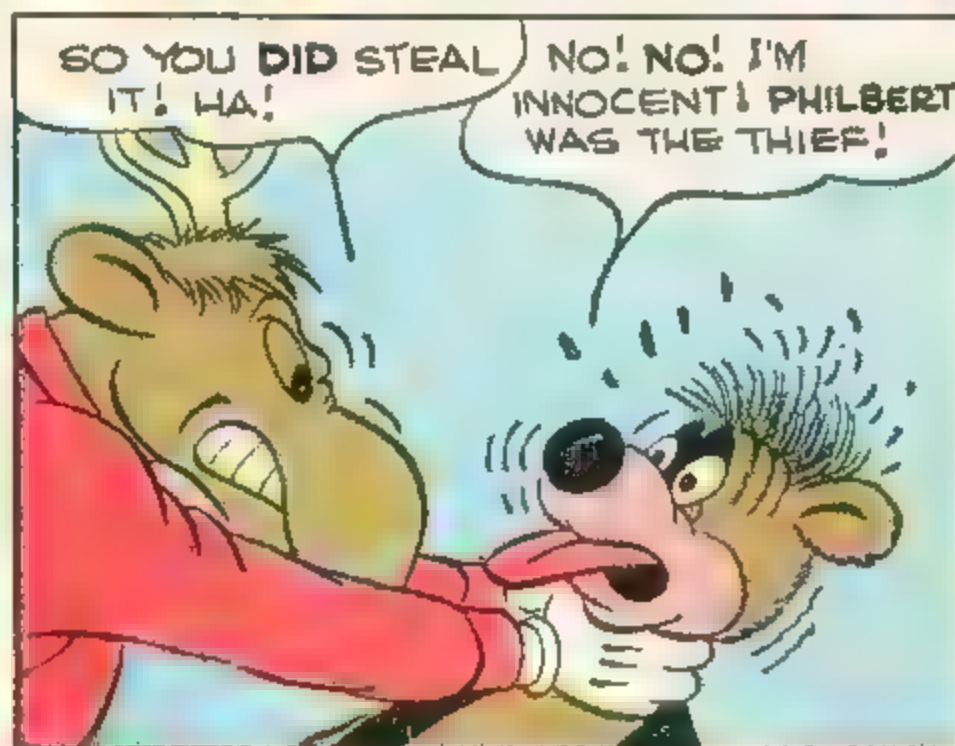
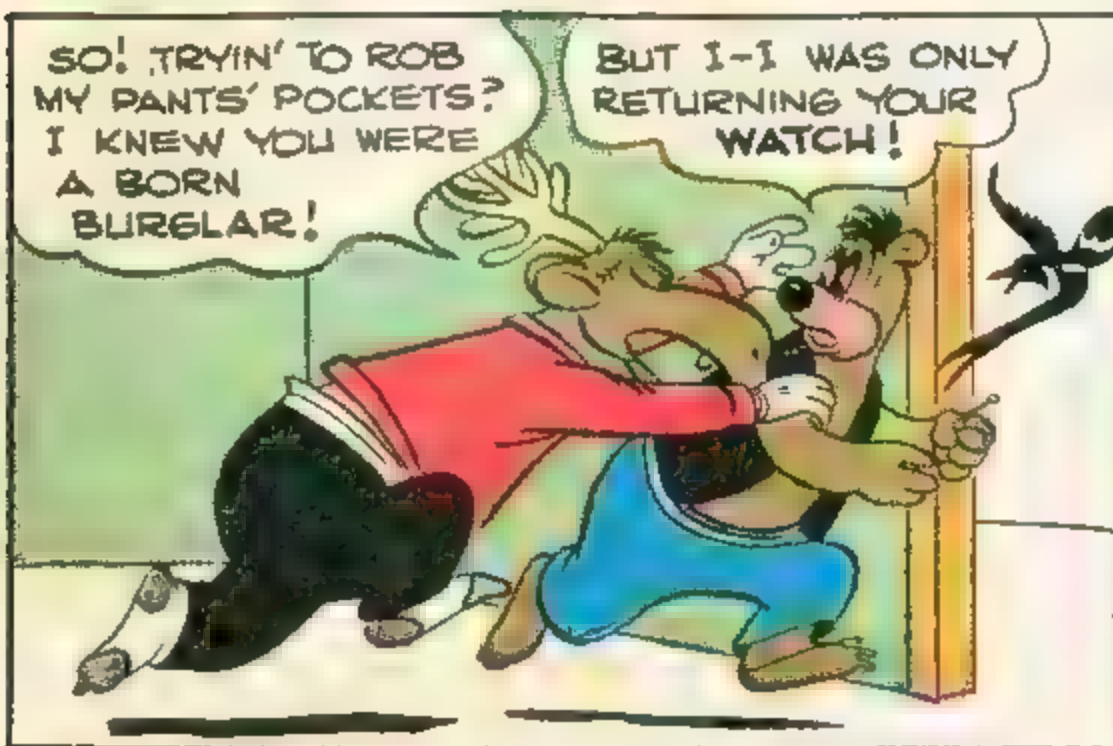
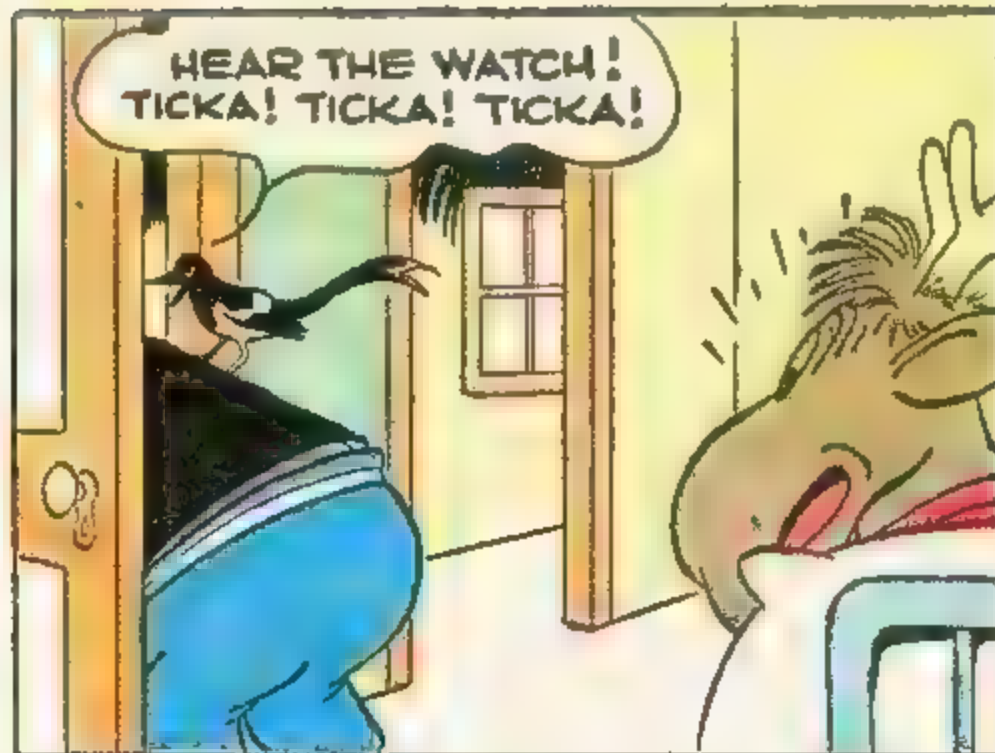
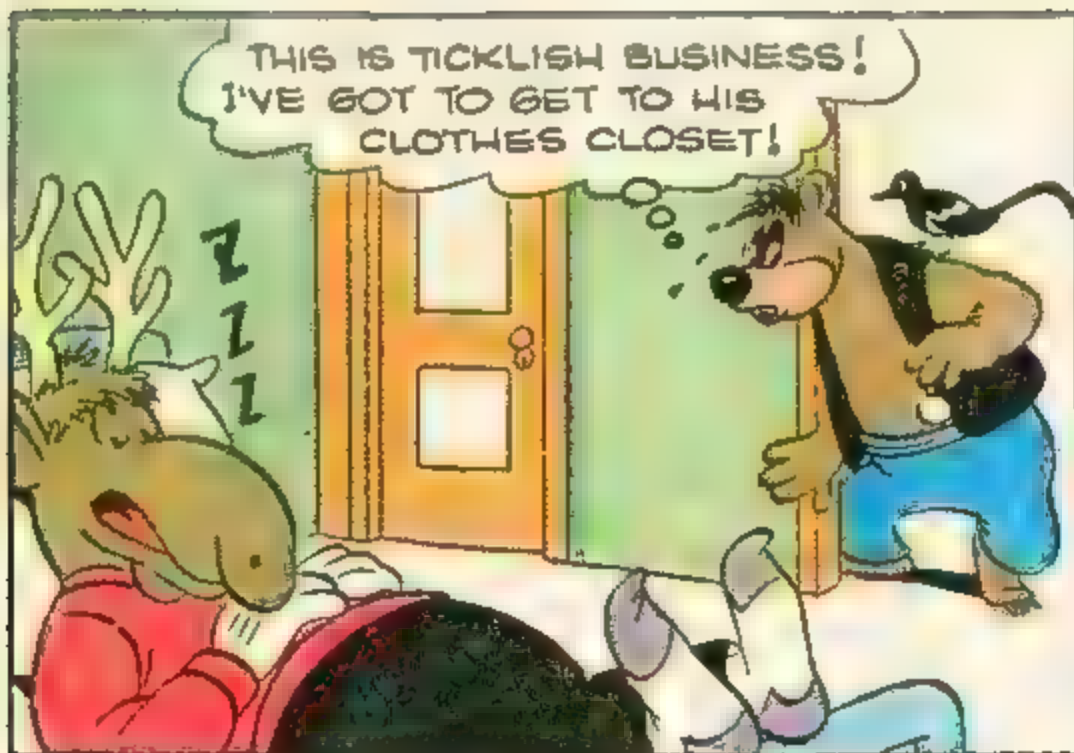


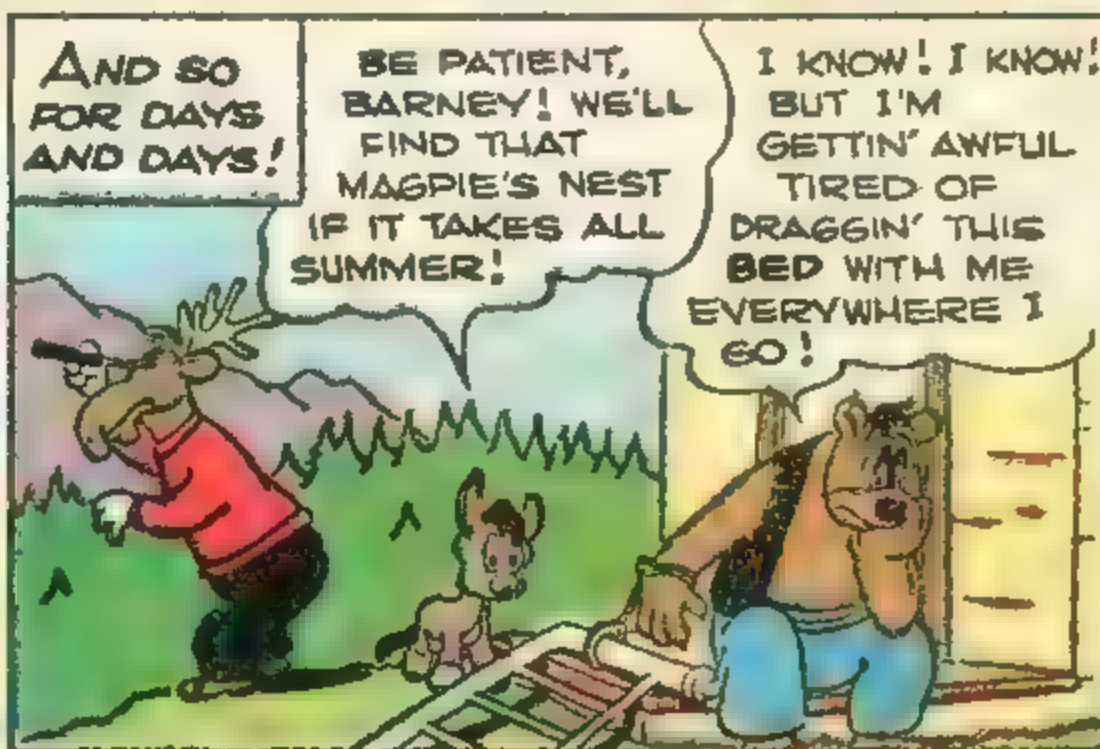
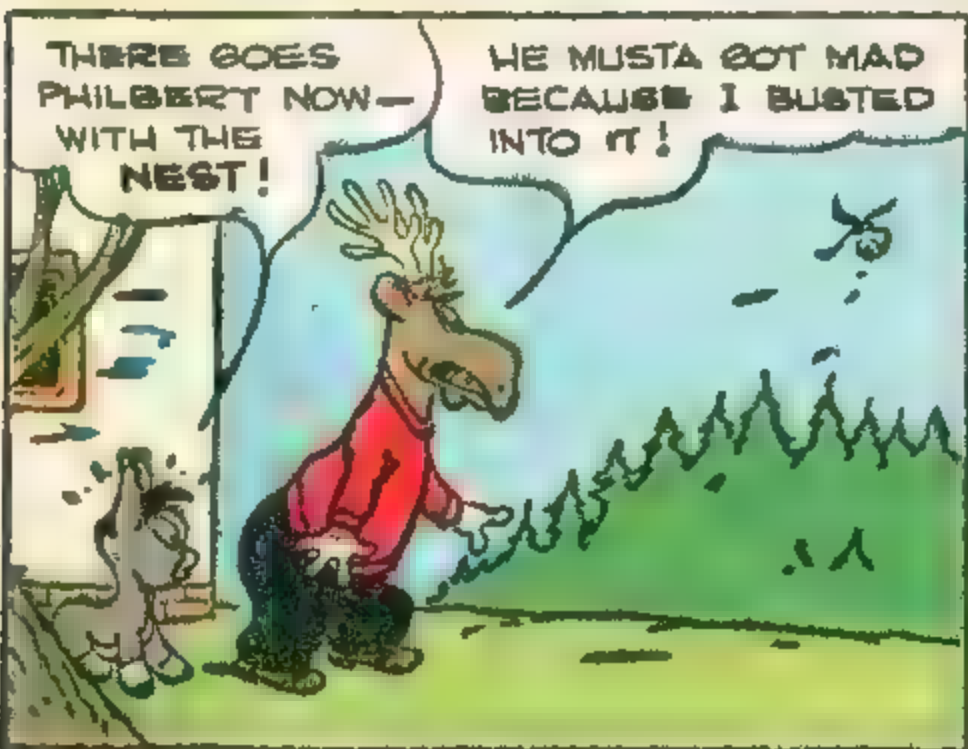
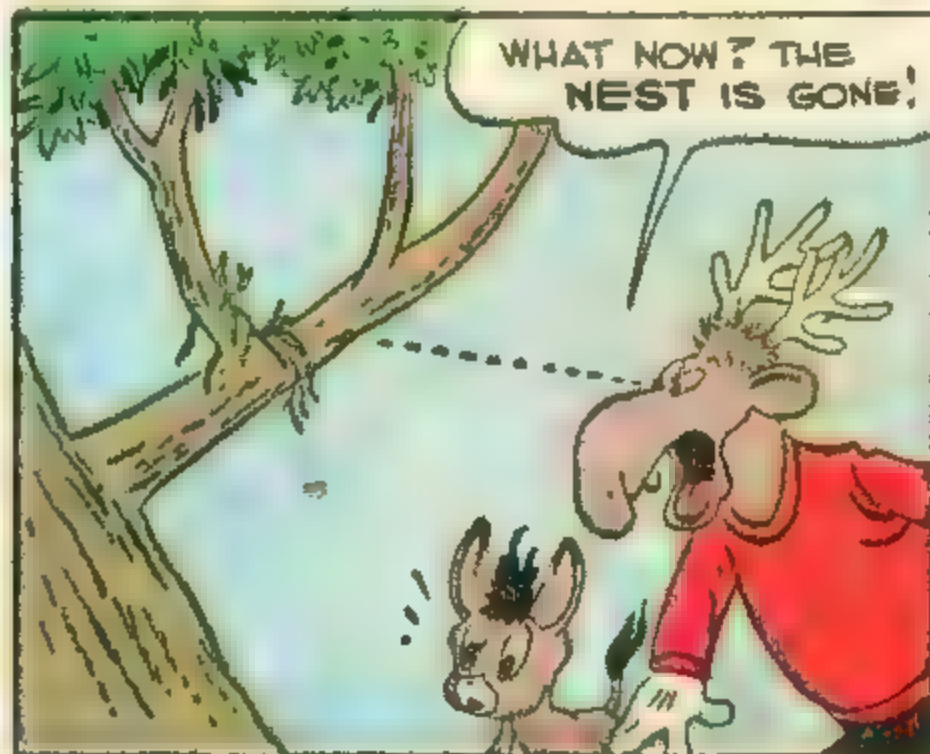
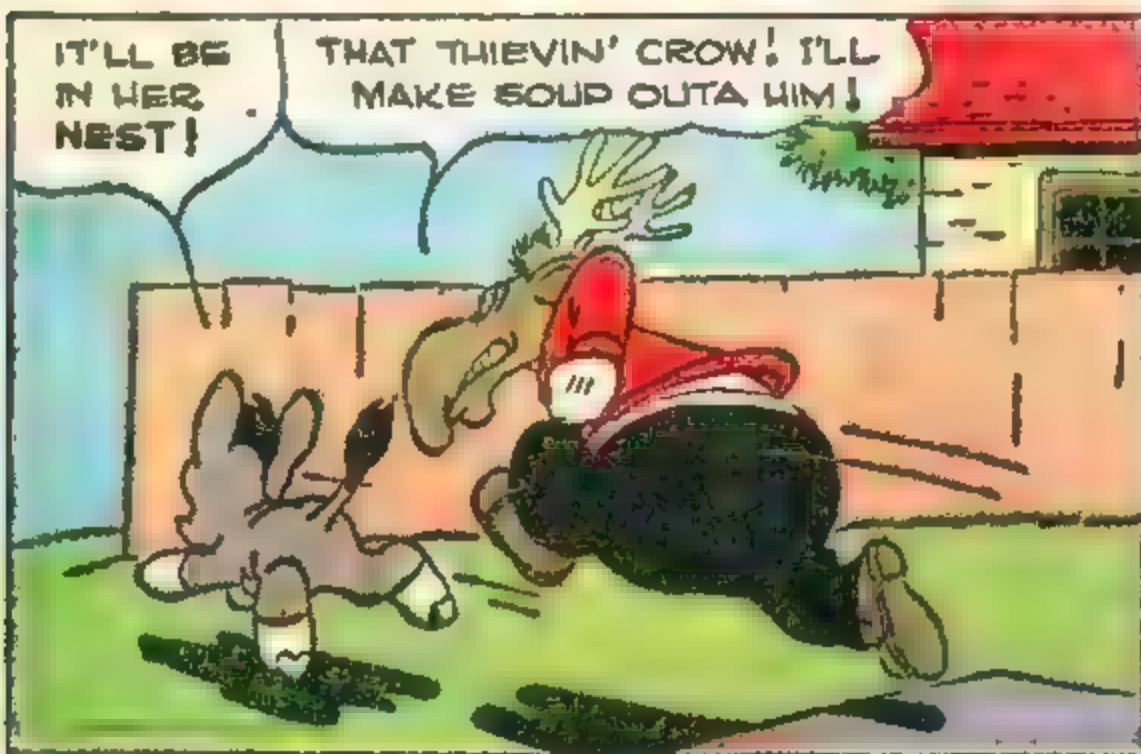
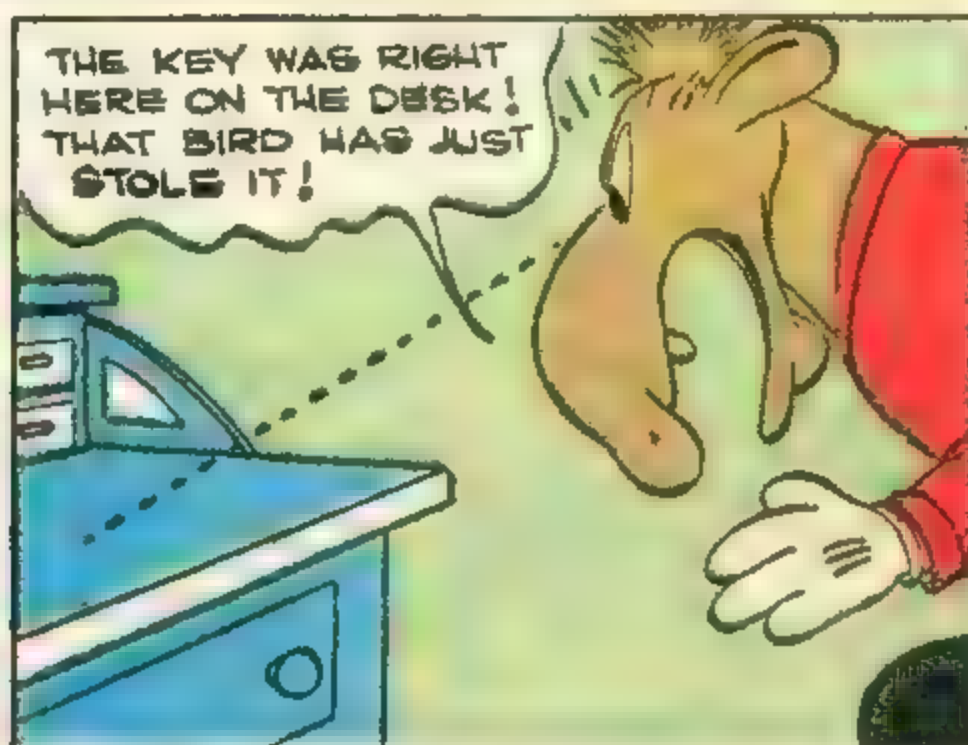
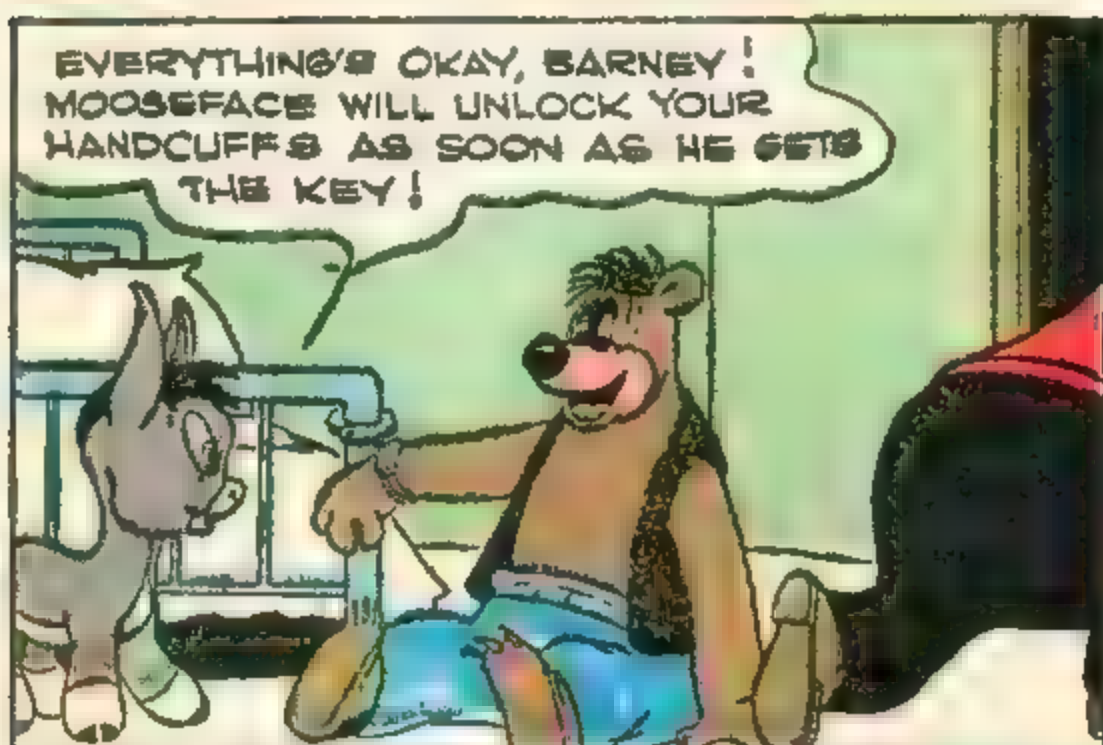
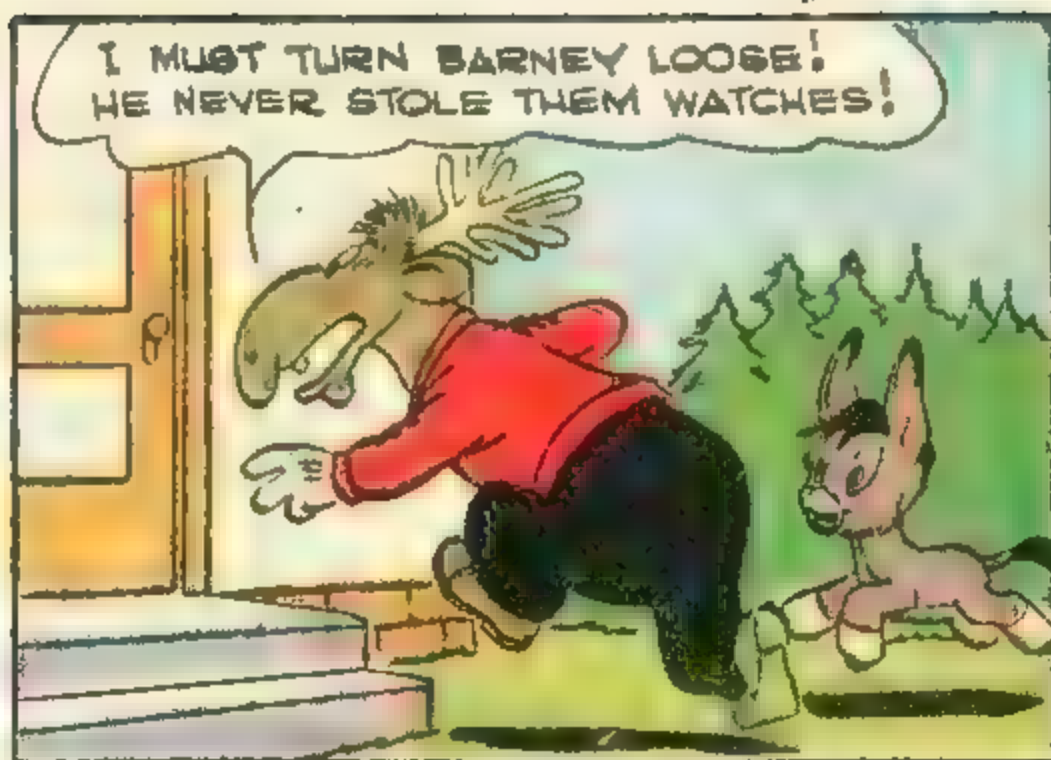
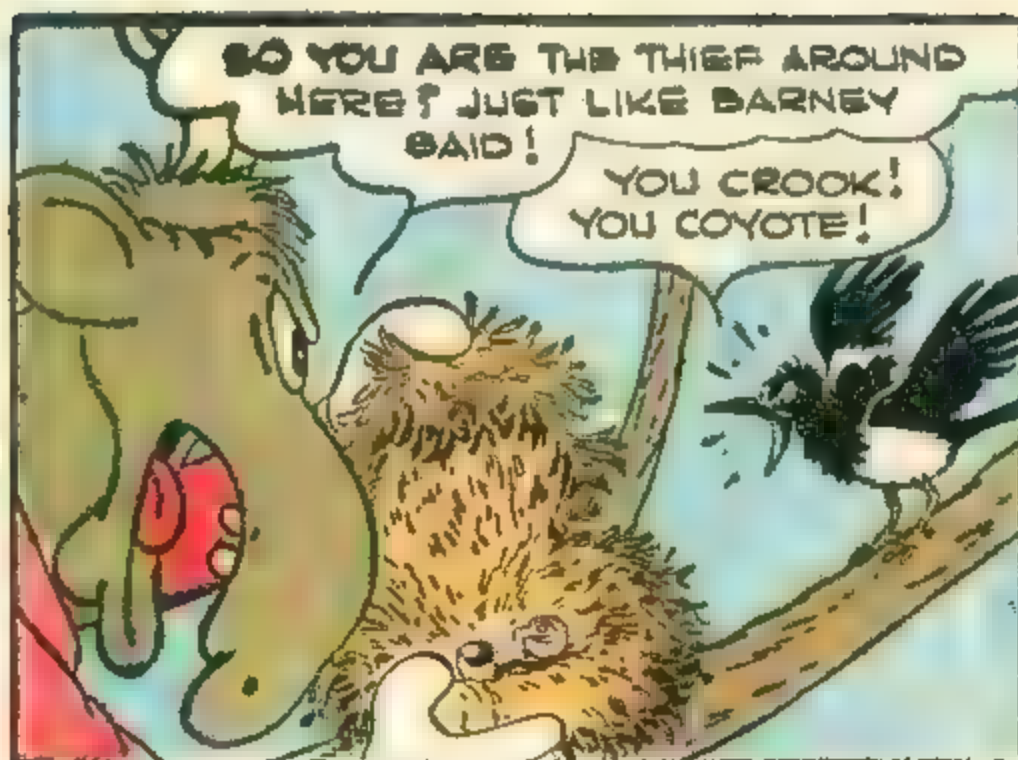




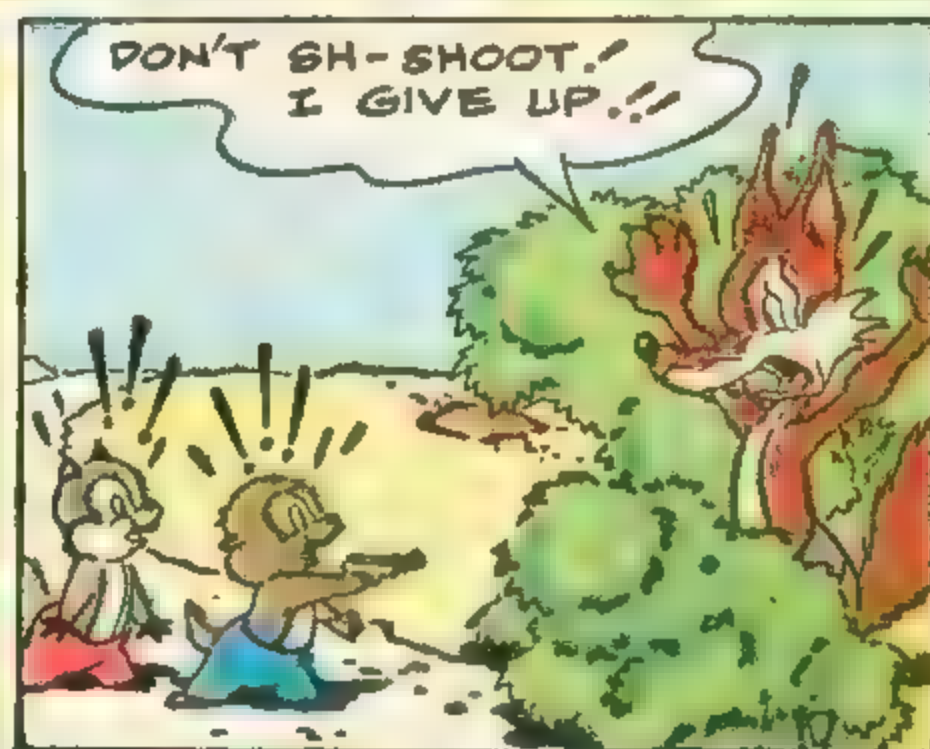
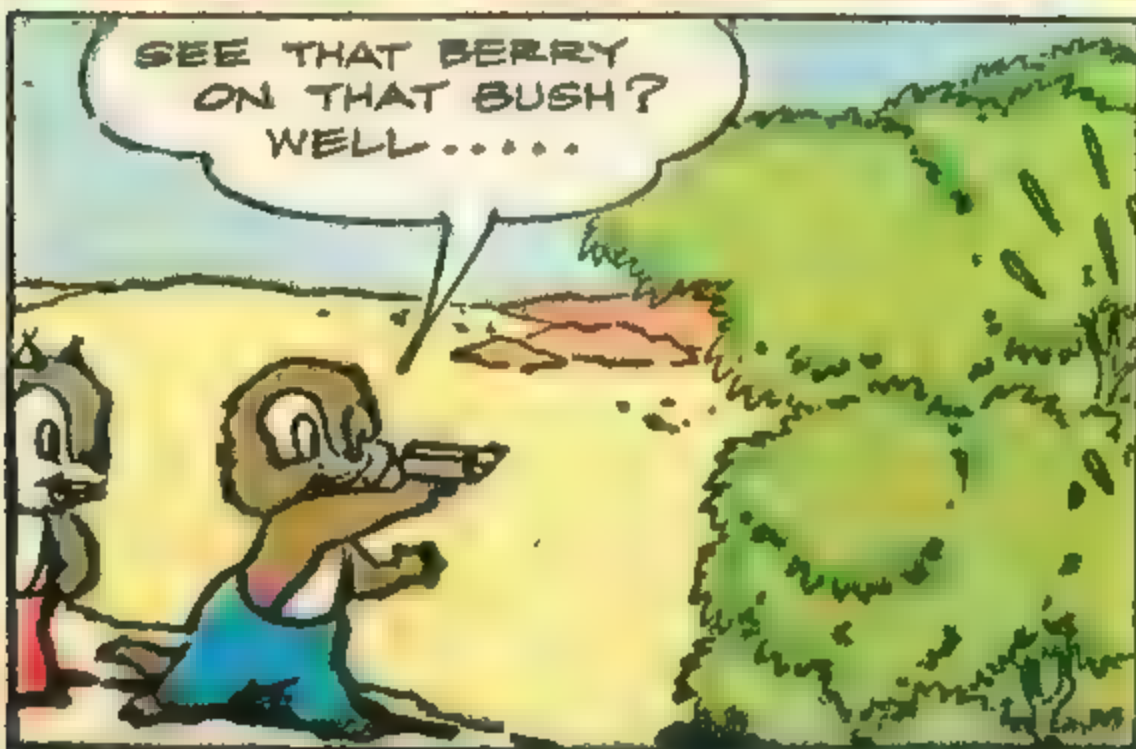
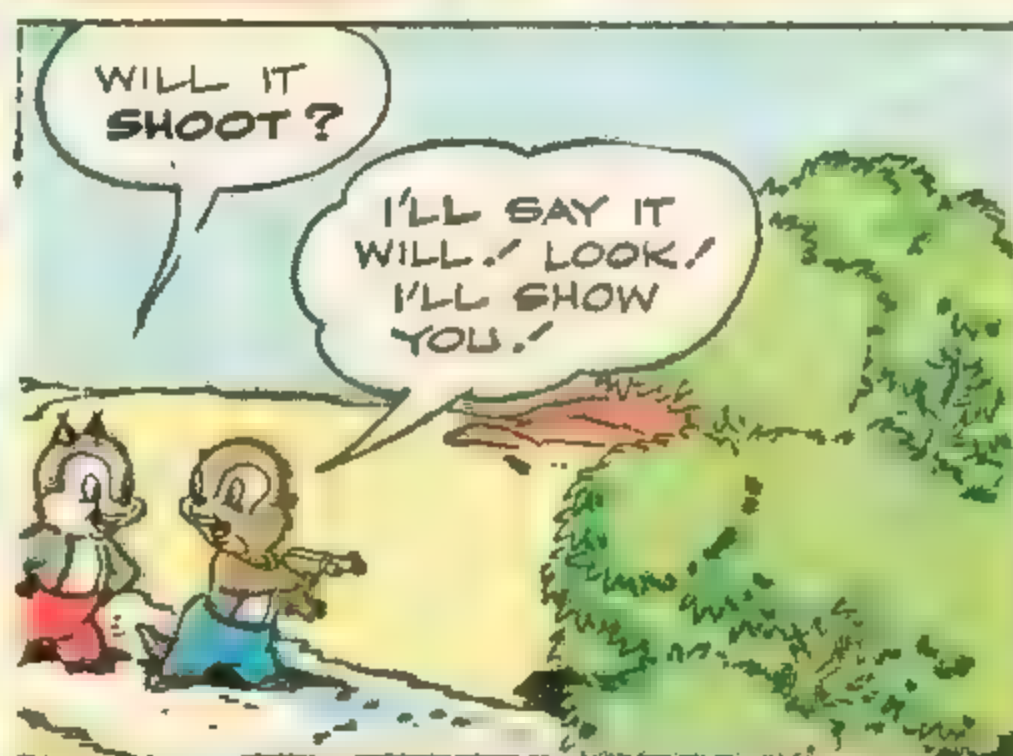
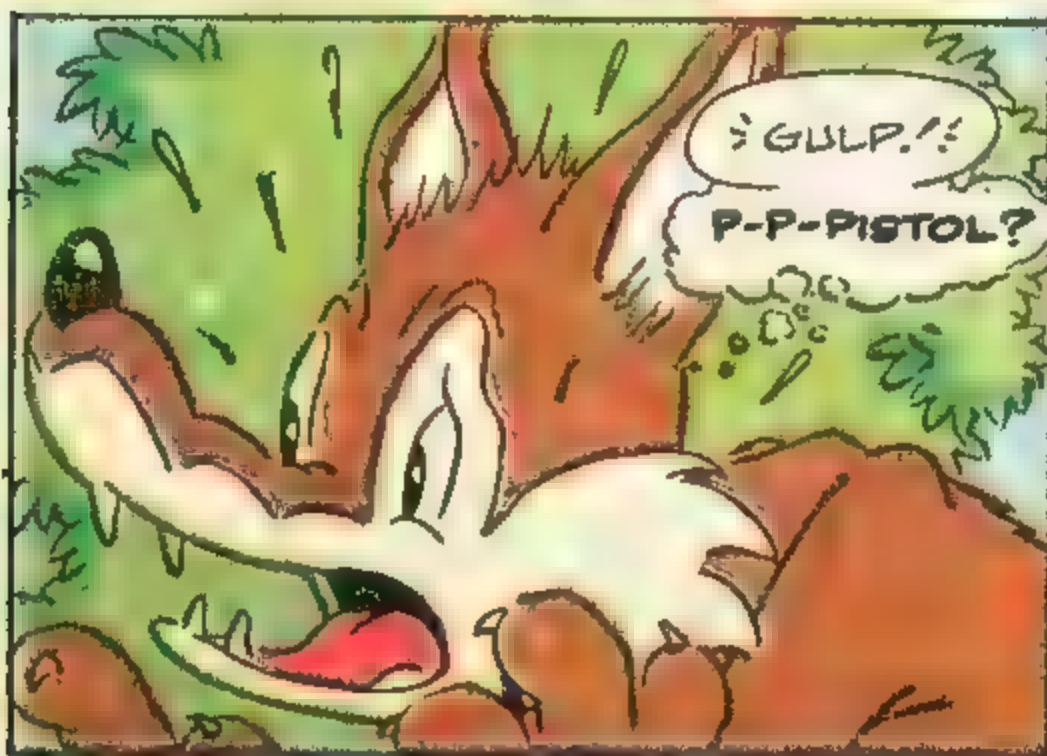
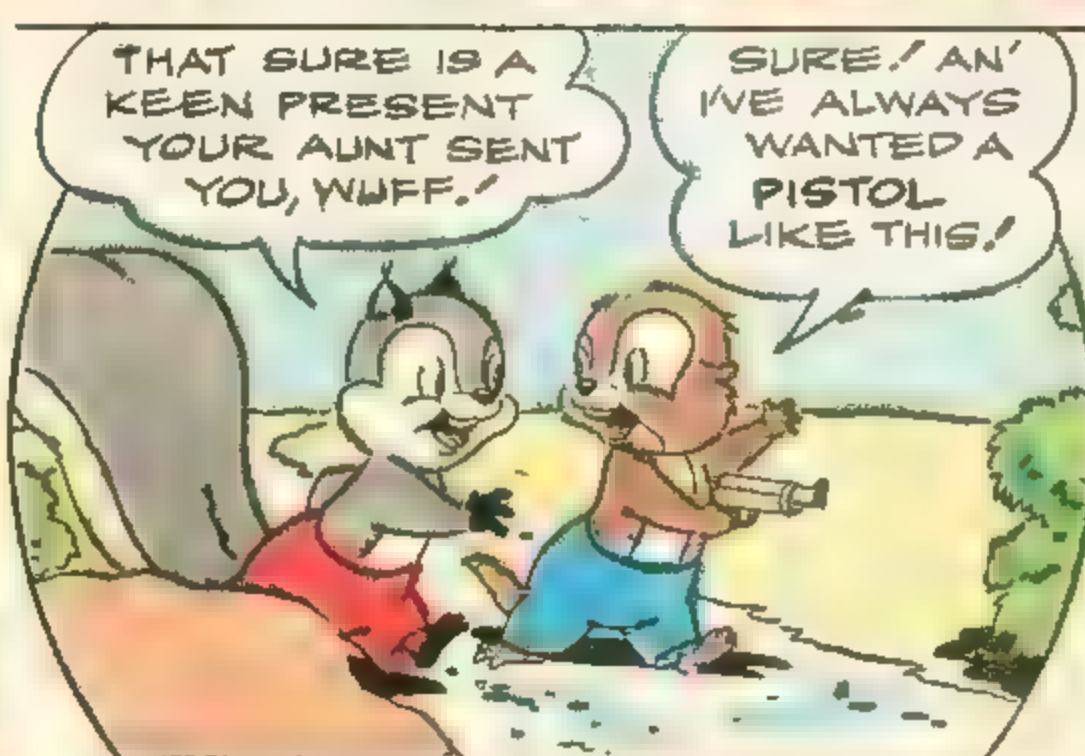
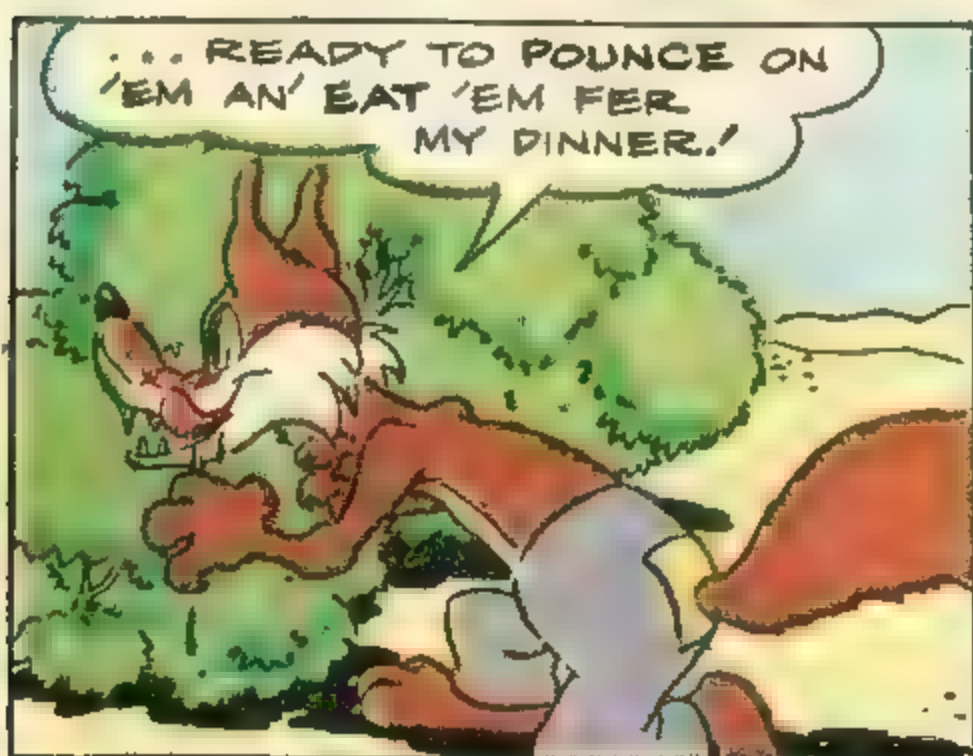
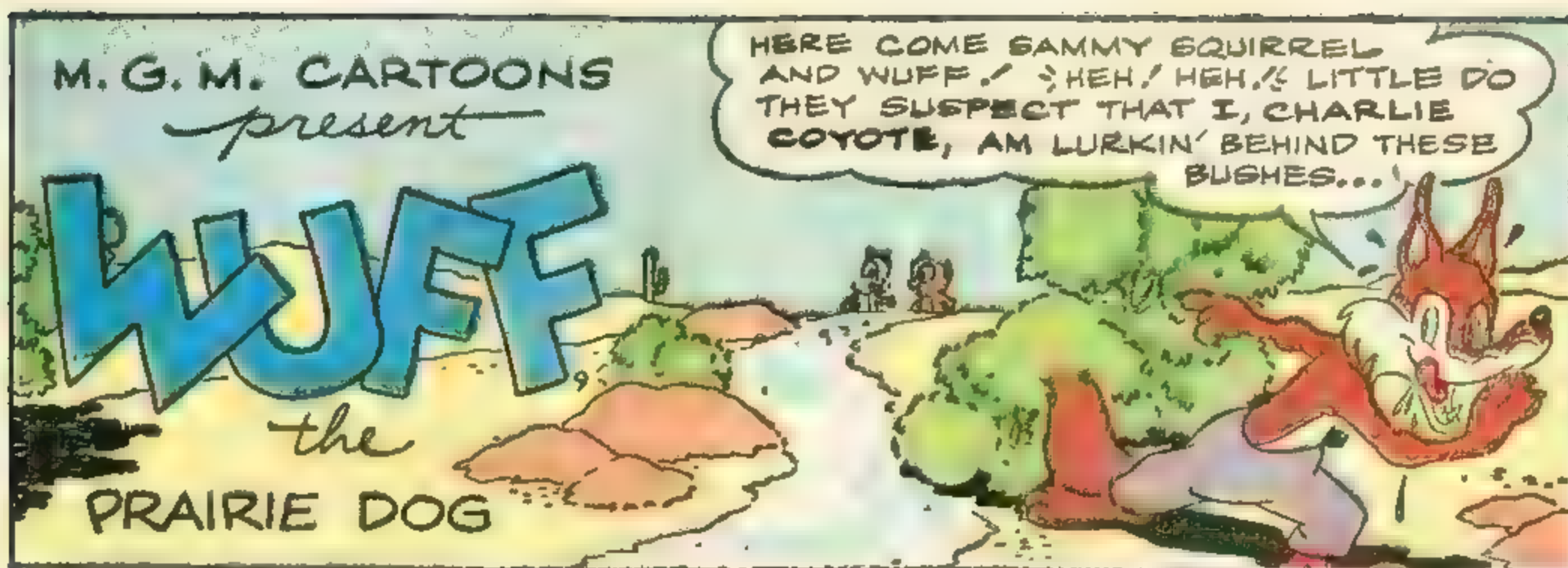


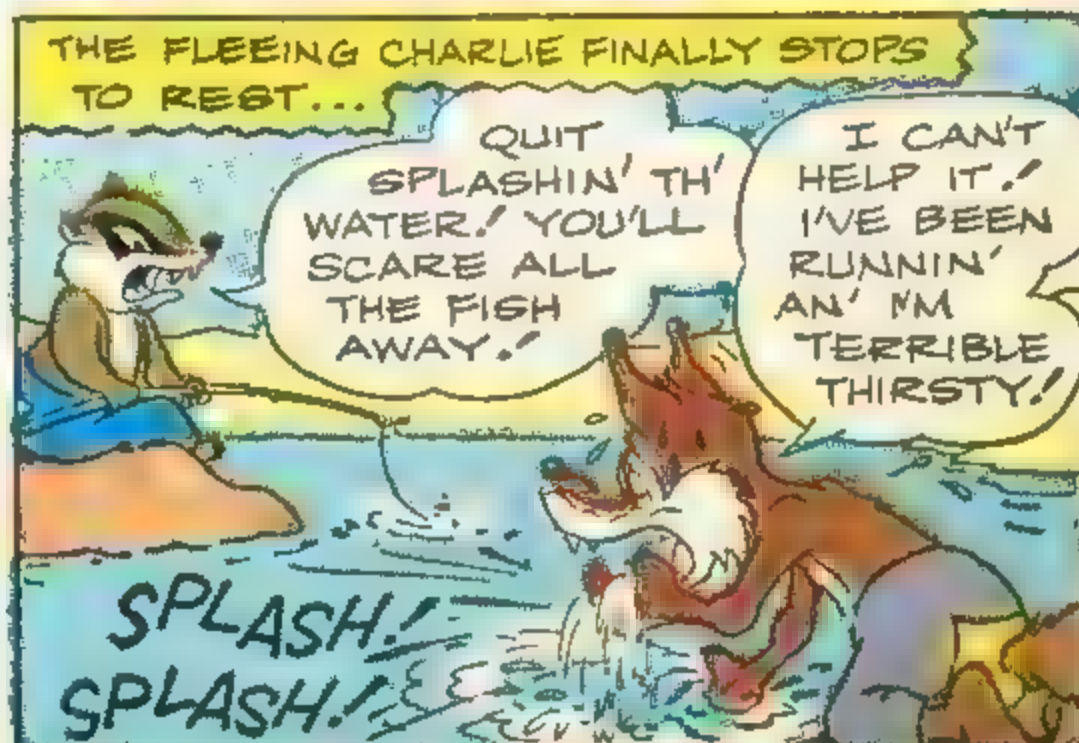
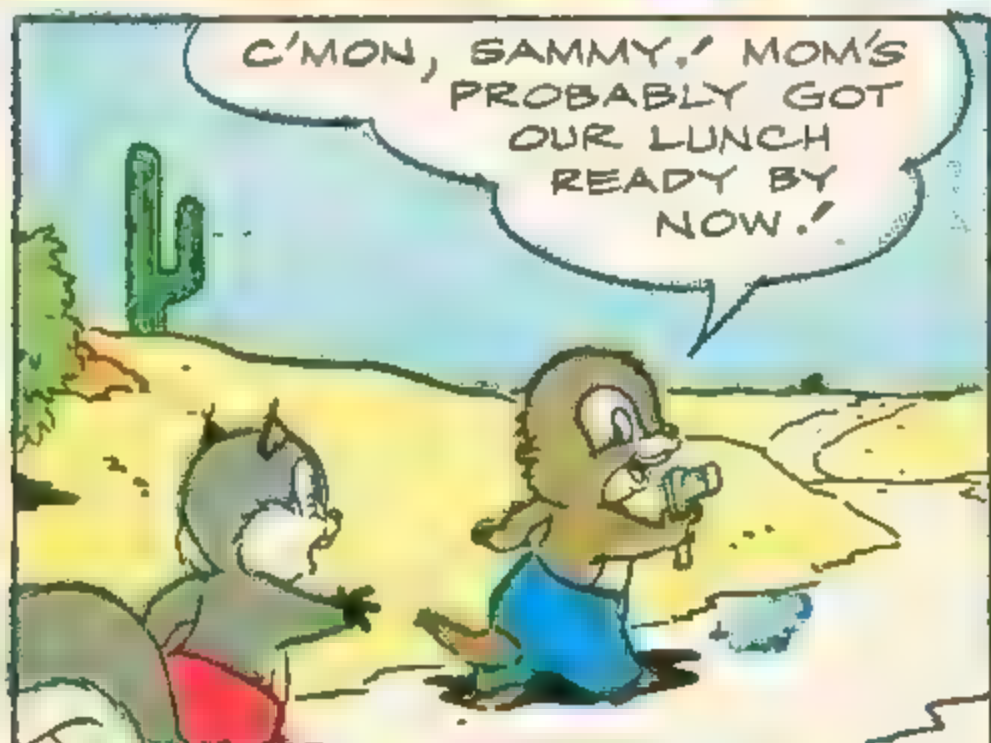
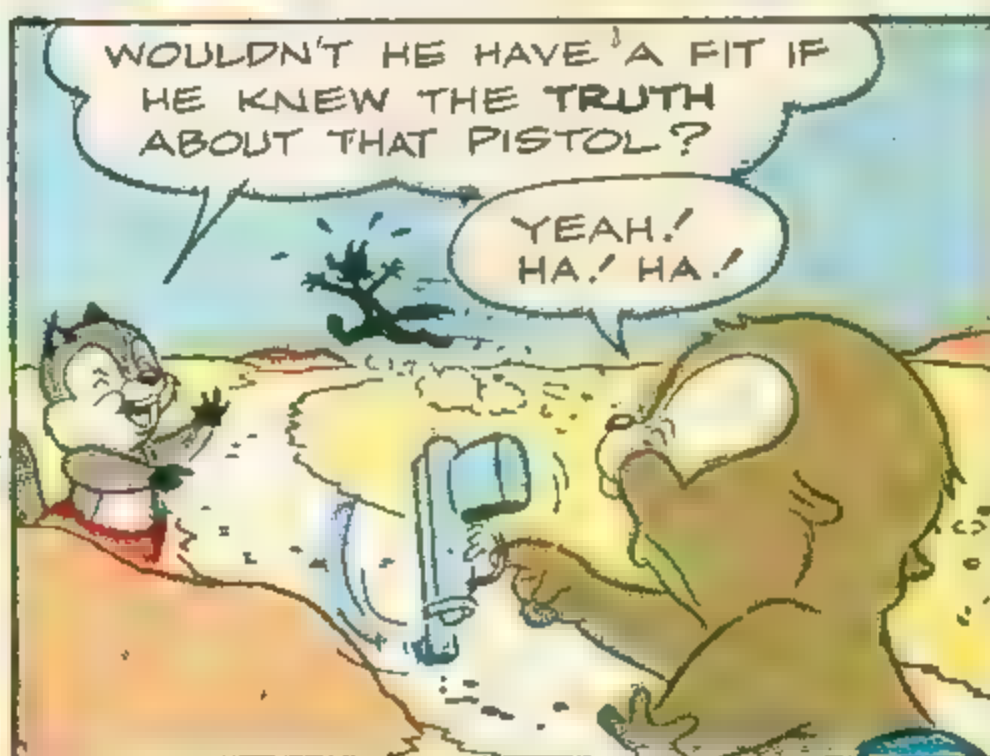
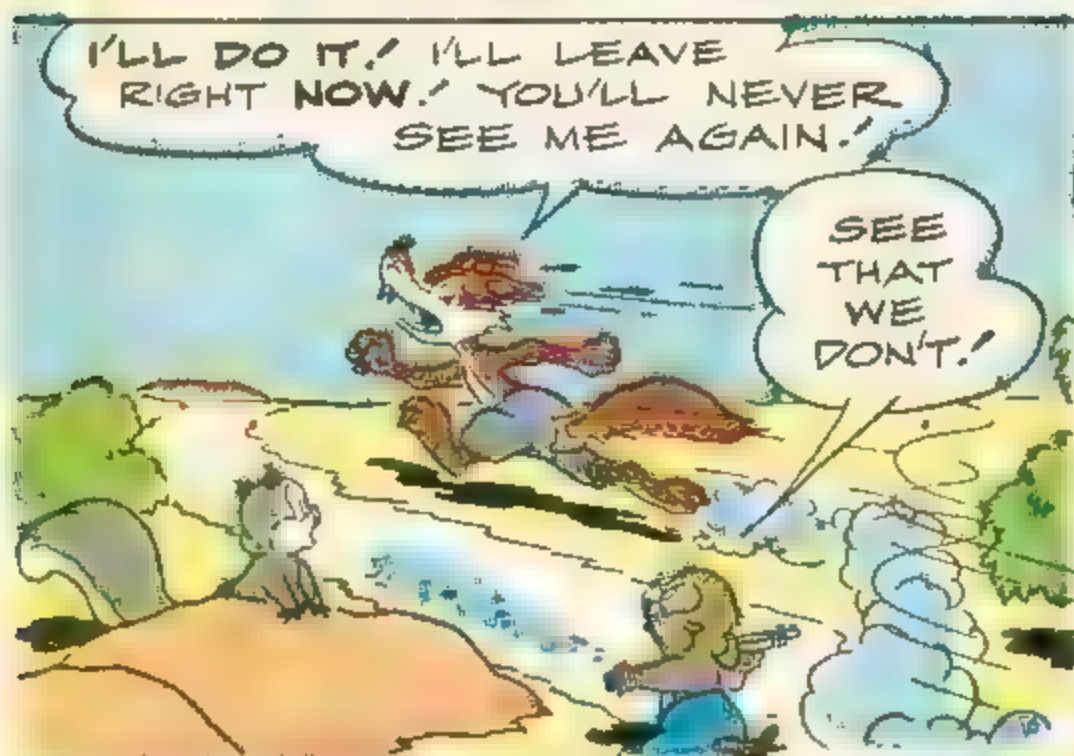
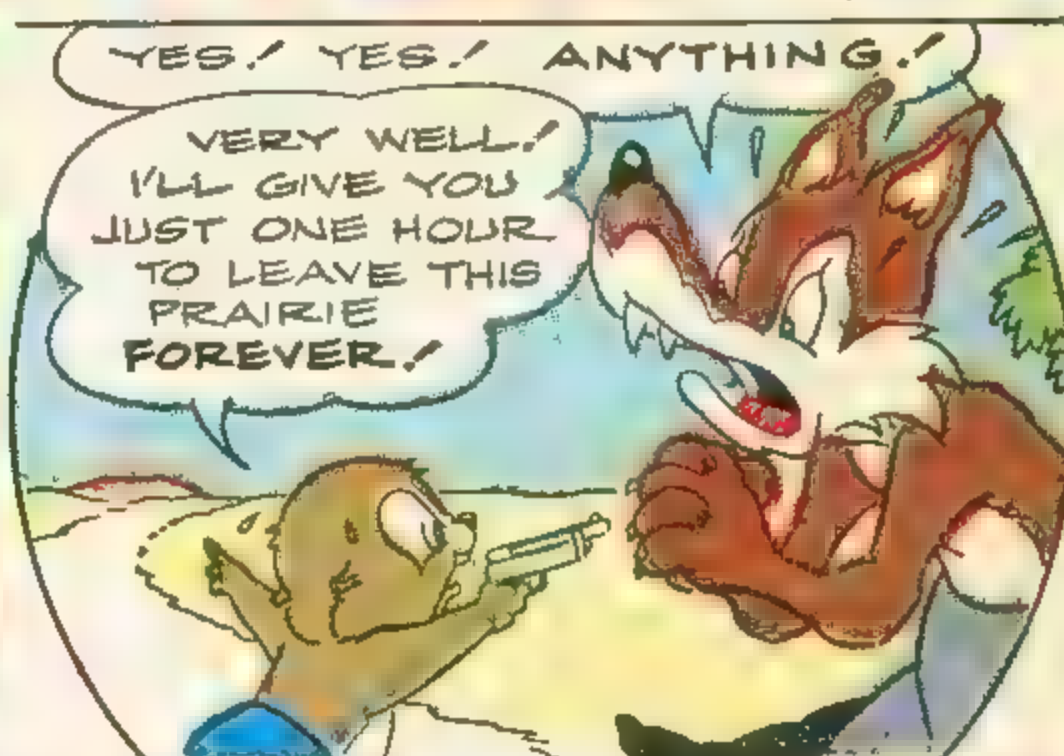
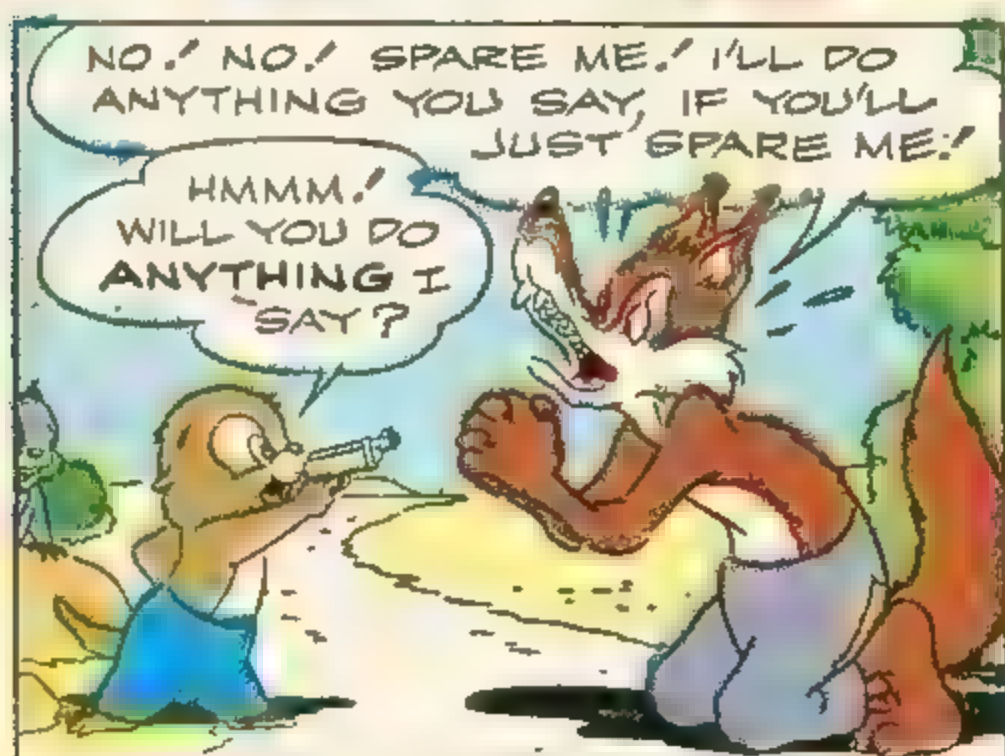
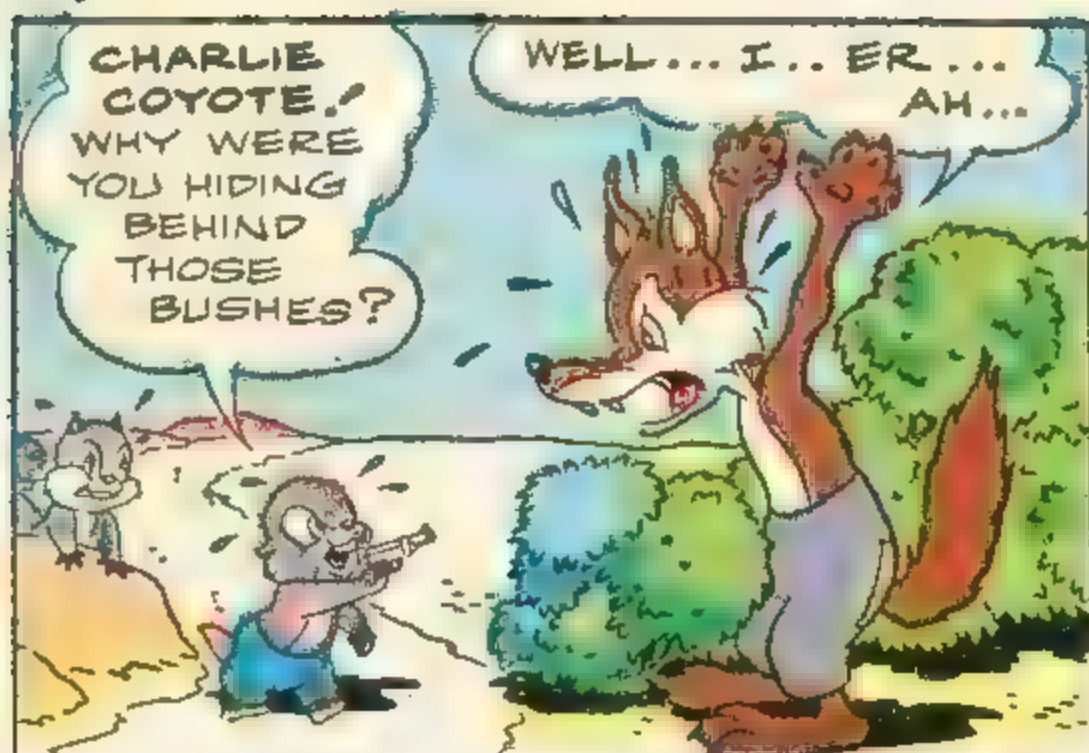


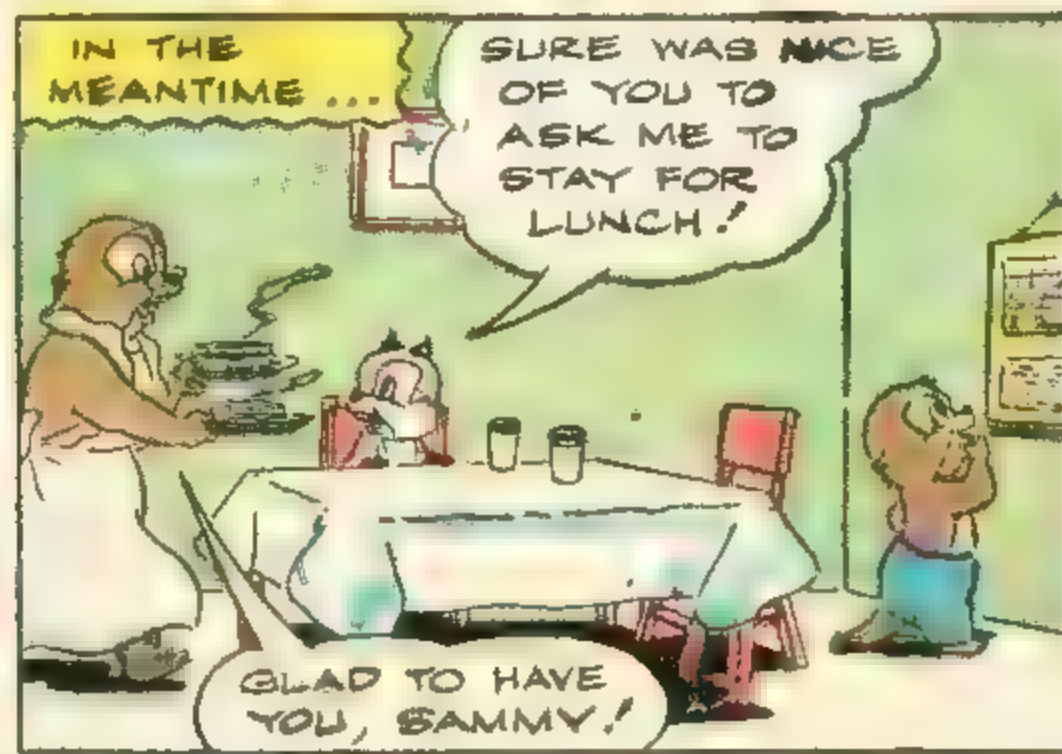
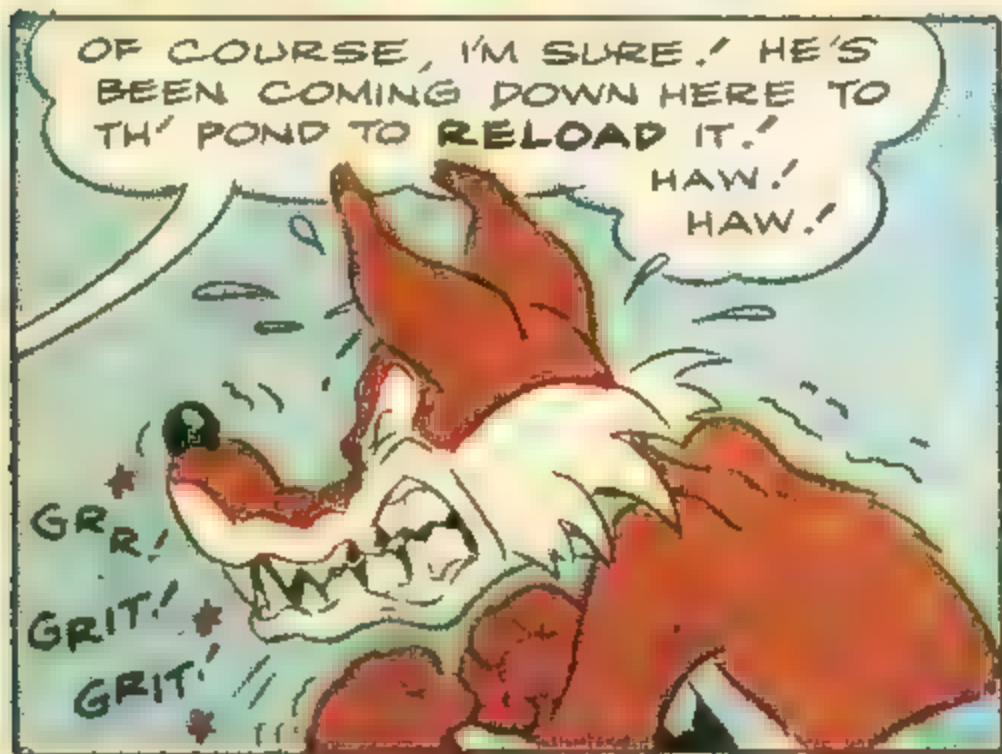
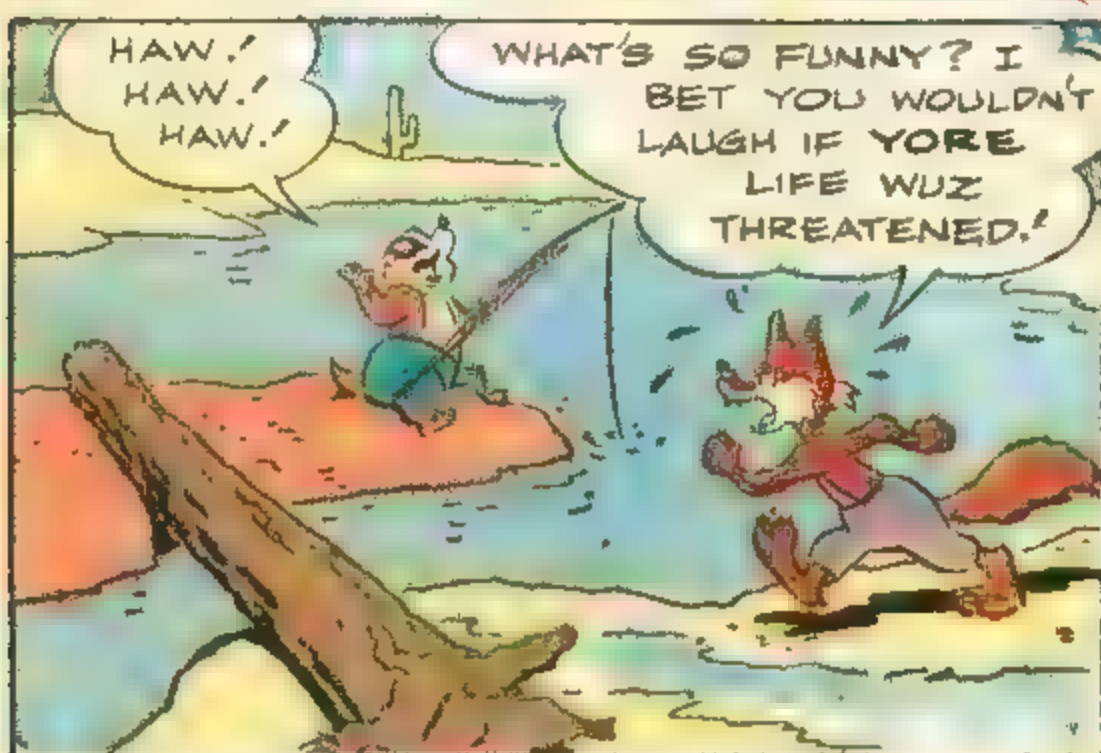
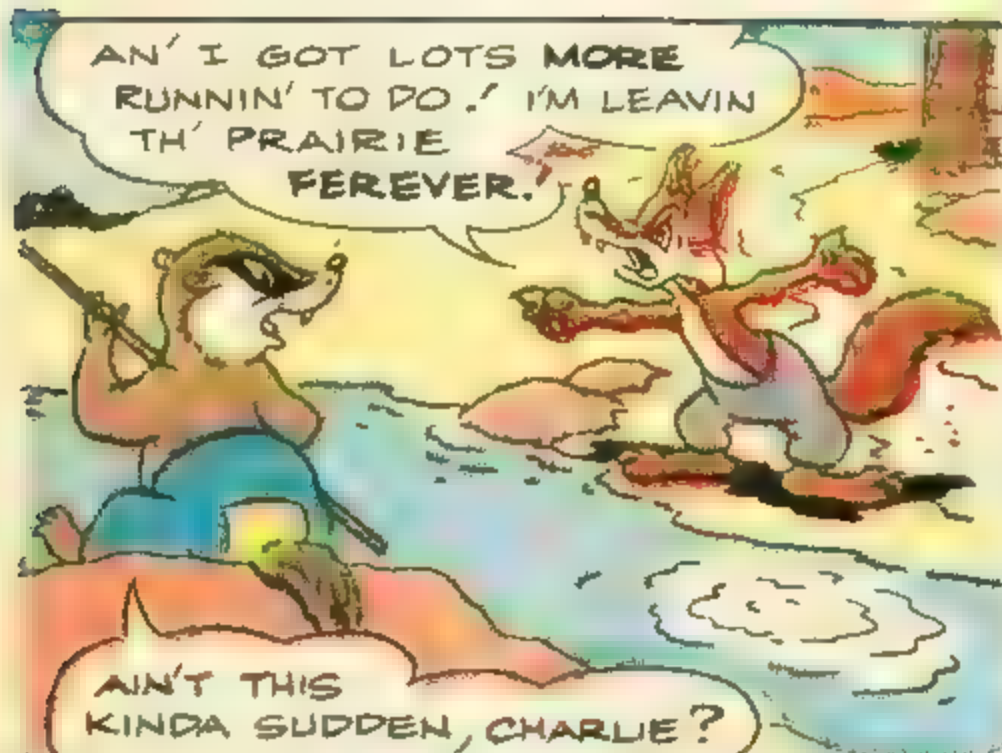


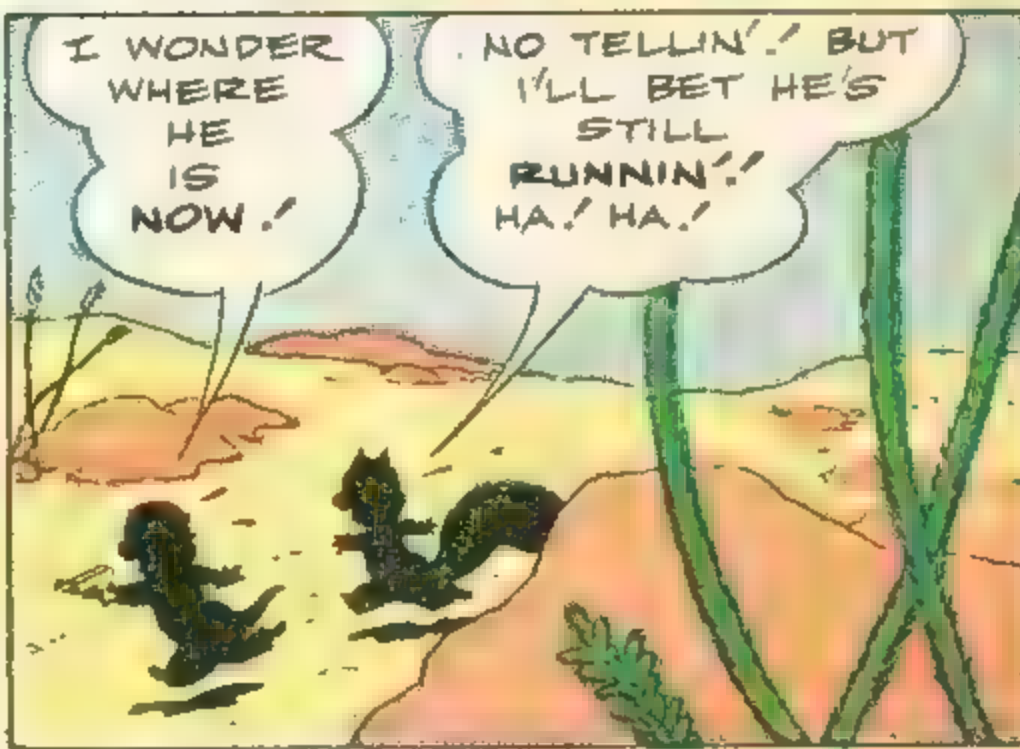
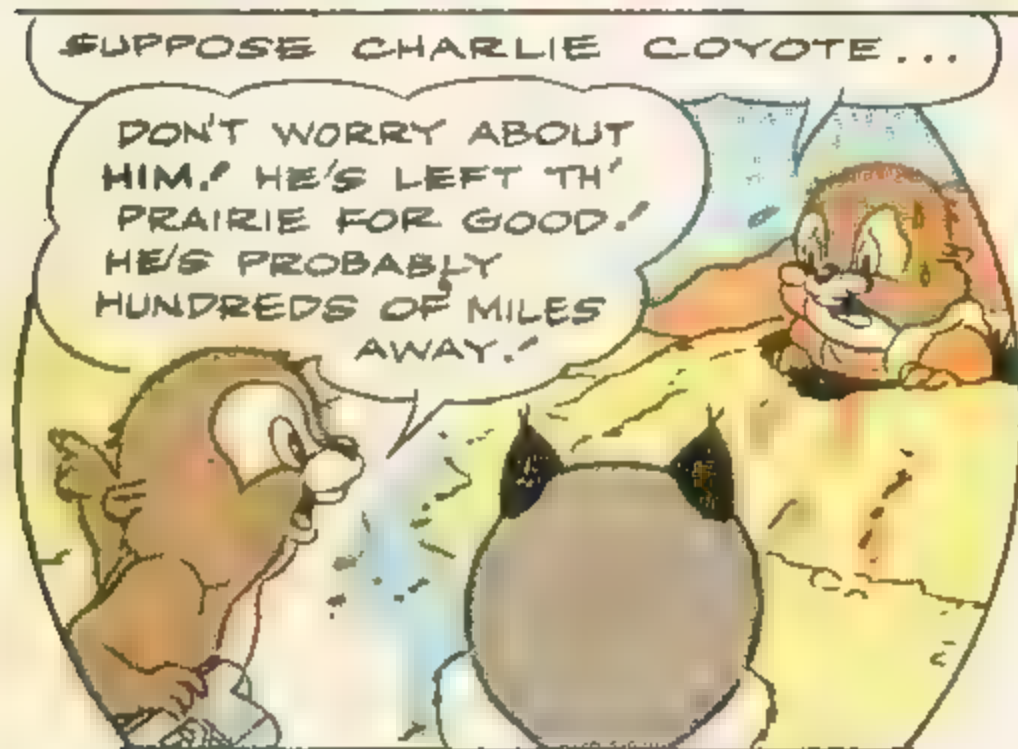
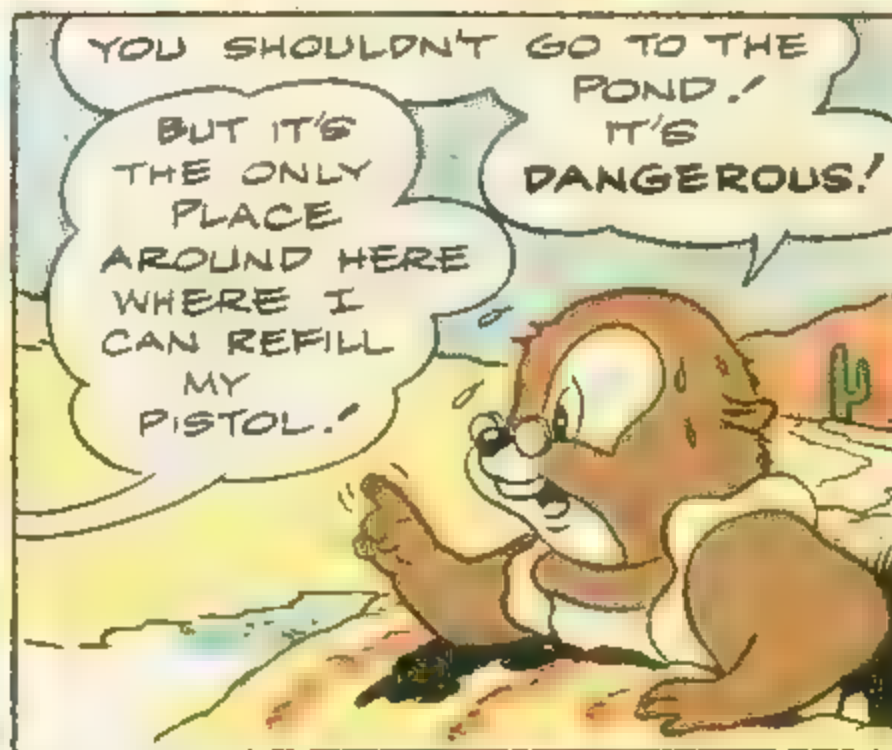
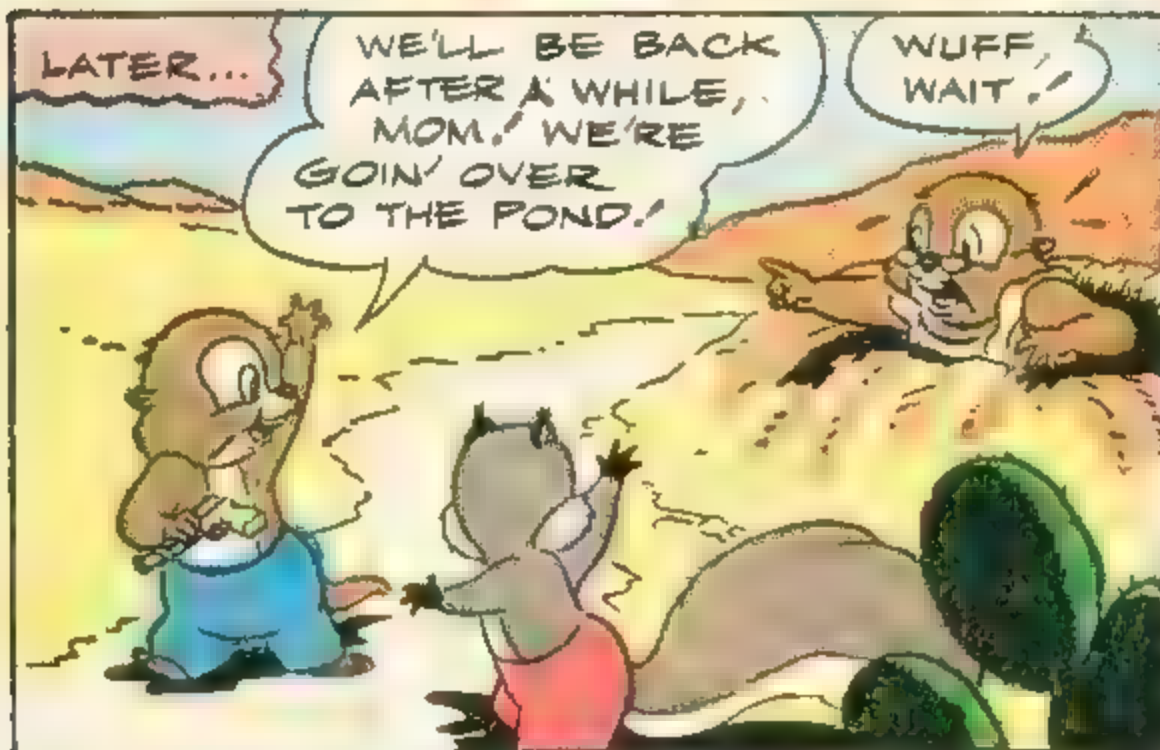
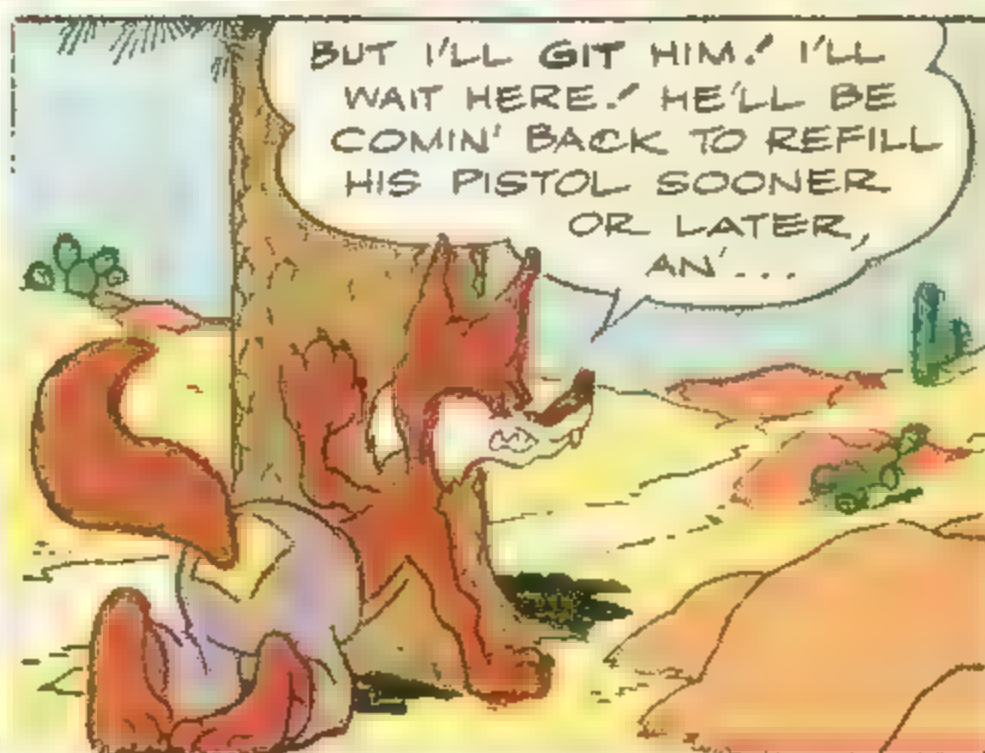
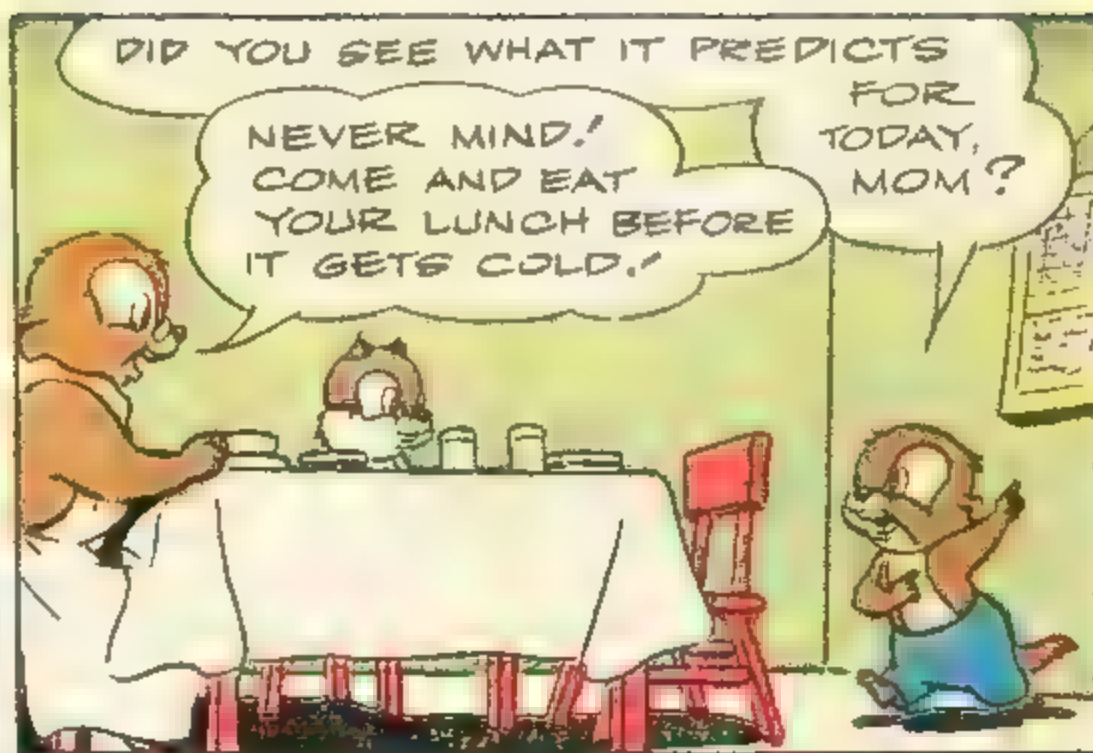
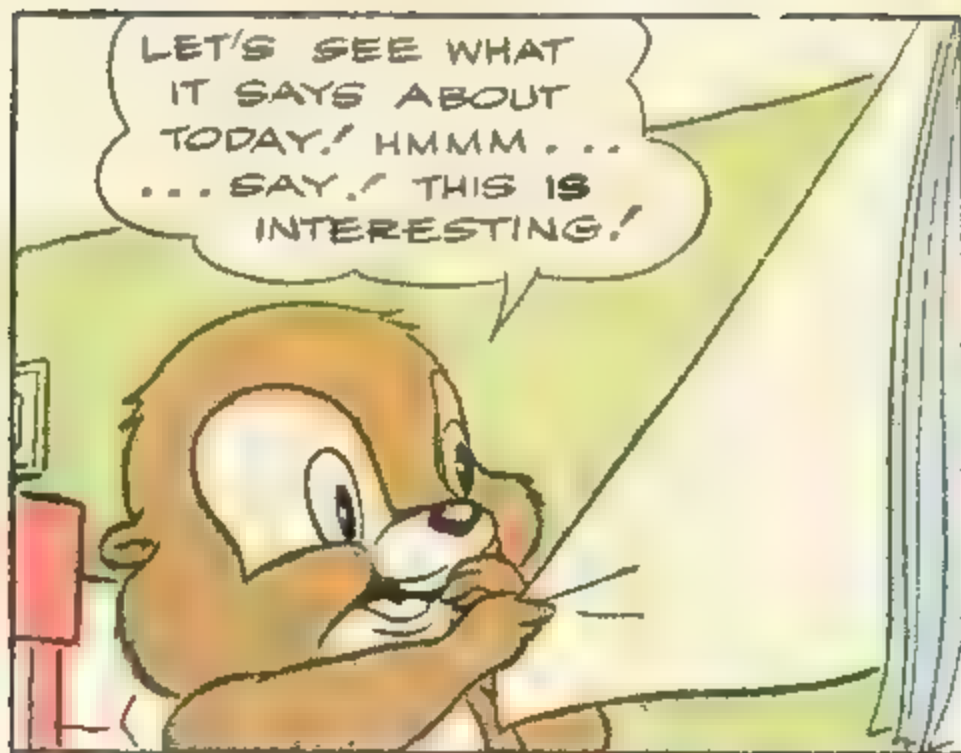


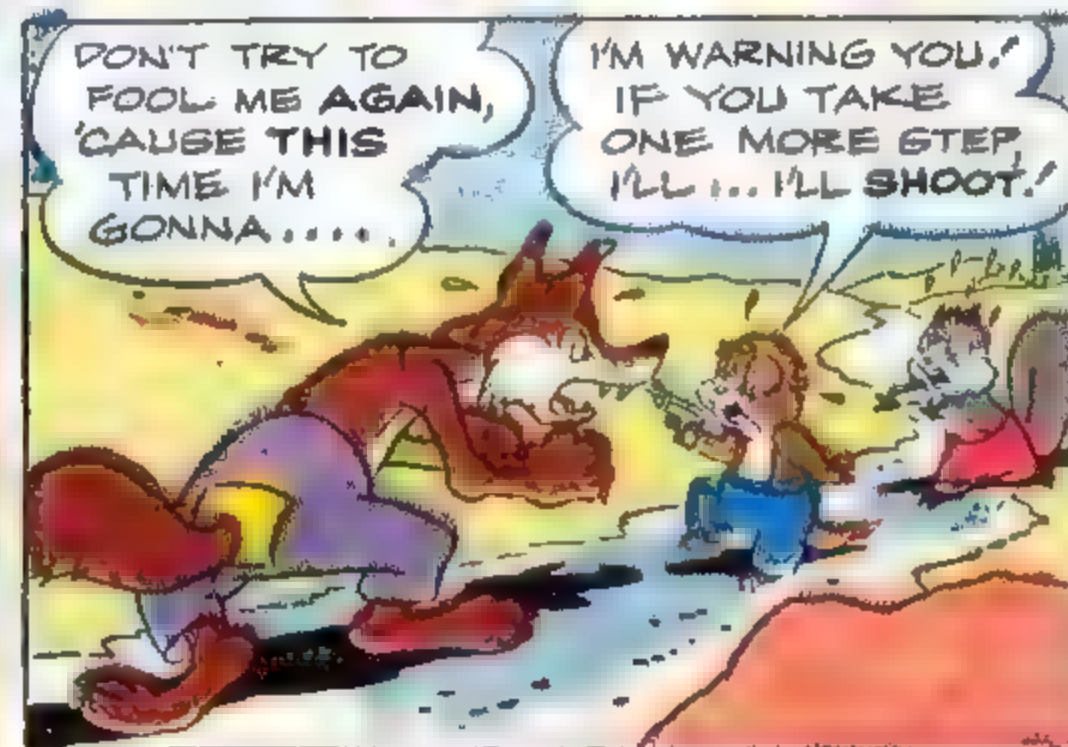
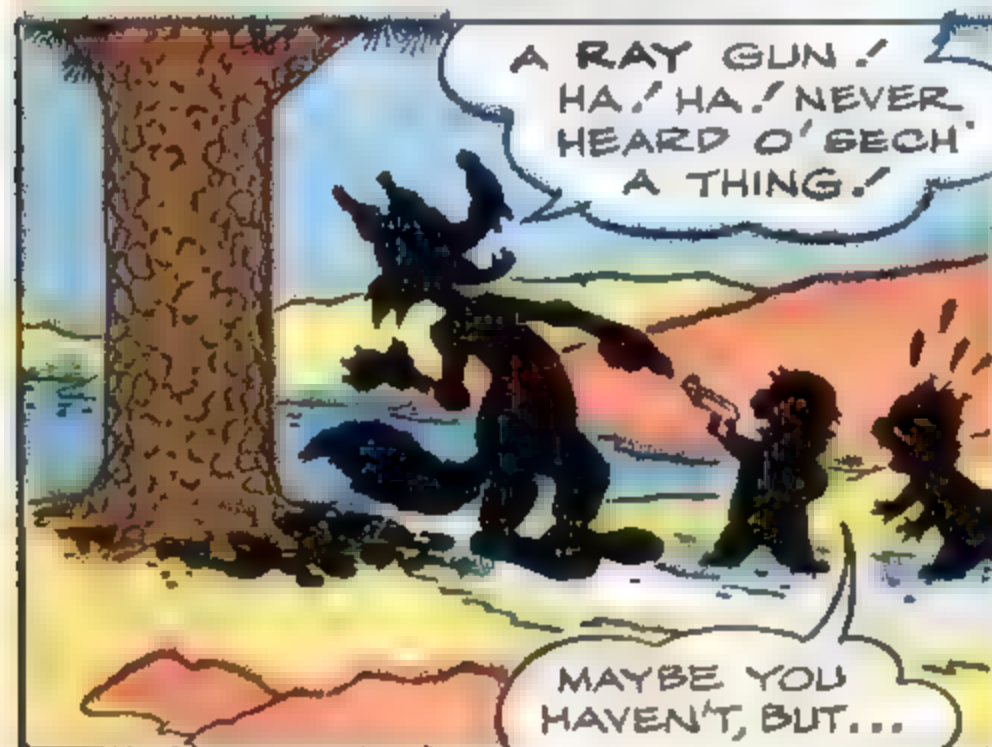
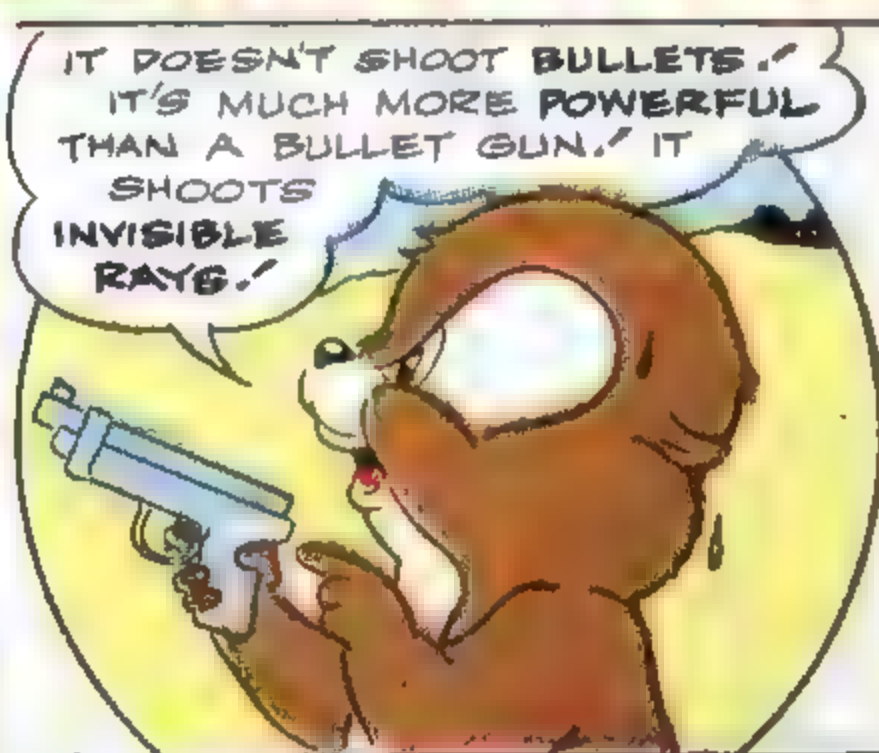
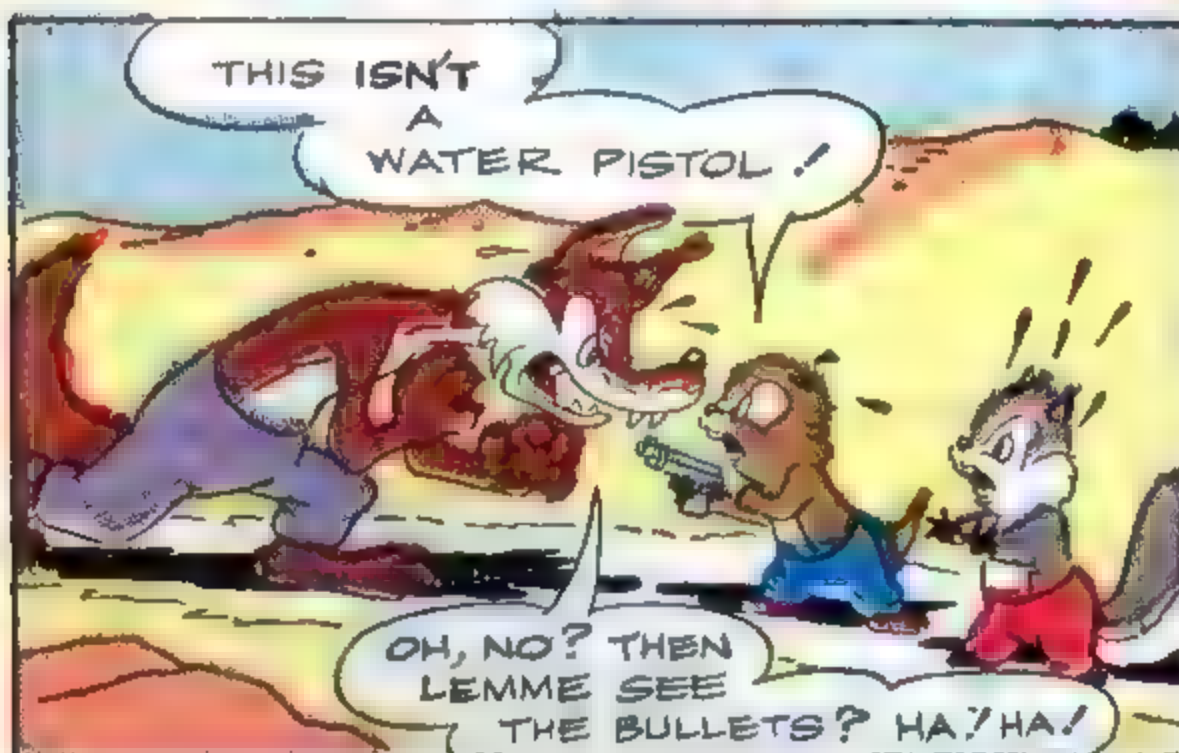
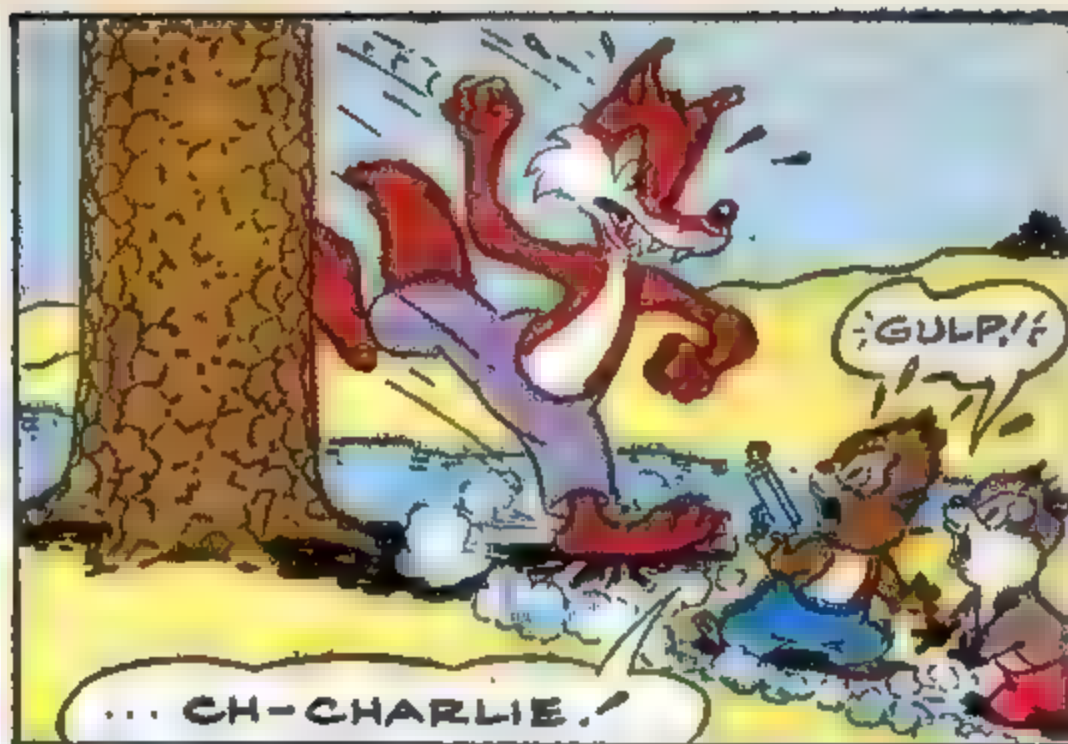
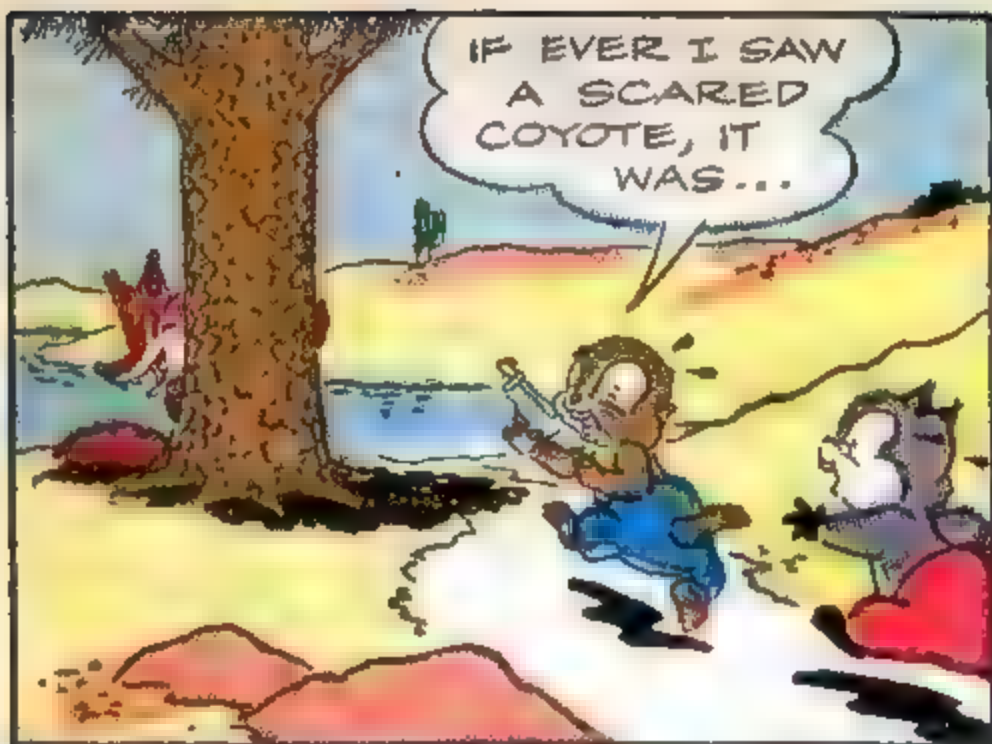
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

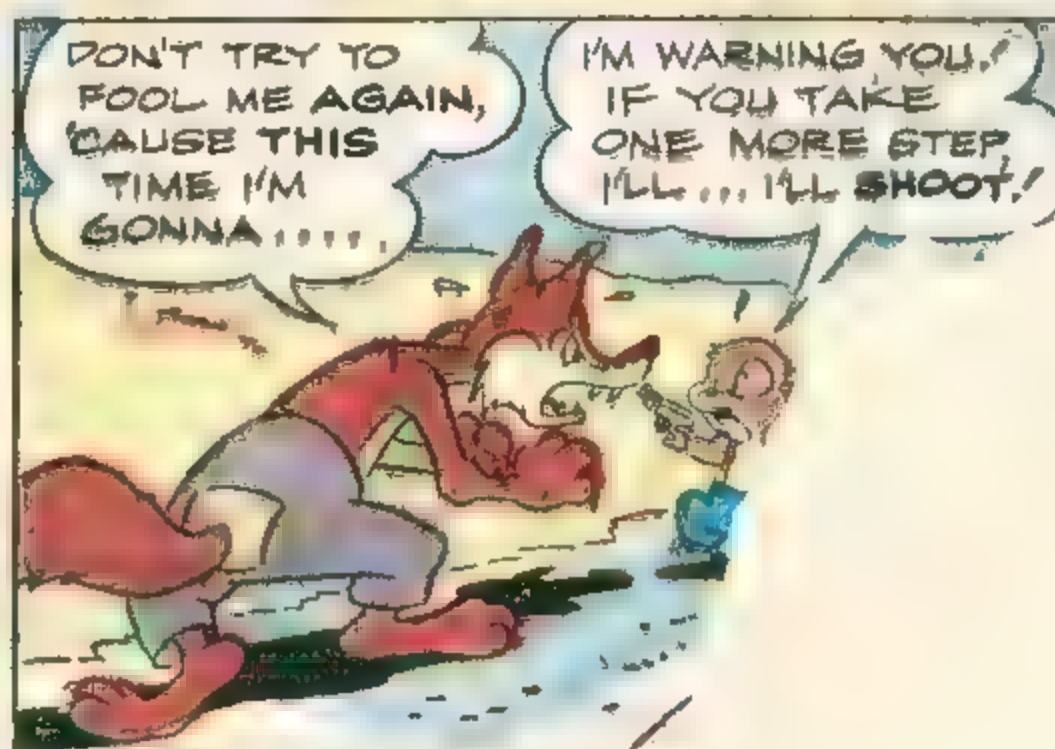
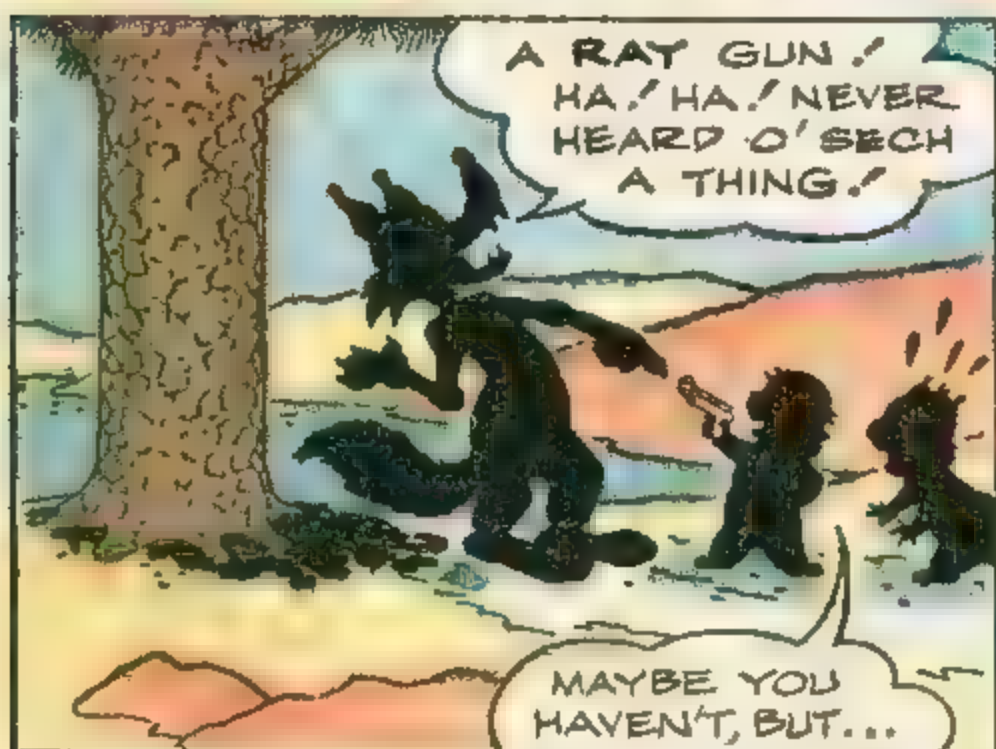
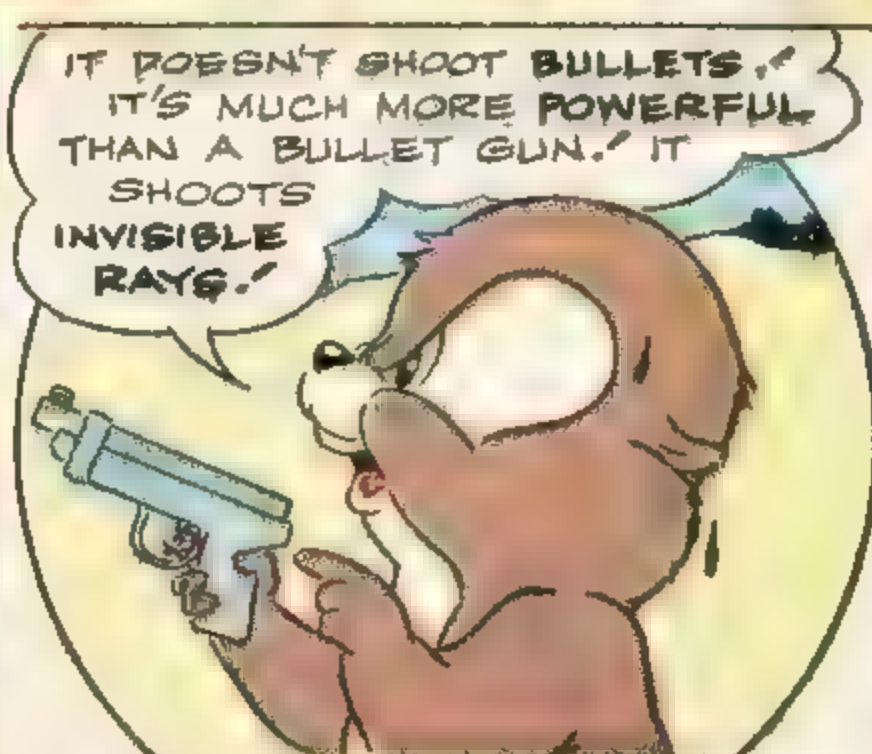
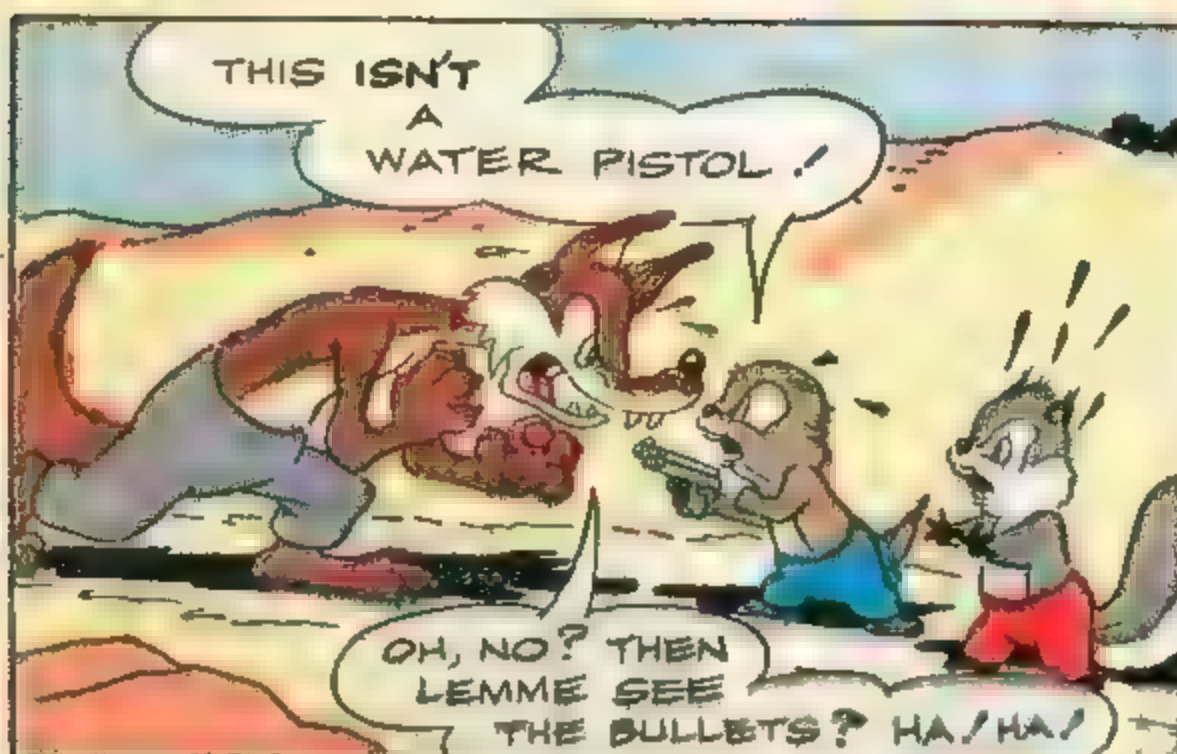
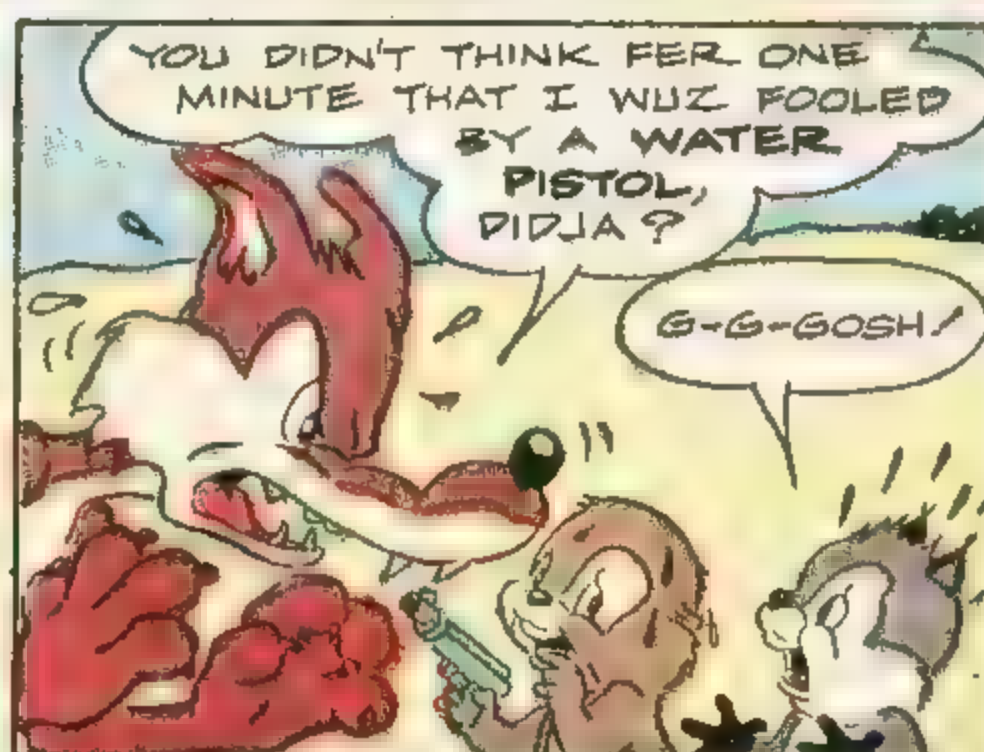
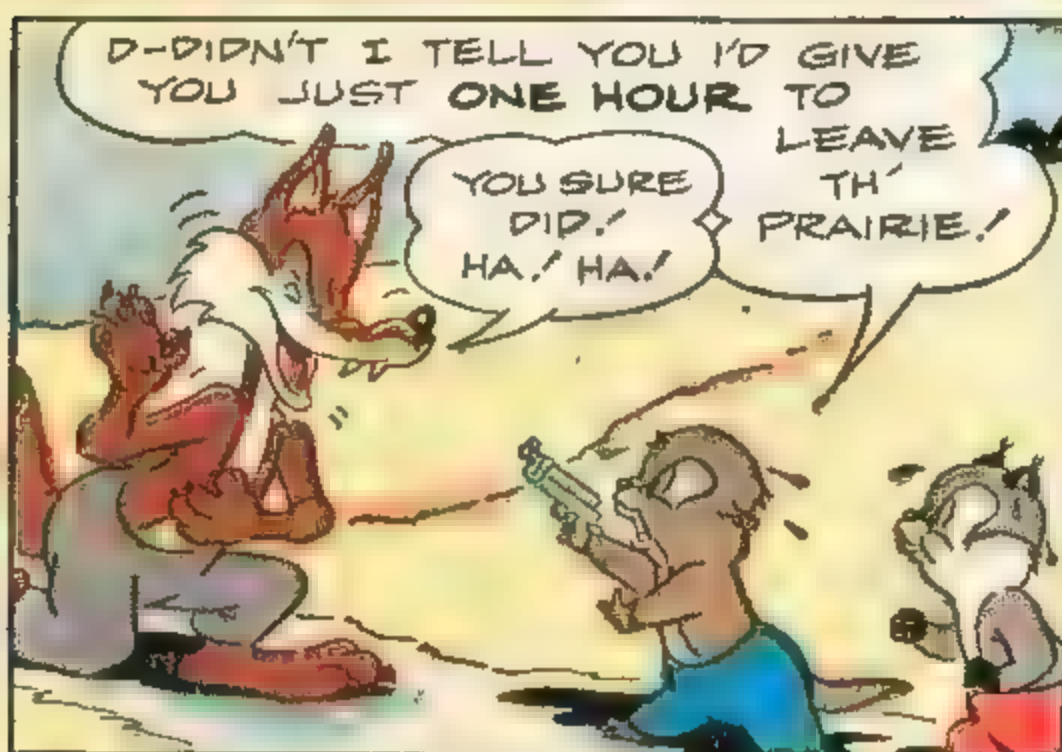
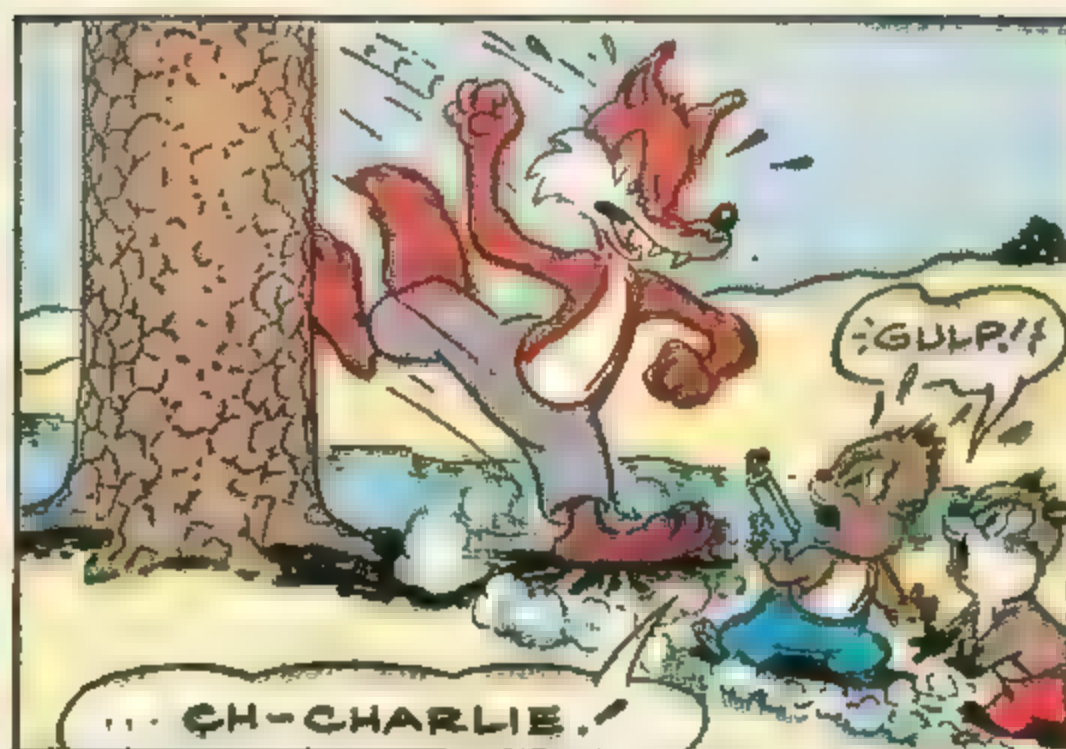
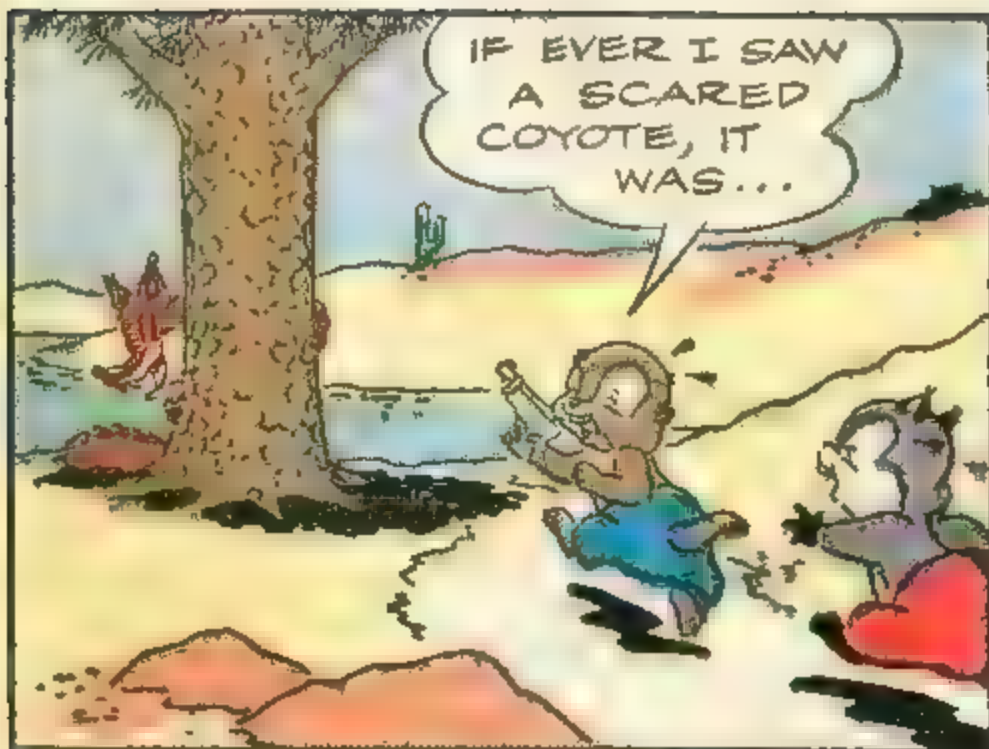


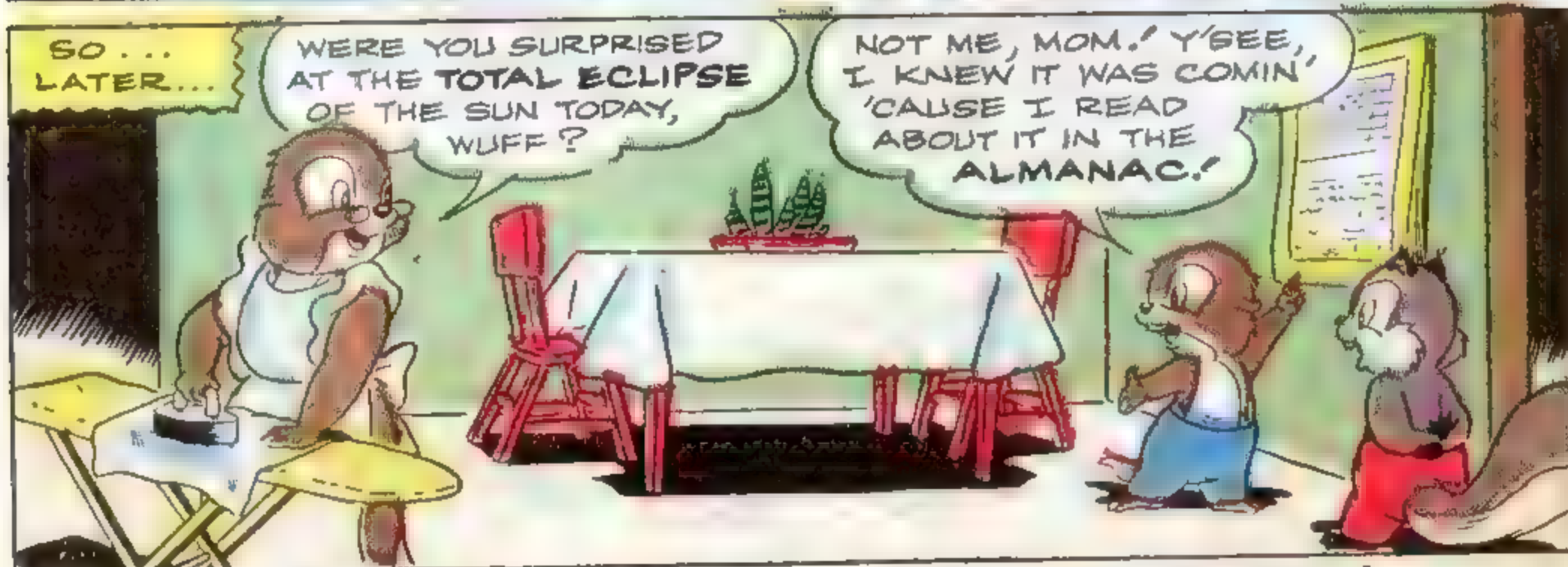
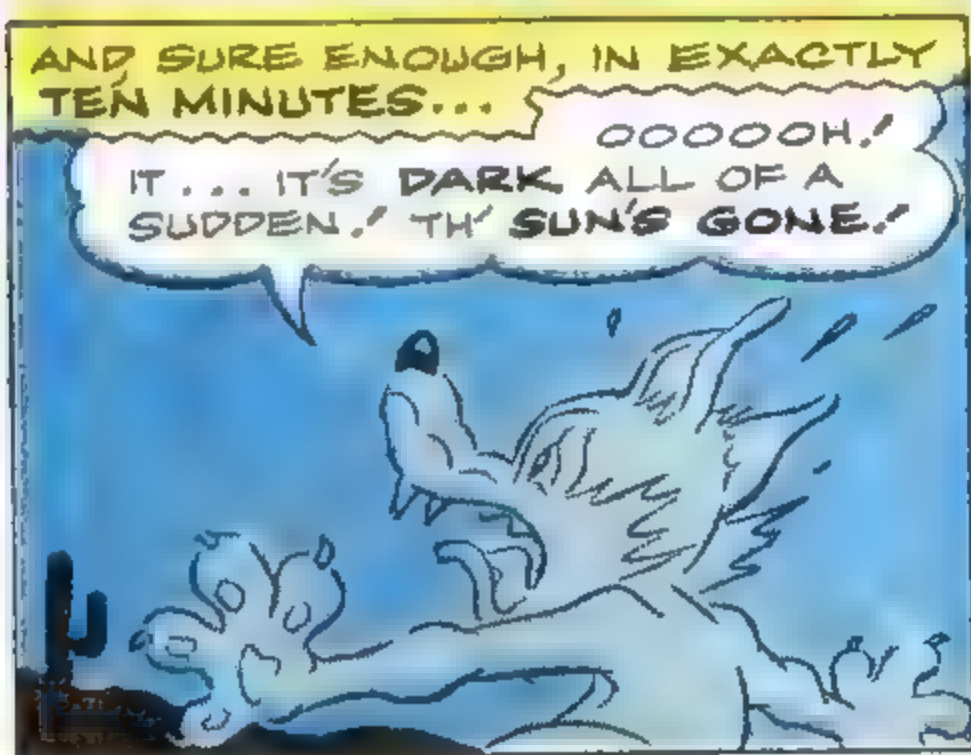
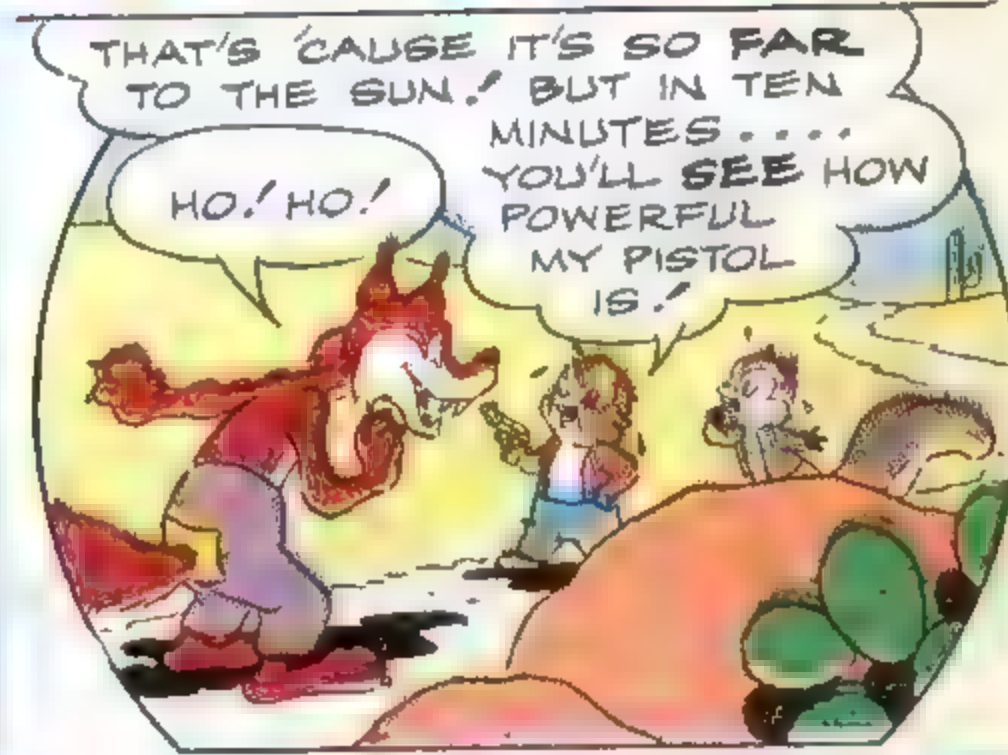
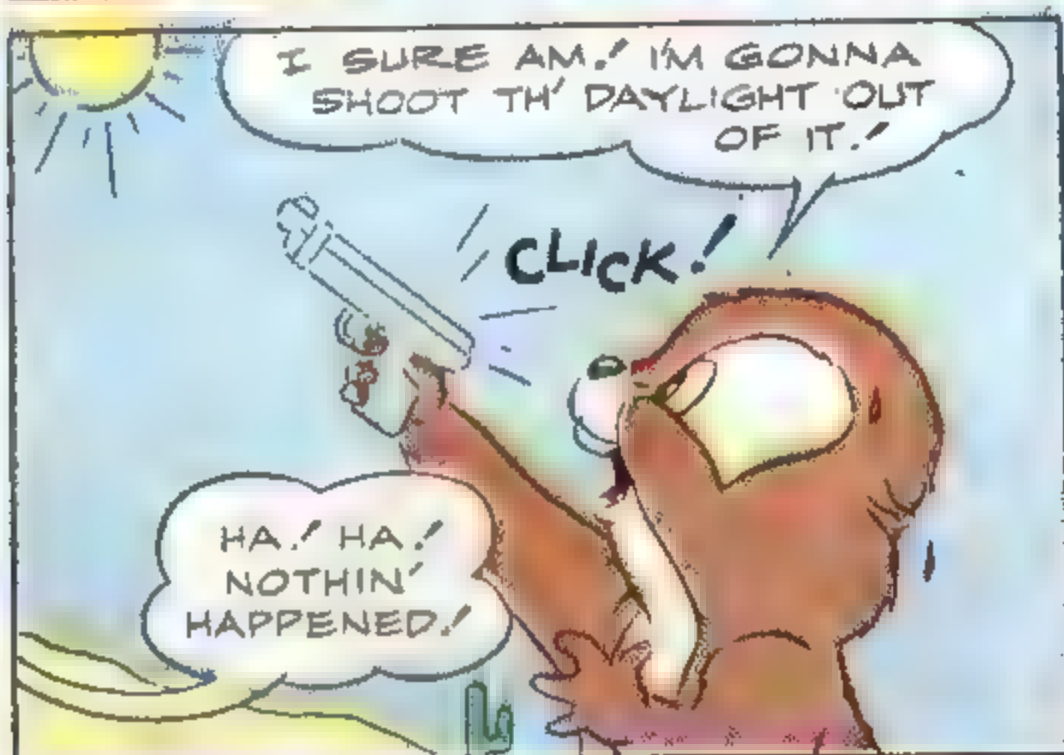
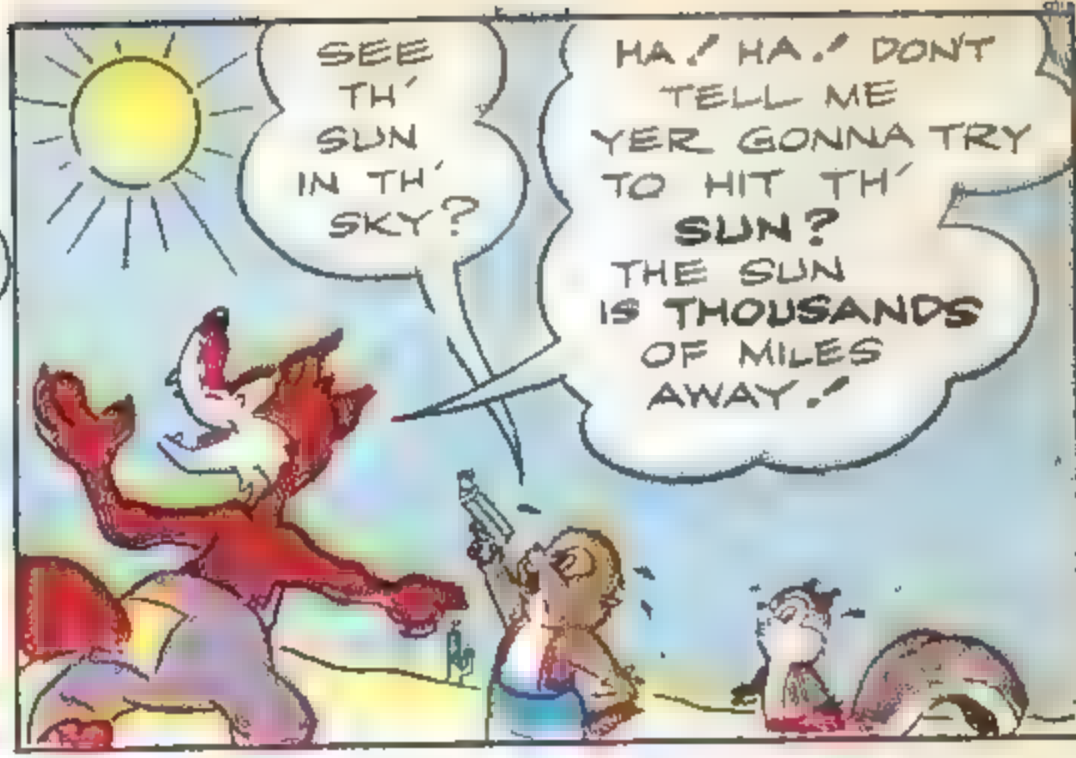
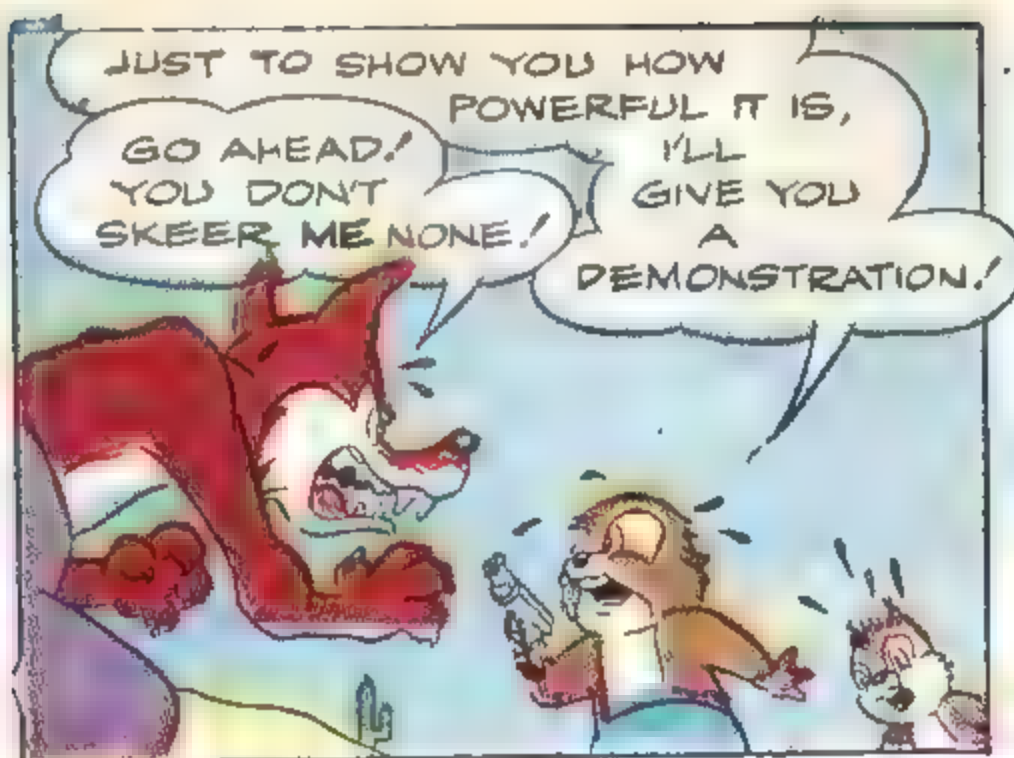


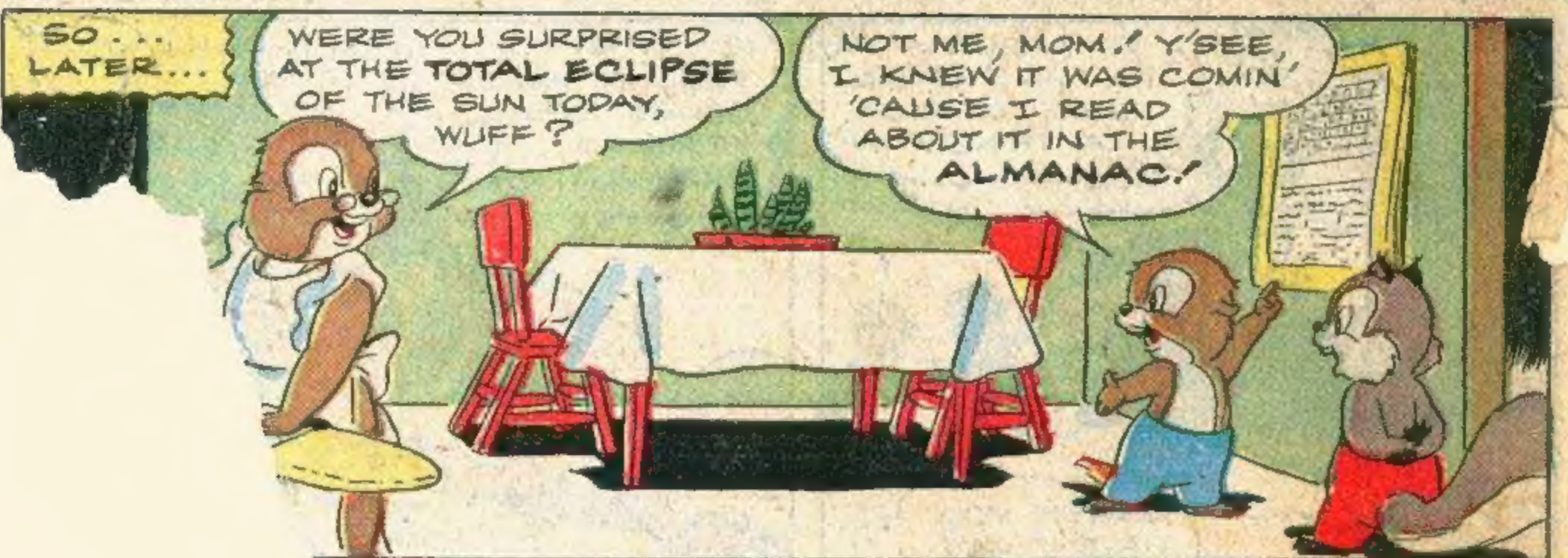






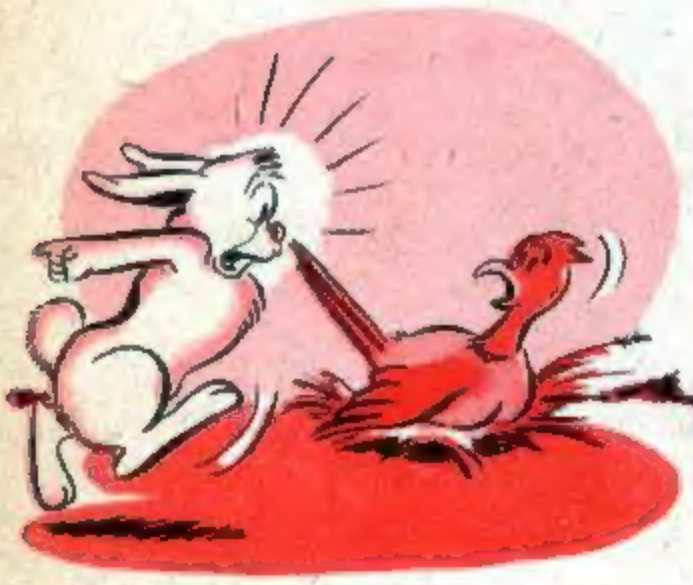






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